



**THE COMPLETE WORKS
OF
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR**

VOLUME XVI

*This Edition of the Complete Works
of Walter Savage Landor is limited
to 525 sets, of which 500 are for sale
in England and America*

THE
COMPLETE WORKS
OF
WALTER SAVAGE
LANDOR

VOLUME XVI

POEMS

EDITED BY
STEPHEN WHEELER

IV



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CONTENTS OF VOLUME IV

<i>Section</i>	PAGE
9. TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE	1
10. HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL	49
11. OCCASIONAL POEMS	71
OCCASIONAL POEMS INTERPOLATED IN PROSE WRITINGS	114
12. BREVITIES	192
13. A SATIRE ON SATIRISTS	217
14. EARLY POEMS	228
BOOK I. BIRTH OF POESY, ETC.	229
BOOK II. MISCELLANIES	276
NOTES	305
INDEX OF TITLES	321
INDEX OF FIRST LINES	336

TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

TO TACÆA*

[Printed in 1800; published in 1802; reprinted 1846, 1863 (p. 192), 1876.]

TOMORROW, brightest-eyed of Avon's train,
Tomorrow thou art, slavelike, bound and sold,
Another's and another's!—haste away,
Winde thro' the willows, dart along the path—
It nought avails thee! nought our plaint avails!
O happy those before me, who could say
"Short tho' thy period, sweet Tacæa, short
Ere thou art destin'd to the depths below,
Thou passest half thy sunny hours with me."

I mourn not, envy not, what others gain. 10
Thee, and thy venerable elms I mourn,
Thy old protectors! ruthless was the pride
And gaunt the need that bade their heads lie low!
I see the meadow's tender grass start back,
See from their prostrate trunks the gorey glare.

Ah! pleasant was it once to watch thy waves
Swelling o'er pliant beds of glossy weed;
Pleasant to watch them dip amid the stones,
Chirp, and spring over, glance and gleam along,
And tripping light their wanton way pursue. 20
Methinks they now, with mellow mournfulness,
Bid their faint breezes chide my fond delay,
Nor suffer on the bridge nor on the knee
My poor irregularly pencil'd page.
Alas, Tacæa thou art sore deceived!
Here are no foreign words, no fatal seal—
But thou, and all who hear me, shall avow
The simple notes of sorrow's song are here.

* Tachbrook. The name of a stream and of a village [and village 1846] near Warwick.
[L. footnote om. 1863; appended to Tacæa* l. 7, in 1846.]

Title. Om. 1846. 4 Winde] Wind 1846. 6 those] he 1863 (*corrigenda*).
Between ll. 8-9 1846 inserts one line:

Even from thy valley-cradle, saffron-strown,
15 gorey] gory 1846. 26 foreign] foren 1863.

TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

VERSES, WRITTEN NEAR THE SEA, IN WALES

[Printed in 1800; published in 1802; reprinted 1846, 1876.]

I.

I WANDER o'er the sandy heath
Where the white rush waves high;
Where adders close before me wreath
And tawny kites sail screaming by.

II.

Alone I wander! I alone
Could love to wander there!
“*But wherefor?*”—let my church-yard stone
Look toward Tawey and declare.

Title. Om. 1846. 7 *wherefor*] *wherefore 1846.* 8 Tawey] Tawy 1846. See note on Abertawy, vol. iii, p. 356.

WRITTEN AT LARNE

[Printed in 1800; published in 1802; reprinted 1846, 1863 (p. 250), 1876.]

IPSLEY! when, hurried by malignant fate,
I left thy court and heard thy closing gate,
I sigh'd—but, sighing, to myself I said
Now for the quiet cot and mountain shade.

Ah! what impetuous madness made me roam
From chearful friends and hospitable home!
Whether in Arrow's vale or Tachbrook's grove,
My lyre resounded Liberty and Love.
Here never Love hath fann'd his purple flame,
And fear and anger start at Freedom's name.
Still, high exploits the churlish nation boasts
Against the Norman and the Roman hosts.
'Tis false!—where conquest had but reapt disgrace
Contemptuous Valor spurn'd the reptile race.

10

Let me once more my native land regain,
Bounding with steady pride and high disdain;
Then will I pardon all the faults of fate
And hang fresh garlands, Ipsley, round thy gate.

Title. at Larne] in *Wales 1846*; *title om. 1863*. [A journey to Larne and other places in Ireland is also mentioned in a Latin poem, *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 305. W.] 1
Ipsley [See poem on p. 45, beginning “I hope in vain to see again”.] 2 left] past
1846. 5 impetuous] resistless 1846. 11. 9–14 *om. 1863*. 11 Still,] Yet 1846.
14 Valor] Valour 1846. 15 land] fields 1863. 17 faults] wrongs 1863. 18
round] on 1846.

TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

PROGRESS OF EVENING

[Published in 1806; reprinted 1831, 1846, 1876.]

FROM yon far wood, mark blue-eyed Eve proceed:
First through the deep and warm and secret glens,
Through the pale-glimmering privet-scented lane,
And through those alders by the river-side:
Now the soft dust impedes her, which the sheep
Have hollow'd out beneath their hawthorn shade.
But ah! look yonder! see a misty tide
Rise up the hill, lay low the frowning grove,
Enwrap the gay white mansion, sap its sides
Until they sink and melt away like chalk; 10
Now it comes down against our village tower,
Covers its base, floats o'er its arches, tears
The clinging ivy from the battlements,
Mingles in broad embrace the obdurate stone,
[All one vast ocean] and goes swelling on
In slow and silent, dim and deepening waves.

Title. Om. 1846. 1 yon far] yonder 1831, 1846. proceed] procede 1831. 15
[All . . . ocean] 1806, All . . . ocean 1831, (All . . . ocean) 1846.

[NEEDWOOD FOREST]

[Published in *Gebir*, &c., 1831; reprinted 1846, 1876.]

UNDER the hollies of thy breezy glade,
Needwood, in youth with idle pace I rode,
Where pebbly rills their varied chirrup made,
Rills which the fawn with tottering knee bestrode.

Twilight was waning, yet I checkt my pace,
Slow as it was, and longer would remain;
Here first, here only, had I seen the face
Of Nature free from change and pure from stain.

Here in the glory of her power she lay,
Here she rejoiced in all the bloom of health; 10
Soon must I meet her faint and led astray,
Freckled with feverish whims and wasted wealth.

Title. Not in any ed. ["Between the rivers Dove, Trent, and Blithe, Needwood, a spacious forest and full of parks, extends itself." *Camden*. W.] 4 knee] knees 1846.

TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

FOR AN URN AT THORESBY-PARK

THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE EARL MANVERS

[Published in *Gebir*, &c., 1831; reprinted 1846, 1876.]

IF in the summer-time, O guest,	Than was the soul that late dwelt
Thou comest where these waters	here.
rest,	If in the winter thou hast crost
And where these gentle swells of	The scene benumbed with snow
land	and frost,
Their ever-verdant turf expand,	Ask those thou meetest at the
Not opener these, nor those more	gate
clear,	If they are not as desolate. 10

Title. sc. Thoresby-Park, Ollerton, Notts. For an] Another 1846 [with allusion to the poem beginning "With frigid art our numbers flow" (see p. 16). W.]

ON A POET IN A WELSH CHURCH-YARD

[Published in 1831; reprinted 1846, 1876.]

KIND souls! who strive what pious hand shall bring
The first-found crocus from reluctant Spring,
Or blow your wintry fingers while they strew
This sunless turf with rosemary and rue,
Bend o'er your lovers first, but mind to save
One sprig of each to trim a poet's grave.

[When on his way to or from Llanthony Landor may have seen at Llansaintffraid the grave of Henry Vaughan, "the Silurist". W.]

[ON THE ROAD TO FLORENCE]

[Written in 1819; published in 1831; reprinted 1846, 1876.]

I LEAVE with unaverted eye the towers
Of Pisa, pining o'er her desert stream.
Pleasure (they say) yet lingers in thy bowers,
Florence, thou patriot's sigh, thou poet's dream!

O could I find thee as thou once wert known,
Warlike, erect, and liberal, and free!
But the pure Spirit from thy wreck has flown,
And only Pleasure's phantom dwells with thee.

1 unaverted] unrevered 1846.
1846.

6 Warlike, erect, and] Thoughtful and lofty,

TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

[ELEGY ON A GNAT]

[Published in *Gebir*, &c., 1831.]

SAY, who so dauntless ever trod the field
Of dreadful Mars! whether by night or day
Numbers no more than one could make him yield,
Or turn his sounding battle-horn away.

Yet without name, so Destiny ordains,
Lies he of whom it may be truly said
The richest blood in Europe fill'd his veins,
But could not buoy him o'er the vulgar dead.

The father of his country, Cosimo,
The wise Lorenzo, Leo, with the keys 10
Of heaven in his hand, came forth too slow
To save his life; for 'twas not by disease

It waned away: ah! like how many brave!
'Twas by man's hand, in venturous youth he fell!
And would'st not thou, Saint Philip Neri, save
The fluttering heart that loved thy race too well?

But virgin blood, the tender Clementina's
Must be avenged . . O brood of Altoviti!
Are ye become then Brutuses and Minas, 20
And pounce upon invader without pity!

Think, ye who deem the plaint I pour too long,
'Tis not for friend, nor child, nor wife; all those
We know by rote are worth but an old song,
A graver dirge must earn our gnat's repose.

Title. Not in text. [A grand-daughter of the Marchese de' Medici (from whom Landor rented a *palazzo* or *casa* in Via Pandolfina, Florence) was stung by a gnat. Her mother was of the Altoviti (*l.* 18), the family to which St. Philip Neri (*l.* 15) belonged. W.]

FÆSULAN IDYL

[Published in 1831; reprinted 1846, 1876.]

HERE, where precipitate Spring with one light bound
Into hot Summer's lusty arms expires;
And where go forth at morn, at eve, at night,
Soft airs, that want the lute to play with them,
And softer sighs, that know not what they want;
Under a wall, beneath an orange-tree

Title. Om. 1846. Fæsulān] Fiesolan Landor's MS. correction in 1831. 4 them]
'em 1846. 6 Under] Aside 1846.

TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

Whose tallest flowers could tell the lowlier ones
 Of sights in Fiesole right up above,
 While I was gazing a few paces off
 At what they seemed to show me with their nods, 10
 Their frequent whispers and their pointing shoots,
 A gentle maid came down the garden-steps
 And gathered the pure treasure in her lap.
 I heard the branches rustle, and stepped forth
 To drive the ox away, or mule, or goat,
 (Such I believed it must be); for sweet scents
 Are the swift vehicles of stil sweeter thoughts,
 And nurse and pillow the dull memory
 That would let drop without them her best stores.
 They bring me tales of youth and tones of love, 20
 And 'tis and ever was my wish and way
 To let all flowers live freely, and all die,
 Whene'er their Genius bids their souls depart,
 Among their kindred in their native place.
 I never pluck the rose; the violet's head
 Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank
 And not reproacht me; the ever-sacred cup
 Of the pure lily hath between my hands
 Felt safe, unsoil'd, nor lost one grain of gold.
 I saw the light that made the glossy leaves 30
 More glossy; the fair arm, the fairer cheek
 Warmed by the eye intent on its pursuit;
 I saw the foot, that, altho half-erect
 From its grey slipper, could not lift her up
 To what she wanted: I held down a branch
 And gather'd her some blossoms, since their hour
 Was come, and bees had wounded them, and flies
 Of harder wing were working their way thro
 And scattering them in fragments under foot.
 So crisp were some, they rattled unevolved, 40
 Others, ere broken off, fell into shells,
 For such appear the petals when detach't,
 Unbending, brittle, lucid, white like snow,

16 *Brackets om. 1846 which, between be and for, has:*

How could I
 Let beast o'erpower them? When hath wind or rain
 Borne hard upon weak plant that wanted me,
 And I (however they might bluster round)
 Walkt off? 'Twere most ungrateful:

17 still] still 1846. 42 deleted by Lander in a copy of 1831 marked with corrections.

FÆSULAN IDYL

And like snow not seen thro, by eye or sun :
 Yet every one her gown received from me
 Was fairer than the first . . I thought not so,
 But so she praised them to reward my care.
 I said: *you find the largest.*

This indeed,

Cried she, *is large and sweet.*

She held one forth,
 Whether for me to look at or to take
 She knew not, nor did I; but taking it
 Would best have solved (and this she felt) her doubts.
 I dared not touch it; for it seemed a part
 Of her own self; fresh, full, the most mature
 Of blossoms, yet a blossom; with a touch
 To fall, and yet unfallen.

50

She drew back
 The boon she tendered, and then, finding not
 The ribbon at her waist to fix it in,
 Dropt it, as loth to drop it, on the rest.

52 doubts] doubt 1846.

[FIESOLAN MUSINGS]

[Published in *Gebir*, &c., 1831; reprinted 1846, 1876. Fourteen lines were included in a poem written in 1812 and published in 1858.]

LET me sit down and muse by thee	Of Honour's sport or Fortune's
Awhile, aerial Fiesole!	frown,
Thy shelter'd walks and cooler	Clung to my heart and kept it
grots,	down.
Villas and vines and olive-plots,	But shun'd have I on every
Catch me, entangle me, detain me,	side
And laugh to hear that aught can	The splash of newly-mounted
pain me.	Pride,
'Twere just, if ever rose one sigh	And never was the child to dabble
To find the lighter mount more	In the spawn-puddle of a rabble,
high,	Not Rabelais' pen, Le Sage's,
Or any other natural thing	Scarron's,
So trite that Fate would blush to	Or Swift's could sketch . . the
sing,	knights and barons,

10

Title. Only in Colvin's "Selections". 1 down] here 1846. 13 shun'd] shunn'd 1846. For ll. 15-26 ed. 1846 substitutes two lines:

And never riskt my taking cold
 In the damp chambers of the old.

TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

<p>Pitt and Peg Nicholson have made, And wiles in law and wealth in trade. 20 O country! how enricht! . . in titles . . Splendid and cheap as penny- whistles. No banker's boy, no kitchen wench, But wears them . . T———, mother F——— . . And why not thou, who not a whit art Behind them in desert, V———? What has the zephyr brought so sweet! 'Tis the vine-blossom round my seat. Ah! how much better here at ease And quite alone to catch the breeze, 30 Than roughly wear life's waning day On rotten forms with Castlereagh, Mid public men for private ends, A friend to foes, a foe to friends! Long since with youthful chases warm, And when ambition well might charm, And when the choice before me lay, I heard the din and turn'd away. Hence oftentimes imperial Seine Hath listen'd to my early strain,</p>	<p>And past the Rhine and past the Rhone 41 My Latian muse is heard and known, Nor is the life of one recluse An alien quite from public use. Where alders mourn'd their fruit- less beds A thousand cedars raise their heads, And from Segovia's hills remote, My sheep enrich my neighbour's cote. The wide and easy road I lead Where never paced the harness steed, 50 Where hardly dared the goat look down Beneath her parent mountain's frown, Suspended, while the torrent- spray Springs o'er the crags that roll away. Cares if I had, I turn'd those cares Toward my partridges and hares, At every dog and gun I heard Ill-auguring for some truant bird, Or whisker'd friend of jet-tipt ear, Until the frighten'd eld limpt near. 60 These knew me . . and 'twas quite enough . . I paid no <i>Morning Post</i> to puff,</p>
--	--

19 Peg Nicholson [See Shelley's "Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson . . . who attempted the life of the King in 1786", and "Peter Pindar's" "Joke on Marg'ret Nicholson's mad knights" in *Annual Register*, 1795, p. 149. W.] 24 T—— [William Tonson (formerly Hull), created Baron Riversdale, 1783. See Landor's "Commentary on Memoirs of Mr. Fox", 1907 (p. 90 n.) W.] F—— [Dame Rose french, created Baroness french of Castle french, 1798, died 1805. W.] 26 V—— [the Rt. Hon. Nicholas Vansittart, created Baron Bexley, 1823, died 1851. W.] ll. 39-42, 45-54 also occur with variants in poem "To Southey", see vol. iii, p. 313.

FIESOLAN MUSINGS

<p>Saw others fame and wealth increase, Ate my own mutton-chop in peace, Open'd my window, snatcht my glass, And, from the rills that chirp and pass, A pure libation pour'd to thee, Unsoil'd uncitied Liberty! Lanthyony! an ungenial clime, And the broad wing of restless Time, 70 Have rudely swept thy massy walls And rockt thy abbots in their palls . . I loved thee by thy streams of yore, By distant streams I love thee more; For never is the heart so true As bidding what we love adieu. Yet neither where we first drew breath, Nor where our fathers sleep in death,</p>	<p>Nor where the mystic ring was given, The link from earth that reaches heaven, 80 Nor London, Paris, Florence, Rome . . In his own heart's the wise man's home . . Stored with each keener, kinder, sense, Too firm, too lofty, for offense, Unlittered by the tools of state, And greater than the great world's great. If mine no glorious works may be, Grant, Heaven! and 'tis enough for me, (While many squally sails flit past, And many break the ambitious mast) 90 From all that they pursue, ex- empt, The stormless bay of deep con- tempt!</p>
--	--

84 offense] offence 1846.

87 works] work 1846.

FOR AN EPITAPH AT FIESOLE

[Published in *Gebir*, &c., 1831; reprinted 1869.]

Lo! where the four mimosas blend their shade,
 In calm repose at last is Landor laid;
 For ere he slept he saw them planted here
 By her his soul had ever held most dear,
 And he had lived enough when he had dried her tear.

[Writing to his sisters from Fiesole in January 1830, Landor said: "In a few days, whenever the weather will allow it, I have four mimosas ready to place round my intended tomb, and a friend who is coming to plant them" (Forster's *Landor: a Biography*, ii. 226). The friend was Ianthe. W.]

TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

FAREWELL TO ITALY

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, ESQ.

[Published in *The Book of Beauty* for 1837; reprinted in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837, 1846, 1876. Text *Book of Beauty*, 1837.]

I LEAVE thee, beauteous Italy! no more
From the high terraces, at even-tide,
To look supine into thy depths of sky,
Thy golden moon between the cliff and me,
Or thy dark spires of fretted cypresses
Bordering the channel of the milky-way.
Fiesole and Valdarno must be dreams
Hereafter, and my own lost Affrico
Murmur to me but in the poet's song.
I did believe, (what have I not believed?)
Weary with age, but unopprest by pain,
To close in thy soft clime my quiet day,
And rest my bones in the Mimosa's shade.
Hope! Hope! few ever cherisht thee so little;
Few are the heads thou hast so rarely raised;
But thou didst promise this, and all was well.
For we are fond of thinking where to lie
When every pulse hath ceast, when the lone heart
Can lift no aspiration . . . reasoning
As if the sight were unimpaired by death,—
Were unobstructed by the coffin-lid,
And the sun cheered corruption!

10

20

Over all
The smiles of Nature shed a potent charm,
And light us to our chamber at the grave.

LINES

WRITTEN AT MR. RAWSON'S, WAS-WATER LAKE, CUMBERLAND

[Printed in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837; published 1846, 1876.]

LOVELIEST of hills! from crimes and cares removed,
Long these old firs and quiet roofs protect!
Deepest of waters, long these scenes reflect!
And, at your side, their lord—the well-beloved.

Title. 1846, 1876 have Written . . . Lake, remainder om. [Landor and Wordsworth had visited Mr. Stansfeld Rawson at Wastdale Hall in July 1832. W.] 1 Loveliest] Loneliest 1846.

For modest Wisdom, shunning loud acclaim,
Hears Nature's voice call thro' it, and retreats
To her repose upon your mossy seats,
And in his heart finds all he wants of Fame.

[Printed in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837; published in 1846, 1876.]

And Gallic hands achieve.

II

TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

Fresh blows the gale, the scenes
delight,
Anear, afar, on plain, on hight; 50
But all are far and vast:
Day follows day, and shows not one
The weary heart could rest upon,
To call its own at last.

No curling dell, no cranky nook,
No sylvan mead, no prattling
brook,

No little lake that stands
Afraid to lift its fringed eye
Of purest blue to its own sky,
Or kiss its own soft sands. 60

O! would I were again at home,
(If any such be mine,) to roam
Amid Lanthony's bowers;
Or, where beneath the alders flow
My Arrow's waters still and slow,
Doze down the summer hours.

65 Arrow's] so in 1846, mispr. Arron's 1837.

TO THE HERON

[Printed in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837; published in 1846.]

HERON! of grave career! whose lordly croaks
Claim as inheritance Bodryddan's oaks,*

I come no radical, to question rights:
But, one word in your ear, most noble sir!
If you may croak, I sure may sing, to her
Who in my voice, as in your own, delights.

"Most potent, grave, and reverend signor!" Heron!
High as the station is you now appear on,

I see you perch upon it, nor repine:—

About our voice we may perhaps dispute,

As for our seat on that you must be mute:—

Yours but a Naiad rais'd—a Grace rais'd mine.

10

* There has been for a great number of years a Heronry in the grove of Bodryddan, in Flintshire. [L. Dean Shipley and his daughter, Mrs. Dashwood, lived at Bodryddan. W.]

Title. Om. 1846. 12 Naiad] Dryad 1846.

LINES TO A DRAGON FLY

[Printed in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837; published 1846, 1876. Also from a manuscript post-marked July 12, 1834, in Nicoll and Wise, *Literary Anecdotes*, 1895.]

LIFE (priest and poet say) is but
a dream;

I wish no happier one than to
be laid

Beneath some cool syringa's
scented shade

Or wavy willow, by the running
stream,

Brimful of Moral, where the
Dragon Fly

Wanders as careless and content
as I.

3 Beneath some] Beneath a 1846. Under some 1895.

Thanks for this fancy, insect king,
Of purple crest and filmy wing,
Who with indifference givest up
The water-lily's golden cup, 10
To come again and overlook
What I am writing in my book.
Believe me, most who read the line

Will read with hornier eyes than
thine;
And yet their souls shall live for
ever,
And thine drop dead into the river!
God pardon them, O insect king,
Who fancy so unjust a thing!

8 purple] lofty 1895. filmy] purple 1895. 13 the] this 1895.

ON MIGNIONETTE

[Printed in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837; published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

STRANGER, these little flowers are
sweet
If you will leave them at your feet,
Enjoying like yourself the breeze,
And kist by butterflies and bees;
But if you snap the fragile stem
The vilest thyme outvalues them.

Nor place nor flower would I
select

To make you serious and reflect.
—This heaviness was always shed
Upon the drooping rose's head—
Yet now perhaps your mind
surveys
Some village maid, in earlier
days,
Of charms thus lost, of life thus
set!
Ah bruise not then my Mignonette.

ON RECEIVING A MONTHLY ROSE

[Published in *The Examiner*, November 25, 1838; reprinted 1846, 1876.]

1.
PÆSTUM! thy roses long ago
Were prized, the rest above:
Twice in the year 'twas their's to
blow
And braid the locks of Love.

2.
He saw the city sink in dust,
Its rose's roots decay'd,
And cried in sorrow, "*Find I must
Another for my braid.*"

3.
First Cyprus, then, the Syrian
shore,
To Pharpfar's lucid rill, 10

1 Pæstum] Pæstum 1846. 2 Were . . . rest] All roses far 1846. 3 'twas
their's] were call'd 1846. 10 Pharpfar's] Pharpfar's 1846.

Did those two large dark eyes
explore,
But wanted something still.

4.
Damascus filled his heart with joy,
So sweet her roses were!
He cull'd them: but the wayward
boy
Thought them ill worth his care.

5.
"I want them every month," he
cried,
"I want them every hour:
Perennial rose, and none beside,
Henceforth shall be my flower."

TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

6.

Scarce had he found it, when he
heard 21
A voicethat seem'd from Heaven;
And she who sang had scarce
appear'd
Before the flower was given.

7.

She lookt . . she turned to me her
head . .
"What can he mean to do?
'Tis not enough for me," she
said,
"But quite enough for you."
W. S. L.

ll. 21-8 om. 1846.

LINES ON TORQUAY

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, ESQ.

[Published in *The Keepsake for 1841*; reprinted 1846, 1876.]

<p>WHATEVER England's coasts dis- play, The fairest scenes are thine, Torquay! Nor could Liguria's tepid shore With palm and aloe please me more. Sorrento softer tales may tell, Parthenope sound louder shell, Amalfi, Ocean's proudest boast, Show loftier hills and livelier coast; But, with thy dark oak woods behind, Here stretched before the eastern wind 10 The sails that from their Zuyderzee</p>	<p>Brought him who left our fathers free. Yet (shame upon me!) I sometimes Have sigh'd awhile for sunnier climes, Where, though no mariner, I too Whistled aloft my little crew: And now to spar, and now to fence, And now to fathom Shakspeare's sense, And now to trace the hand divine That guided purest Raffael's line; And, when the light at last was gone, 21 Weber led all to Oberon.</p>
---	--

Title and sub-title. Om. 1846. 1 coasts] fields 1846. 2 Torquay] Torbay
1846. 3 Nor . . . tepid] Not even Liguria's sunny 1846. 4 please] pleas'd
1846. 5 tales] tale 1846. Between ll. 8-9 1846 inserts four lines:

Where Nereids hear the nightly flute,
And gather fresh such morning fruit
As hangs within their highth, and shows
Its golden gleam thro' glossy boughs.

10 stretched . . . eastern] stretch against the western 1846. 11 their] the 1846.
 14 sunnier] other 1846. 17 And] 'Twas 1846. and] 'twas 1846. 18 And] 'Twas
 1846. 20 purest Raffael's] Raffael's faultless 1846. For ll. 21-2 1846 sub-
stitutes fourteen lines:

And then we wonder who could raise
The massy walls at which we gaze,
Where amid songs and village glee
Soars immemorial Fiesole.
At last we all in turn declare
We know not who the Cyclops were.
"But the Pelasgians! those are true?"

"I know as much of them as you."
"Pooh! nonsense! you may tell us so;
Impossible you should not know!"
Then plans, to find me out, they lay,
Which will not fail another day.
England, in all thy scenes so fair,
Thou canst not show what charm'd me
there!

TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

[THE FÆSULAN VILLA]

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1876.]

WHERE three huge dogs are ramp-
ing yonder

Before that villa with its tower,
No braver boys, no father fonder,
Ever prolong'd the moonlight
hour.

Often, to watch their sports un-
seen,
Along the broad stone bench he
lies,

The oleander-stems between
And citron-boughs to shade his
eyes.

The clouds now whiten far away,
And villas glimmer thick below,
And windows catch the quivering
ray, 11

Obscure one minute's space
ago.

Orchards and vine-knolls maple-
propt

Rise radiant round: the meads
are dim,

As if the milky-way had dropt
And fill'd Valdarno to the brim.

Unseen beneath us, on the right,
The abbey with unfinisht front

Of checker'd marble, black and
white,

And on the left the Doccia's
font. 20

Eastward, two ruin'd castles rise
Beyond Maiano's mossy mill,
Winter and Time their enemies,
Without their warder, stately
still.

The heaps around them there will
grow

Higher, as years sweep by, and
higher,

Till every battlement laid low
Is seized and trampled by the
briar.

That line so lucid is the weir
Of Rovezzano: but behold 30
The graceful tower of Giotto there,
And Duomo's cross of freshen'd
gold.

We can not tell, so far away,
Whether the city's tongue be
mute,

We only hear some lover play
(If sighs be play) the sighing
flute.

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

WHEN the mimosas shall have
made

(O'erarching) an unbroken shade;
And the rose-laurels let to breathe
Scarcely a favorite flower beneath;
When the young cypresses which
now

Look at the olives, brow to brow,
Cheer'd by the breezes of the south

Shall shoot above the acacia's
growth,

One peradventure of my four
Turning some former fondness
o'er, 10

At last impatient of the blame
Cast madly on a father's name,
May say, and check the chided tear,
"I wish he still were with us here."

9 my four [sc. his children. W.]

TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

FOR AN URN IN THORESBY PARK

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1876.]

WITH frigid art our numbers flow	Whether they raise the laurell'd
For joy unfelt and fabled woe;	head,
And listless are the poet's dreams	Or stoop beneath the peasant's
Of pastoral pipe and haunted	shed,
streams.	10
All Nature's boundless reign is	They pass the glory they bestow,
theirs,	And shine above the light they
But most her triumphs and her	throw.
tears.	To Valour, in his car of fire,
They try, nor vainly try, their	Shall Genius strike the solemn
power	lyre:
To cheer misfortune's lonely hour;	A Riou's fall shall Manvers mourn,
	And Virtue raise the vacant urn.

15 Riou's [Captain Edward Riou, R.N., killed by a cannon shot at the battle of Copenhagen, 1801. W.]

COTTAGE LEFT FOR LONDON

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

THE covert walk, the mossy apple-trees,
 And the long grass that darkens underneath,
 I leave for narrow streets and gnats and fleas,
 Water unfit to drink and air to breathe.

TO A CYCLAMEN

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1858, 1876.]

I COME to visit thee again,	Of thee in form, of me in mind,
My little flowerless cyclamen!	What is there in us rich or rare,
To touch the hands, almost to press,	To make us worth a moment's care?
That cheer'd thee in thy loneliness.	Unworthy to be so carest,
What could those lovely sisters find,	We are but wither'd leaves at best.

Title. Added 1858. 1 again] agen 1858. 3 hands] hand 1858. 5 those lovely sisters] thy careful guardian 1858. 8 worth] claim 1858. 10 wither'd] withering 1858.

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

VERY true, the linnets sing	Left them, false ones as they are.
Sweetest in the leaves of spring:	But there be who walk beside
You have found in all these leaves	Autumn's, till they all have died,
That which changes and deceives,	And who lend a patient ear
And, to pine by sun or star,	To low notes from branches sere.

TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1876.]

<p>THERE is, alas! a chill, a gloom, About my solitary room That will not let one flowret bloom Even for you: The withering leaves appear to say,</p>	<p>“Shine on, shine on, O lovely May! But we meanwhile must drop away.” Light! life! adieu.</p>
---	---

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

<p>HUMBLEST among the vernal train, In giddy Flora's gustful reign, Uplift, uplift thy timid eyes! The violet shuns the trying hour, Soon sheds the rose its fondled flower, The gaudy tulip flaunts and dies. When Autumn mourns his gloomy end, When rains and howling blasts descend, When hill and vale and wood are bare,</p>	<p>Before my path thy light I see, 10 And tho' no other smiles to me, Thou smilest, here and every- where. What name more graceful couldst thou chuse Than Caledonia's pastoral Muse, Breath'd in the mellow reed of Burns? Art thou not proud that name to share With her from whom, so passing fair, No heart unconquer'd e'er re- turns?</p>
--	---

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

<p>IN spring and summer winds may blow, And rains fall after, hard and fast; The tender leaves, if beaten low, Shine but the more for shower and blast. But when their fated hour arrives, When reapers long have left the field, When maidens rifle turn'd-up hives, And their last juice fresh apples yield, A leaf perhaps may still remain Upon some solitary tree, 10</p>	<p>Spite of the wind and of the rain . . A thing you heed not if you see . . At last it falls. Who cares? not one: And yet no power on earth can ever Replace the fallen leaf upon Its spray, so easy to dis sever. If such be love I dare not say, Friendship is such, too well I know, I have enjoy'd my summer day; 'Tis past; my leaf now lies below. 20</p>
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TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1876.]

NOVEMBER! thou art come again	The gloom that overcast my brow,
With all thy gloom of fogs and rain,	The whole year's gloom, depart,
Yet woe betide the wretch who	but now;
sings	And all of joy I hear or see,
Of sadness borne upon thy wings.	November! I ascribe to thee!

CHRISTMAS HOLLY

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

BETHINK we what can mean	And the same green remains, 10
The holly's changeless green,	As when autumnal rains
Unyielding leaves, and seeds	Nurst them with milky
blood-red:	warmth of late.
<i>These</i> , while the smoke below	The stedfast bough scarce bends,
Curls slowly upward, show	But hang it over friends
Faith how her gentle Master	And suddenly what thoughts
bled.	there spring!
<i>Those</i> drop not at the touch	Harsh voices all grow dumb,
Of busy over-much,	While myriad pleasures come
They shrink not at the blazing	Beneath Love's ever-widen-
grate;	ing wing.

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

THE brightest mind, when sorrow sweeps across,
Becomes the gloomiest; so the stream, that ran
Clear as the light of heaven ere autumn closed,
When wintry storm and snow and sleet descend,
Is darker than the mountain or the moor.

[FOR A TOMB IN WIDCOMBE CHURCH-YARD]

[Printed from a manuscript; published with variants in 1846.]

THE place wheresoon I think to lie,	I shall not see it, and (too sure)
In its old creviced wall hard-by	I shall not ever know that your
Rears many a weed.	Dear hand was there;
Whoever leads you there, will you	But the rich odor some fine day.
Drop sily in a grain or two	Shall (what I can not do) repay
Of wall-flower seed?	That little care.

Title. Not in either version. [When living at Bath, c. 1842, Landor bought a plot for his own grave at Widcombe (see poem on p. 47), but it was not to become his last resting-place. As printed in 1846 one of the variants contains a phrase so banal that it seemed better to give the text of the manuscript. W.] 2 wall] nook 1846. 4 Whoever leads] If parties bring 1846. 8 know] hear 1846. 9 Dear hand] Light step 1846. 11 Shall] Will 1846.

TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

ON LEAVING MY VILLA

[Published in *The Keepsake for 1848*.]

I GAZE with fond regret on you, My cypresses, so green and tall, And sweet acacian avenue, Because I nursed and rear'd you all.	Because I've seen you many days, And never am to see you more. I gaze on you with fond regret, My children! for you may be told ¹⁰ That love (like mine, too!) can forget— Only with death does love lie cold.
On you with fond regret I gaze, My hall, with vine-leaves trel- liced o'er,	

TO VERONA

[Published in *The Examiner*, September 16, 1848; reprinted 1853 (No. CLXXII), 1876.]

VERONA! thy tall gardens stand erect,
Beckoning me upward. Let me rest awhile
Where the birds whistle hidden in the boughs,
Or fly away when idlers take their place,
Mated as well, conceal'd as willingly;
Idlers whose nest must not swing there, but rise
Beneath a gleamy canopy of gold,
Amid the flight of Cupids and the smiles
Of Venus, ever radiant o'er their couch.
Here would I stay, here wander, slumber here,¹⁰
Nor pass into that theatre below,
Crowded with thin faint memories, shades of joy.
But ancient song arouses me: I hear
Cœlius and Aufilena: I behold
Lesbia, and Lesbia's linnet at her lip,
Pecking the fruit that ripens and swells out
For him whose song the Graces loved the most,
Whatever land, east, west, they visited.
Even he must not detain me: one there is
Mightier than he, of broader wing, of swoop²⁰
Sublimar. Open now that humid arch
Where Juliet sleeps the quiet sleep of death,
And Romeo sinks aside her.

Fare ye well,

Lovers! ye have not loved in vain: the hearts

11 theatre] theater 1853.

12 thin] their 1853.

20 Mightier] Greater 1853.

TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

Of millions throb around ye. This lone tomb
One greater than yon walls have ever seen,
Greater than Manto's prophet eye foresaw
In her own child or Rome's, hath hallowed;
And the last sod or stone a pilgrim knee
Shall press (Love swears it, and swears true) is here. 30

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

September 13, 1848.

27 Manto's [From Manto, daughter of Hercules, Mantua was said to derive its name. W.] *Signature and date. Only in 1848.*

TO A FRIEND'S REMONSTRANCE

[Published in *The Examiner*, March 31, 1849; reprinted 1853 (No. CXXLIV), 1876.]

Preacher of discontent! Then large indeed
Would be my audience, copious my display
Of common-places. Better curb and quell
Not by the bridle but the provender.
Sportsmen! manorial lords! of you am I.
Let us, since game grows scarcer every day,
Watch our preserves near home: we need but beat
About the cottage-garden and slim croft
For plenteous sport. Catch up the ragged child,
Kiss it, however frightened: take the hand 10
Of the young girl from out the artizan's
Who leads her to the factory, soon to wear
The tissue she has woven dyed in shame:
Help the halt eld to rule the swerving ass,
And upright set his crutch outside the porch,
To reach, nor stoop to reach, at his return.
'Tis somewhat to hear blessings, to confer
Is somewhat more. Wealth is content to shine
By his own light, nor asks he Virtue's aid;
But Virtue comes sometimes, and comes unaskt, 20
Nay, comes the first to conference.

There is one,
One man there is, high in nobility
Of birth and fortune, who erects his house
Among the heathen, where dun smoke ascends
All day around, and drearier fire all night.
Far from that house are heard the church's bells,
And thro' deep cinders lies the road, yet there

TO A FRIEND'S REMONSTRANCE

Walks the rich man, walks in humility,
Because the poor he walks with, and with God.
No mitred purple-buskin'd baron he,
Self-privileged to strip the kalendar
Of Sabbath days, to rob the cattle's rest,
And mount, mid prance and neighing, his proud throne.

30

Of what is thinking now thy studious head,
O artist! in the glorious dome of Art,
That thou shouldst turn thine eyes from Titian's ray,
Or Raffael's halo round the Virgin's head
And Child's, foreshowing Paradise regain'd?
Of Ellesmere thou wert thinking; so was I.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

31 kalendar] calendar 1853. 39 Ellesmere [Lord Francis Leveson-Gower, created Viscount Brackley and Earl of Ellesmere 1846, died 1857. W.]

THE HALL AND THE COTTAGE

[Published in *The Examiner*, March 24, 1849; reprinted 1853 (No. cov).]

A MAN there sate, not old, but weak and worne,
Worse than age wears and weakens, near a wall
Where dogs inside were playing round the court,
While, conscious of his station in the house,
Deep-sided, ebon-footed, and ring-tail'd,
Stalkt the gray cat, and all about gave way.
Yet, fearless of her talon, pigeons dropt,
First one, and then another, from the roof,
To pick up crumbs, shaken from snow-white cloth.
Winter had now set in, and genial fires
Drew families around them; near the grate
The small round table left the large behind;
And filberts bristled up, and medlars oped
Their uncouth lids, and chesnuts were reveal'd
Beneath the folded napkin, moist and hot.
Scant had the bounty been if all this store,
Supervacaneous, had gone forth bestowed
On the poor wretch outside: he never rais'd
His hopes, he never rais'd his thoughts, so high.
Dinner was over in that pleasant home,
And worthy were its inmates to enjoy
In peace its plenteous yet uncostly fare.
Little they thought that while the dogs within
The court were playing, some of them erect

10

20

TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

Against their adversary, couchant some
And panting to spring forward, while the doves
Cooed hoarse with crop replenisht, and walkt round
Each his own mate, trailing along the tiles
His wing, his bosom purpling with content;
Little thought they how near them loitered one 30
Who might have envied the least happy cur
Or cat or pigeon. To his cottage bent
His fancy, from his own sad cares repel'd.
Fancies are fond of lying upon down,
Tho' they are often bred and born elsewhere:
His was a strange one. But men's minds are warpt
By fortune or misfortune, weal or woe,
By heat and cold alike. The hungry man
Thought of his children's hunger; the sharp blast
Blew from them only. When he rais'd his eyes 40
And saw the smoke ascending o'er the hall,
He said . . his words are written . . God knows where . .
"O! could I only catch that smoke which wreathes
And riots round the rich man's chimney-vane,
And bring it down among my ice-cold brats,
They would not look and turn away from me,
And rather press the damp brick floor again
With their blue faces, than see him they call'd
Father! dear father! when they woke, ere dawn."

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

TO THE WORM

[Published in *The Leader*, May 4, 1850; reprinted 1853 (No. ccxxv), 1876.]

FIRST-BORN of all creation! yet unsung!
I call thee not to listen to my lay,
For well I know thou turnest a deaf ear,
Indifferent to the sweetest of complaints,
Sweetest and most importunate. The voice
Which would awaken, and which almost can,
The sleeping dead, thou rearest up against
And no more heedest than the wreck below.
Yet art thou gentle; and for due reward,
Because thou art so humble in thy ways, 10
Thou hast survived the giants of waste worlds,
Giants whom chaos left unborn behind,
And Earth with fierce abhorrence at first sight

TO THE WORM

Shook from her bosom, some on burning sands,
Others on icy mountains, far apart;
Mammoth, and mammoth's architype, and coil
Of serpent cable-long, and ponderous mail
Of lizard, to whom crocodile was dwarf.
Wrong too hath oft been done thee: I have watcht
The nightingale, that most inquisitive 20
Of plumed powers, send forth a sidelong glance
From the low hazel on the smooth footpath,
Attracted by a glimmering tortuous thread
Of silver left there when the dew had dried,
And dart on one of thine, that one of hers
Might play with it. Alas! the young will play,
Reckless of leaving pain and death behind.
I too (but early from such sin forbore)
Have fasten'd on my hook, aside the stream
Of shady Arrow or the broad mill-pond, 30
Thy writhing race. Thou wilt more patiently
Await my hour, more quietly pursue
Thy destined prey legitimate.

First-born,

I call'd thee at the opening of my song;
Last of creation I will call thee now.
What fiery meteors have we seen transcend
Our firmament! and mighty was their power,
To leave a solitude and stench behind.
The vulture may have revell'd upon men;
Upon the vulture's self thou revellest: 40
Princes may hold high festival; for thee
Chiefly they hold it. Every dish removed,
Thou comest in the silence of the night,
Takest thy place, thy train insinuatest
Into the breast, lappet that wrinkled heart
Stone-cold within, and with fresh appetite
Again art ready for a like carouse.

Behold before thee the first minstrel known
To turn from them and laud unbidden guest!
He, who hath never bent his brow to king, 50
Perforce must bend it, mightier lord, to thee.

30 Arrow] Arrowe 1853.

TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

ON A LADY'S SURPRISE AT MY IGNORANCE OF BOTANY

[Published in *Leigh Hunt's Journal*, December 7, 1850; reprinted 1853
(No. LXX), 1876.]

INSTEAD of idling half my hours,
I might have learnt the names of flowers
In gardens, groves, and fields:
But where had been the sweet surprise,
That sparkles from those dark-blue eyes?
Less pleasure knowledge yields.

Title. Om. 1853. 1 Instead] "Instead 1853. 3 fields:] fields." 1853. 4 But
where] Where then 1853.

REPROOF OF THANKS

[Published in *Leigh Hunt's Journal*, March 1, 1851; reprinted 1853
(No. LXXXVII), 1876.]

NAY, thank me not again for I sought the flowers you loved to
those wear,
Camelias, and the untimely rose; O'erjoyed to see them in your hair,
But if (whence you might please Upon my grave I pray you set
the more, One primrose or one violet . . .
And win the few unwon before) Nay; I can wait a little yet.

Title. Om. 1853. 2 and the] that 1853. 9 Nay;] . . . Stay . . . 1853.

TO MIDSUMMER DAY

[Published in *The Examiner*, June 26, 1852; reprinted 1853 (No. CXXXXII), 1876.]

Crown of the Year, how bright	And hear his sharpen'd scythe
thou shinest?	sweep o'er
How little in thy pride, divinest	Rank after rank: then others wait
Inevitable fall! albeit	Before the grange's open gate,
We who stand round about thee	And watch the nodding wane, or
see it.	watch
Shine on; shine bravely. There	The fretted domes beneath the
are near	thatch,
Other bright children of the Year,	Til young and old at once take
Almost as high, and much like	wing
thee	And promise to return in spring.
In features and in festive glee;	Yet I am sorry, I must own,
Some happy to call forth the	Crown of the Year! when thou art
mower,	gone.

4 thee see] foresee 1853.

TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

ON SWIFT JOINING AVON NEAR RUGBY

[Published in *The Examiner*, August 21, 1852; reprinted 1853 (No. ccxxvi), 1876.]

SILENT and modest Brook! who dippest here

Thy foot in Avon as if childish fear

Witheld thee for a moment, wend along;

Go, followed by my song,

Sung in such easy numbers as they use

Who turn in fondness to the Tuscan Muse,

And such as often have flow'd down on me

From my own Fiesole.

I watch thy placid smile, nor need to say

That Tasso wove one looser lay,

And Milton took it up to dry the tear

Dropping on Lycidas's bier.

In youth how often at thy side I wander'd!

What golden hours, hours numberless, were squander'd

Among thy sedges, while sometimes

I meditated native rhymes,

And sometimes stumbled upon Latian feet ;

Then, where soft mole-built seat

Invited me, I noted down

What must full surely win the crown,

But first impatiently vain efforts made

On broken pencil with a broken blade.

Anon, of lighter heart, I threw

My hat where circling plover flew,

And once I shouted til, instead of plover,

There sprang up half a damsel, half a lover.

I would not twice be barbarous; on I went . .

And two heads sank amid the pillowing bent.

Pardon me, gentle Stream, if rhyme

Holds up these records in the face of Time:

Among the falling leaves some birds yet sing,

And Autumn hath his butterflies like Spring.

Thou canst not turn thee back, thou canst not see

Reflected what hath cast to be:

Haply thou little knowest why

I check this levity, and sigh.

Thou never knewest her whose radiant morn

Lighted my path to Love; she bore thy name,

10

20

30

4 followed] follow'd 1853.
lanthe.]

17 Latian] mispr. Laotian 1852.

37 her [sc.

TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

She whom no Grace was tardy to adorn,
 Whom one low voice pleas'd more than louder fame: 40
She now is past my praises: from her urn
 To thine, with reverence due, I turn.
O silver-braided Swift! no victim ever
 Was sacrificed to thee,
Nor hast thou carried to that sacred River
Vases of myrrh, nor hast thou run to see
A band of Mænads toss their tymbrels high
Mid *io-evohe*s to their Deity.
But holy ashes have bestrewn thy stream
 Under the mingled gleam 50
Of swords and torches, and the chaunt of Rome,
 When Wiclif's lowly tomb
 Thro' its thick briars was burst
 By frantic priests accurst;
For he had entered and laid bare the lies
That pave the labyrinth of their mysteries.
 We part . . but one more look!
 Silent and modest Brook!

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

47 tymbrels] timbrels 1853.

55 entered] enter'd 1853.

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. ccxxiii); reprinted 1876.]

AVON that never thirsts, nor toils along,
Nor looks in anger, listen'd to my song,
So that I envied not the passing names
Whose gilded barges burnisht prouder Thames,
Remembering well a better man than I,
Whom in these meads the giddy herd ran by,
What time the generous Raleigh bled to death,
And Lust and Craft play'd for Elizabeth.
While murder in imperial robe sat by
To watch the twinkling of that sharp stern eye, 10
Til when a sister-queen was call'd to bleed,
Her fingers cased in jewels sign'd the deed!

TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

GARDEN AT HEIDELBERG

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. CLIV); reprinted 1876.]

FILL me the beaker!	Germans! beer-drinking,	
Now, Rhine and Nekkar,	Tobacco-stinking,	
Health to thee both, ye noble	Gladly, how gladly! I resign	
streams!	All you are worth,	10
Yours is a power	From south to north	
To wing the hour	For this fresh air and fragrant	
High above Wisdom's heavy	wine.	
dreams.		

[LEAMINGTON]

[Published in 1853 (No. XXIV); reprinted 1876.]

WHERE are the sounds that swam along
The buoyant air when I was young?
The last vibration now is o'er,
And they who listen'd are no more;
Ah! let me close my eyes and dream,
I see one imaged on the Leam.

Title. Not in either edition.

BRIGHTON 1807

[Published in 1853 (No. CXLIV); reprinted 1876. See note at end of volume.]

You ask what he's doing	When night is returning
Who lately was wooing	He sighs for the morning
And fear'd but those frowns	And ere the first light
That came dark o'er the downs:	Sighs again for the night.

EXPOSTULATION

[Published in 1853 (No. CCXI); reprinted with variants 1858; both versions in 1876.]

Now yellow hazels fringe the greener plain
And mountains show their unchain'd necks again,
And little rivulets beneath them creep
And gleam and glitter in each cloven steep;
Now, when supplanted by insidious snow
The huge stone rolls into the lake below,
What can detain my lovely friend from home,

Title. So in 1858. Not in 1853. 1 yellow] yellowing 1858. 6 the lake
[Wast-water, Cumberland. "Expostulation" is thought to have been addressed to
Mr. Stansfeld Rawson's daughter Catherine, who in 1842 married the Rev. Thomas
Worsley, Fellow and afterwards Master of Downing College, Cambridge. See footnote
to 'Lines written at Mr. Rawson's,' p. 10. W.] For ll. 7-8 1858 substitutes:

What in these scenes, her earlier haunts, to roam,
What can detain my lovely friend from home?

TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

Fond in these scenes, her earlier scenes, to roam?
 'Tis that mid fogs and smoke she hears the claim
 And feels the love of freedom and of fame:
 Before those two she bends serenely meek . .
 They also bend, and kiss her paler cheek.

10

10 freedom . . . fame] Freedom . . . Fame 1858. 11 those] these 1858.

[BATH]

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. cxxxix); reprinted 1876.]

If wits and poets, two or three,	Neighbours who stir one step from
Four at the most, speak well of	prose
me,	Become inevitable foes.
It is because my lonely path	Poetic steamers rarely fail
Lies hidden by the hills of Bath.	Somehow to clash upon the rail.

Title. Not in either edition.

[INVITED TO OXFORD]

[Published in 1853 (No. LXIII); reprinted 1876.]

Yes, I will come to Oxford now
 Juicy and green is every bough,
 Unfit as yet to roast a Froude:
 Exeter cries, "To what a pass
 Are we reduced! alas! alas!"
 And Church and College wail aloud.

4 Exeter [Dr. Henry Phillpotts, Bishop of Exeter. W.]

[Published in 1853 (No. LX); reprinted 1876.]

CYPRESS and Cedar! gracefullest of trees,
 Friends of my boyhood! ye, before the breeze,
 As lofty lords before an eastern throne,
 Bend the whole body, not the head alone.

TO AN OLD MULBERRY-TREE

[Published in 1853 (No. LXXIV); reprinted 1876.]

OLD mulberry! with all thy moss around,
 Thy arms are shatter'd, but thy heart is sound:
 So then remember one for whom of yore
 Thy tenderest boughs the crimson berry bore;
 Remember one who, trusting in thy strength,
 Lay on the low and level branch full length.
 No strength has he, alas! to climb it now,
 Nor strength to bear him, if he had, hast thou.

TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

[A TREE SPEAKS]

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1863 (No. CCXXIV); reprinted with om. 1863 (p. 250), fully 1876.]

THERE was a lovely tree, I knew
And well remember where it grew,
And very often felt inclined
To hear its whispers in the wind.
One evening of a summer day
I went, without a thought that
way,
And, sitting down, I seem'd to
hear
The tree's soft voice, and some
one's near.
Yes, sure enough I saw a maid
With wakeful ear against it laid.
Silent was everything around : :
While thus the tree in quivering
sound :
"They pant to cull our fruit, and
take
A leaf, they tell us, for our sake,
On the most faithful breast to
wear
And keep it, til both perish,
there.
Sad pity such kind hearts should
pant
So hard! We give them all they
want.

They come soon after and just
taste
The fruit, and throw it on the
waste. 20
Again they come, and then pluck
off
What poets call our hair, and
scoff;
And long ere winter you may see
These leaves fall fluttering round
the tree.
They come once more: then, then
you find
The root cut round and under-
mined:
Chains are clencht round it: that
fine head,
On which stil finer words were said,
Serves only to assist the blow
And lend them aid to lay it low."
Methinks I hear a gentle sigh, 31
And fain would guess the reason
why;
It may have been for what was
said
Of fruit and leaves, of root and
head.

Title. Not in either edition. Ll. 1-6 om. 1863. 7 And . . . down] Lean'd on a bank 1863. 8 The . . . soft] A tree's faint 1863. one's] one 1863. 20 and] then 1863. 32 And . . . guess] Tell me, who can, 1863. 34 fruit . . . leaves] leaves and fruit 1863.

[Published in 1863 (No. xxxii); reprinted 1876.]

GRACEFUL Acacia! slender, brittle,
I think I know the like of thee;
But thou art tall and she is little . .
What God shall call her his own tree?
Some God must be the last to change her;
From him alone she will not flee;
O may he fix to earth the ranger,
And may he lend her shade to me!

TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. cxxxvii); reprinted 1876.]

A SENTIMENTAL lady sate
Lamenting thus a rose's fate,
As thirty of them, nay threescore,
Bard-bitten all, have done before.
"My sweet and lovely one! ah why
Must you so soon decay and die?"
"I know not," with soft accents
said,
And balmy breath the Rose, "kind
maid!
I only know they call me fair, 9
And fragrant in this summer air.

If youths should push their faces
down
On mine, I smile, but never frown,
And never ('twere affected) say,
So much as '*wanton! go away.*'
I would not wish to stop behind
And perish in the wint'ry wind.
I have had sisters; all are gone
Before me, and without a moan.
Be thou as sweet and calm as
they,
And never mind the future day."

[Published in 1853 (No. clxi); reprinted 1876.]

In early spring, ere roses took
A matronly unblushing look,
Or lilies had begun to fear
A stain upon their character,
I thought the cuckoo more remote
Than ever, and more hoarse his
note.
The nightingale had dropt one
half

Of her large gamut, and the laugh
Of upright nodding woodpecker
Less petulantly struck my ear. 10
Why have the birds forgot to sing
In this as in a former spring?
Can it be that the days are cold.
Or (surely not) that I am old.
Strange fancy! how could I forget
That I have not seen eighty yet!

[Published in 1853 (No. xlv); reprinted 1876.]

"AMONG the few sure truths we know"
A poet deep in thought and woe,
Says "*Flowers, when they have lived, must die,*"
And so, sweet maid! must you and I.

[Published in 1853 (No. cxc); reprinted 1876.]

Cistus! whose fragil flower
Waits but the vesper hour
To droop and fall,
Smoothen thy petals now
The Floral Fates allow . .
Ah why so ruffled in fresh youth
are all?

Thou breathest on my breast,
"We are but like the rest
Of our whole family;
Ruffled we are, 'tis true, 10
Thro life; but are not *you*? . .
Without our privilege so soon to
die."

TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. xiii); reprinted 1876.]

WINTER has changed his mind and fixt to come.
Now two or three snow-feathers at a time
Drop heavily, in doubt if they should drop
Or wait for others to support their fall.

OBSERVING A VULGAR NAME ON THE PLINTH OF AN ANCIENT STATUE

[Published in *The Examiner*, June 3. 1854; reprinted 1858, 1876.]

BARBARIANS must we always	O Venus! in thy Tuscan dome
be?	May every God watch over thee!
Wild hunters in pursuit of fame?	Apollo! bend thy bow o'er Rome
Must there be nowhere stone or	And guard thy sister's chastity.
tree	Let Britons paint their bodies blue
Ungasht with some ignoble	As formerly, but touch not
name?	you. 10

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Title. Observing a] A 1858. *Signature om.* after 1854.

THE FIG-TREES OF GHERARDESCA

[Published in *Pen and Pencil*, February 10, 1855; reprinted 1858.]

YE brave old fig-trees! worthy	Vanisht each venerable head,
pair!	Nor bough nor leaf could tell
Beneath whose shade I often	them where 10
lay	To look for you, alive or dead;
To breathe awhile a cooler air,	Unheeded was my distant
And shield me from the darts	prayer.
of day.	
Strangers have visited the spot,	I might have hoped (if hope had
Led thither by my parting song;	ever
Alas! the strangers found you	Been mine) that storm or time
not,	alone
And curst the poet's lying	Your firm alliance would dissever,
tongue.	Nor mortal hand your strength
	o'erthrow

12 prayer] prayer* 1858 with footnote:

Et ficus maneat duo,
Semper religiosius
Servandæ, umbriferum caput
Conquassante senecta.

[The Latin is Landor's. See *Poemata*, 1847, p. 244.]

TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

Before an axe had bitten thro'
 The bleeding bark, some tender
 thought,
 If not for me, at least for you
 On younger bosoms might have
 wrought. 20

Age after age, your honeyed fruit,
 From boys unseen thro' foliage,
 fell
 On lifted apron; now is mute
 The girlish glee! Old friends,
 farewell!

TO A KID

[Published in *Pen and Pencil*, March 3, 1855; reprinted 1858, 1876.]

My little Kid! if I forbid
 Your access to my tender trees,
 Take it not ill, nor vainly fill
 With hoarse lament the mountain
 breeze.

Your father there, with hoary hair,
 And there your gentler mother
 stands;

I sadly fear their coming near
 My quiet nook on lower lands.

Let poet rest his throbbing breast
 In the lone woodland's safe retreat;
 Let higher state the goat await, 11
 Whoscorns alike the wind and heat.

For you alone, my little one,
 I spread behind the stable door
 The softest straw you ever saw;
 Against the lintel more and more.

You may bring out the horns that
 sprout

So ruddily, and polish each.

A shining brook runs near. You
 look

Affrighted. What a thoughtless
 speech! 20

So! here I find on kiddish mind
 Traditionary lore instill'd,
 Tho' fairly bookt, Nymph might
 have lookt
 For poet's promise unfulfil'd.

But never mind: no hand shall
 bind

For a *Bandusia* such a kid.

Bound if ye are, one fond and fair
 Shall bind you, in fresh flowers
 half-hid.

My groves delight by day and
 night

To hear her name: this makes
 them still. 30

Should she have prest to yours
 her breast

A little hard, dont take it ill.

Her cheek, tho' warm, will do no
 harm

To the cool nostril she may kiss.

We all must bear things as they
 are;

Now one word more; and it is this.

As you grow old grow not too bold;
 Learn modesty; nor romp nor
 roam.

Less blushes rise to pain her eyes
 Your lady cousins must not come.

Meanwhile, tho' play you fairly
 may, 41

Hit not the inviting knee too hard;

For haply he afar may be

Who knows the cure, her faithful
 bard.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

2 access] visit 1858.

38 romp] ramp 1858.

TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

WRITTEN IN SICKNESS

[Published in *The Examiner*, March 17, 1855; reprinted 1858, 1876. Also printed from a manuscript in *Letters, &c.*, 1899.]

DEATH of the year! wilt thou be also mine,
O Winter! never must I catch agen
The virgin breath of mountain cyclamen,
Pushing aside the wayward eglantine?

Such were my phantasies not long ago,
Ere thou wast nearer: I had thought once more
To ramble as of old along the shore
Of Larius, now indeed with step more slow:

And thence, if such a scene the heart can bear
To leave behind, Sorrento's cliffs along 10
From that old terrace-walk guitar and song
(Spectres! away with ye!) again to hear.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

12 again] agen 1858. *Signature om. after 1858.*

TO THE RIVER MELA, NEAR VERONA*

[Published in *The Examiner*, October 27, 1855; reprinted 1858.]

AN Mela! pleasant art thou to behold
Drop, as thou runnest on, thy curls of gold,
In looser ringlets; and then bending down
Those branches whence Alcides wreath'd his crown,
And mingling them with darker, from the dead
O'er whom Apollo droopt his guilty head.
There in one shadow on thy breast unite
Cypress and poplar, equal in thy sight.
But where is our Valerius? where is he 10
Who sang so many loves, and each with glee?
The Muse of elegy stood far away
And pined and pouted at his Sapphic lay.
Venus could never bring her faithful doves
Within the precincts of thy gayer groves.
He whom thou most delightedst in prefer'd
The pert and piping to the cooing bird,

* *Flavus quam molli percurrit flumine Mela.*—CATULLUS. [*L. Carm.* lxvii. 33.]

14 thy gayer] the Lesbian 1858. 16 bird] bird* 1858 with footnote: Lesbia's bird has everywhere been called a *sparrow*. Italians at this day use the word *passero* for several birds.

TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE.

And the few tears, the very few, he shed,
Were on the breast which held that pert one dead.

Barbaric trumpets, Mela, now resound
On every hill and vale thou seest around.
But fear not, Mela! thou shalt yet rejoice,
And mid thy shepherds raise thy silvery voice.
The robbers shall be driven far and wide . . .
Shrink not if gore pollute thy placid tide,
If some few days it swell with bloated men . .
It shall run free, soon, soon, and pure agen.

20

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Signature om. after 1858.

WRITTEN AT MALVERN, JUNE 1799

[Published in *The Examiner*, November 17, 1855; reprinted 1858, 1876.]

YE springs of Malvern, fresh and bright,
Wherein the Spirits of health delight
To dip incessantly their wings!
Rise and sustain the pallid maid
Who steps so slow and seeks your aid;
Bless, and in turn be blest, ye springs!

If I might ask the Powers above
One gift, that gift should be her love.
Hush! thou unworthy creature, hush!
Wouldst thou not rather see her, then,
Without her love, in health agen?
I pause; I bow my head, and blush.

10

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Signature om. after 1855.

VOYAGE TO ST. IVES, CORNWALL FROM PORT-EINON, GLAMORGAN, 1794

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858; reprinted 1876.]

How gladsome yet how calm are ye
White birds that dip into the sea!
How sportive those bright fins
below
Which through green alga -
meadows glow!

How soft the lustrous air around,
And the red sail's is all the
sound,
While me my heart's fierce tem-
pest drives
On from Port-Einon to St. Ives.

TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

ST. CLAIR

October 5, 1796

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858; also printed from the original manuscript in *Letters, &c.*, 1899.]

I send you a curiosity. Charlotte Philipps (? Phillips) gave me a lump of some mineral which was afterwards stolen from me, and I wrote these lines at St. Clair's. [*Landor to Mrs. Paynter*. November 1857.]

OF all the saints of earth or air	When all but lovers long had slept,
What saint was ever like St. Clair!	I tost and tumbled, fretted, wept,
'Twas she herself who crost my way,	To Love himself vow'd endless
And thunderstruck me yesterday.	hate,
In simple vest she stood arraid,	Renounced my stars and curst my
To mortal eyes a mortal maid,	fate;
And in her dexter hand she bore	When, lo! in pity to my tears,
A shining mass of shapeless ore.	In sleep an angel form appears; 20
My courage, voice, and memory	"Subdue," she says, "regrets like
gone, 9	these,
I bow'd and kist the magic stone.	We angels vanish when we please."
I urged attendance; she complied;	My curtains, starting, I with-
And now behold us side by side.	drew;
I speak; the country people stare . .	The Morn appear'd, the Vision
"The Saxon speaks to empty air."	flew.

Title St. Clair [sc. St. Clear's, near Tenby. The castle of St. Clare is mentioned by Giraldus Cambrensis. W.] *Introduction*. Only in 1899.

MY HOMES

[Published in 1858; part quoted reprinted 1869 and vol. i, 1876.]

HOME! I have changed thee often: on the brink
Of Arrowe early I began to think,
Where the dark alders, closing overhead,
Across the meadow but one shadow shed.
Lantony then received me for a while
And saw me musing in the ruin'd aile:
Then loitered I in Paris; then in Tours,
Where Ronsard sang erewhile his loose amours,
And where the loftier Beranger retires
To sing what Freedom, and what Mirth, inspires. 10
From France to Italy my steps I bent
And pitcht at Arno's side my household tent.
Six years the Medicæan palace held
My wandering Lares; then they went afield,

Title. Om. 1869. ll. 1-10 om. 1869.

TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

Where the hewn rocks of Fiesole impend
O'er Doccia's dell, and fig and olive blend.
There the twin streams in Affrico unite,
One dimly seen, the other out of sight,*
But ever playing in his smoothen'd bed
Of polisht stone, and willing to be led 20
Where clustering vines protect him from the sun,
Never too grave to smile, too tired to run.
Here, by the lake, Boccaccio's *Fair Brigade*
Beguiled the hours and tale for tale repaid.
How happy! O how happy! had I been
With friends and children in this quiet scene!
Its quiet was not destined to be mine;
'Twas hard to keep, 'twas harder to resign.
Now seek I (now Life says, *My gates I close*)
A solitary and a late repose. 30

* The scene of Boccaccio's *Ninfale* and his *Bella Brigada*. [L. om. 1869.]

18 sight*] sight 1869 which omits footnote. ll. 29-30 om. 1869.

MORN

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858; reprinted 1876.]

SWEET is the Morn where'er it shines,
Whether amid my Tuscan vines,
Or where Sorrento's shadows play
At *hide-and-seek* along the bay,
Or high Amalfi takes its turn,
Until they rest on high Salern.

And here too once the Morn was sweet,
For here I heard the tread of feet
Upon the pebbles wet with dew;
Sweet was the Morn, it breath'd of you.

ASKED TO DANCE AT BATH

[Published in 1858.]

IN first position I can stand no longer;
A time there was when these two calves were stronger
And could move bravely up and down the Rooms,
But youthful days evaporate like perfumes.

TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

TO BATH

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858; reprinted 1876.]

THE snows have fallen since my eyes were closed
Upon thy downs and pine-woods, genial Bath!
In whose soft bosom my young head reposed,
Whose willing hand shed flowers throughout my path.

The snows have fallen on more heads than mine,
Alas! on few with heavier cares opprest.
My early wreath of love didst thou entwine,
Wilt thou entwine one for my last *long rest*?

LEAVING LONDON

[Published in 1858.]

WONDERS, 'tis true, I leave behind,	Mid avenues where ancient trees
And, what is rarer, friends so	Discourse about the coming breeze
kind.	And tremble for the rooks above,
To my own country I am gone	And chide the unreturning dove;
From Grecian Slave and Amazon,	Then, showing at their feet the
Nor longer can delight my eyes	moss,
In painture's proudest galleries,	Invite me to forget my loss,
But Nature's are before me stil,	Or, if unwilling to forget,
And I may wander at my will	To dream that I am with you yet.

4 Slave . . . Amazon [Hiram Powers' statue, "The Greek Slave" and the "Wounded Amazon" by Augustus Kiss were in the International Exhibition, 1851. W.]

THE MYRTLE'S APPEAL

[Published in 1858; reprinted 1876.]

To the tender and pensive I make my Appeal.
If ever ye felt, believe I also feel.
Who rifles my blossoms, who strips my young leaves,
May the maiden he swears to, be sure he deceives!
But ye who in grove or in chamber run over
The songs of all lands that have burst from the lover,
And have learnt and have often repeated my name,
From Cyprus to distant Ierne the same,
Do spare me! There is (you may know her) a flower
Who blooms and who blushes for only an hour;
She may not be backward a breast to adorn,
Perhaps warm as hers, and perhaps cold as Morn;

TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

There place her: I fancy she will not resist,
Nor will one (for her parents have many) be mist.
But, if you hope aught from our Goddess, leave me
To rest on the sands and to look on the sea.*

* *Litora myrtitis gratissima*.—VIRGIL. [*L. misquoted, see Georgics, ii. 112, myrtetis laetissima.*]

HEARTS-EASE

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858; reprinted 1876.]

THERE is a flower I wish to wear,
But not until first worn by you . .
Hearts-ease . . of all Earth's flowers most rare;
Bring it; and bring enough for two.

TO A LIMONCINA (VERBENA)

[Published in 1858; reprinted 1876.]

FLOWERS may enjoy their own pure dreams of bliss.
Prest, smooth'd with soft slow hand, upon her book
By Isabel, and winning one kind look,
Couldst thou, my Limoncina, dream of this?

TO THE CYCLAMEN

[Published in 1858; reprinted 1876.]

MY little flower of stem so tall,
Who would have thought that we should fall
So soon, or ever, in disgrace?
My little flower! be thou resign'd,
Like me, nor deem it hard to find,
Even at her feet our resting-place.

TO THE CYCLAMEN

[Published in 1858; reprinted 1876.]

THOU Cyclamen of crumpled horn
Toss not thy head aside;
Repose it where the Loves were born,
In that warm dell abide.
Whatever flowers, on mountain, field,
Or garden, may arise,
Thine only that pure odor yield
Which never can suffice.
Emblem of her I've loved so long,
Go, carry her this little song.

TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

FAST FALL THE LEAVES

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858; reprinted 1876.]

FAST fall the leaves: this never says
To that, "Alas! how brief our days!"
All have alike enjoy'd the sun,
And each repeats, "*So much is won* :
Where we are falling, millions more
Have dropt, nor weep that life is o'er."

SINGING BIRDS

[Published in 1858; reprinted 1876.]

MERLE! cushat! mavis! when but young	And " <i>Speckled thrush ! let that poor worm</i>
More vulgar names from mother tongue	<i>Creep safely thro' the rain and storm.</i> 10
Often and often, much I fear,	<i>Blackbird! unless it tires you, stay</i>
Have wounded your too patient ear,	<i>And sing me one more song to-day."</i>
Before our dame, old Poesie,	Ye listened then; and each one did
Took me and held me on her knee,	(Except the thrush) as he was bid.
" <i>Woodpigeon dear!</i> " I may have	I doubt if now ye sing so well
said,	In your fine names; but who can
Hearing you coo above my head,	tell?

A PAIR OF NIGHTINGALES

[Published in 1858.]

COOL-SMELLING Oleander loves the stream
And bends ripe roses over it; but whose
Are those bright eyes that look aslant at me?
And whose are those slim talons, smooth, yet sharp,
That hold an insect up?

 She flies away,
Nor heeds my doubts and questionings. Erelong

Melodious gurgles ripple from a copse
Hard-by: she seems to thank me, seems to tell
Her partner not to fear me: they defer
The song of gratitude til even-tide, 10
Then gushes it amain.

 Fond pair, sing on;
I will watch near you; none shall interrupt
That deep and sparkling stream of melody.

TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

ON A SPITZ

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

O DEATH! thou must have lost thy wits	No Aberdeens, no Nicholasses,
To throw a wanton dart at Spitz.	That thou shouldst single from the rest
Are there no creatures wild or tame	A watchful, wise, true-hearted beast,
Which thou shouldst rather make thy game?	Who never seiz'd anothers bone
No prowling tigers, worn-out asses;	But dogfully maintained his own.

ON THE DOG-STAR

[Published in 1858.]

I HOLD it unlawful	But needs I must say,
To question the awful	Heaven's Dog had his day,
Appointments of Heaven, or hazard a doubt;	And Pomero beats the said Dog out and out.

TO OUR HOUSE-DOG CAPTAIN

[Published in 1858; reprinted 1876.]

CAPTAIN! we often heretofore	And the dark cell that oped
Have boxt behind the coach-house door,	beneath. 12
When thy strong paws were rear'd against	Thou wert like others of the strong,
My ribs and bosom, badly fenced:	But only more averse from wrong;
None other dared to try thy strength,	Reserved, and proud perhaps, but just,
And hurl thee side-long at full length,	And strict and constant to thy trust,
But we well knew each other's mind,	Somewhat inclement to the poor,
And paid our little debts in kind.	Suspecting each for evil-doer,
I often braved with boyish fist	But hearing reason when I spoke,
The vanquisht bull's antagonist,	And letting go the ragged cloak. 20
And saw unsheath'd thy tiny teeth	Thee dared I; but I never dar'd
	To drive the pauper from the yard.

ONE INDIFFERENT TO ANIMALS

[In proofs of 1858, and there cancelled.]

FOR animals half-beast or wholly
How very little do you feel!
Pity the bandy legs of Folly;
And lift the turnspit to his wheel.

TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

NOVEMBER

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

THE year lies waste; November's rain Is deluging the world again. Behold the signal to embark! Come then, my dove! behold the ark! Noises all round us we may hear Of spite and malice: never fear.	The tamer beasts shall stall below, Their wildness shall the wild fore- go, And we above will pass the day As blithely as we did in May; 10 And one shall bill, and one shall coo, The choice of <i>which</i> I leave to you.
--	--

FOR A GRAVESTONE IN SPAIN

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 273.]

SAY thou who liest here beneath,
To fall in battle is not death.
You, tho' no pall on you was cast,
Heard the first trump nor fear'd the last.

WRITTEN IN SPAIN

[Published in 1863, p. 183.]

CITRUS! wherefor here exude
Til drowsy flocks forget their food?
Thy soporific incense keep
For church, where all are bound to sleep.

[RIVAL LAWYERS]

[Published in 1863, p. 184.]

Two rival lawyers, Gabb and Gabell,
Make Abergany comfortable.
To Welshmen stiff and heady quarrels
Are needful as their *cwrw*-barrels;
Of both they quaff, sup after sup,
Until they fairly are laid up.

[From a manuscript.]

If the Devil, a mighty old omnibus driver
Saw an omnibus driving down-hill to the river
And saved any couple to share his own cab
I do really think ['t]would be Gabell and Gabb.

TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

BELL-RINGING IN ITALY

[Two versions (A, B) published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, pp. 210, 230.]

YE poor Italians who are plunged in hell
Have yet one comfort left, ye never hear
At morn and noon and night the eternal bell;
All other torments be resigned to bear.

Title. Not in B. 3 bell;] bell . . . *B.* 4 resigned] resign'd *B.*

[Published in 1863, p. 278; reprinted 1876.]

NEVER must my bones be laid
Under the mimosa's shade.
He to whom I gave my all
Swept away her guardian wall,
And her green and level plot
Green or level now is not.

CALVERTON DOWNS

[Published in 1863, p. 214; reprinted 1876.]

HE whom the Fates forbid to dwell
Beside the Loire or the Moselle,
And who abhors the din of towns,
Should nestle here beneath these downs.

Calverton Downs [Claverton-Down, near Bath. The Rev. R. Graves, author of *The Spiritual Quizote*, lived and died at the village of Claverton. W.]

WRITTEN ON THE STEPS AT HAMPDEN

[Published in 1863, p. 238; reprinted 1876.]

ALONG that avenue below,
With drooping neck, and footstep slow,
Came wounded Hampden's horse; he stood
Steaming with sweat surcharged with blood.
Within that chamber overhead
Died the most mourn'd of all the dead.

l. 6 an allusion to the death in 1742 of James Hammond whose *Love Elegies*, with a preface by the Earl of Chesterfield, were published 1743. [W.]

TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

ON THE TOMB OF QUEEN ANNE

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 269.]

A QUEEN who snatcht from Marlboro's hand
The bay-girt baton of command
Lies here: and courtiers now malign
The creature whom they call'd divine;
Yet none among them has denied
That she was sober when she died.

THE WOUNDED NIGHTINGALE

[Published in 1863, p. 211; reprinted 1876.]

*Altho' thou lovest much to sit alone,
Why stayest thou when all the rest are gone?*
Thus spoke I to a nightingale; then she
Stepping a little farther on the tree.
"One night a cruel archer heard me sing,
"And came at early morn and broke my wing.
"The leaves were denser then; he could not find
"The prey he sought, and left me thus behind."
She fluttered, but alas! no more she flew,
And softly I, with backward step, withdrew.

10

ON THE POISONING OF SPARROWS

[Published in 1863, p. 163; reprinted 1876.]

MY fondled ones! whom every
day
In childhood I call'd forth to
play,
A call ye minded not until
The crumbs were on the window-
sill;
Then down ye fluttered; then ye
fought
More fiercely than good sparrows
ought,
For there was not a speckled
breast
To cause a jealous one unrest, 8

And not a Lesbia at whose beck
There came a pouting lip to peck.
Ah me! what rumour do I hear?
It makes me shrivel up with fear.
Can it . . . it never can . . . be true,
That poison is prepared for *you*,
Who clear the blossoms as they
shoot
And watch the bud and save the
fruit?
Turn, turn again your sideling
eyes
On one more grateful and more
wise.

TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

[Published in *Heroic Idyle*, 1863, p. 273; reprinted 1876.]

PARROTS have richly color'd wings,
Not so the sweetest bird that sings;
Not so the lonely plaintive dove;
In sadder stole she mourns her love,
And every Muse in every tongue
Has heard and prais'd her nightly song.
1 wings] wing 1863.

TO A LIZARD

[Published in 1863, p. 215; reprinted 1876.]

WHY run away, poor lizard? why	Altho' they swell thy jewel'd breast
Art thou so diffident and shy?	And never let it lie at rest:
Trust to my word; I only want	Even when thou sinkest to repose
To look awhile and see thee pant.	None ever saw thy eyelids close. 10
For well I know thy pantings are	Turn, I beseech thee, turn again,
No signs of sorrow or of care,	So mayst thou watch no fly in vain.

ON A FAWN'S HOOF

[Published in 1863, p. 263; reprinted 1876.]

HAVE I not seen thee, little hoof, before
Thou wast a handle to my stable-door?
Have I not seen thee trotting o'er the park
In dread when distant hounds began to bark?
Ah! how much rather would I see thee now
With branching horns above thy lifted brow,
Commanding me by angry stamp to go
And keep away from where lie fawn and doe.
I never thought to feel again for deer
The guilt of murder that confronts me here. 10

ANSWER TO A DOG'S INVITATION

[Published in 1863, p. 367; reprinted 1876. Eight lines printed from a manuscript in *The Atlantic Monthly*, June 1866.]

FAITHFULLEST of a faithful race,	Nor wilt thou ever, as before,
Plainly I read it in thy face	Reartwo white feet against her door.
Thou wishest me to mount the stairs	Therefor do thou nor whine nor
And leave behind me all my cares.	roam,
No; I shall never see again	But rest thee and curl round at
Her who now sails across the main;	home. 10

Title. To Giallo 1866. ll. 9-10 not in 1866. After l. 8 1866 has:

Written opposite Palazzo Pitti, September, 1861.

The 1866 manuscript was enclosed in a letter to Miss Kate Field, dated August 28, 1861.

TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 254; reprinted 1876.]

Soon does the lily of the valley die,
Later the rose droops o'er her family,
Fresh children press about her couch of moss
And she forgets, as they repair, her loss.
The hapless lily none such comfort knows,
But sinks the paler at the sight of rose.

[IPSLEY]

[Published in Colvin's *Londor*, 1881.]

I HOPE in vain to see again	To walk beyond the third mill-
Ipsley's peninsular domain.	pond,
In youth 'twas there I used to	And meet a maiden fair and
scare	fond
A whirring bird or scampering	Expecting me beneath a tree
hare,	Of shade for two but not for
And leave my book within a nook	three. 10
Where alders lean above the	Ah! my old yew, far out of view,
brook,	Why must I bid you both adieu.

4 bird or] partridge, in a manuscript.

[IMPROMPTU]

[Published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, June, 1866 ("The Last Days of W. S. Landor", by Kate Field).]

But he is foolish who supposes
Dogs are ill that have hot noses.

[TO A DOG]

[Published in Colvin's *Londor*, from a manuscript dated August 1, 1860.]

GIALLO! I shall not see thee dead,	Nor bark, as now, to make me
Nor raise a stone above thy	mind,
head,	Asking me, am I deaf or blind:
For I shall go some years before,	No, Giallo, but I shall be soon,
Where thou wilt leap at me no	And thou wilt scratch my turf
more,	and moan.

1 Giallo [After Landor's death the Contessa Baldelli took charge of Giallo. He survived his master eight years and a few days. "Poor dog", the Contessa wrote when recording his death, "I miss his tender faithfulness". W.]

TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

TO THE RIVER AVON

[Published in *Letters, &c. of Landor*, 1897.]

Avon! why runnest thou away so fast?
Rest thee before that Chancel where repose
The bones of him whose spirit moves the world.
I have beheld thy birthplace, I have seen
Thy tiny ripples where they played amid
The golden cups and ever-waving blades.
I have seen mighty rivers, I have seen
Padus, recovered from his fire wound,
And Tiber, prouder than them all to bear
Upon his tawny bosom men who crusht
The world they trod on, heeding not the cries
Of culprit kings and nations many-tongued.
What are to me these rivers, once adorn'd
With crowns they would not wear but swept away?
Worthier art thou of worship, and I bend
My knees upon thy bank, and call thy name,
And hear, or think I hear, thy voice reply.

10

PISA

[Published in 1897.]

At Pisa let me take my walk
Alone, where stately camels stalk,
And let me hope to catch the eye
Of pheasant on the ilex by,
That he alight and find the bread

Crumbled for him, and none
instead.
Robins in earlier morn may come
And make my winter house their
home.

[Landor was living at Pisa, 1820-1. W.]
carry pine timber to the Arno. W.]

2 [Camels were brought to Pisa to

AT ARNO'S SIDE

[Published in 1897.]

PISA! I love thee well, altho'
Compell'd by friendship now I go
Where golden cones of pine illumine
No more with fragrant warmth my
room,
Nor patient camels crouch, or
stand

Awaiting from a well-known hand
To crunch with palm-long teeth
the tips
Of stubborn thorn thro' hardy lips,
Then stalk along with stately
stride
To rest again at Arno's side. 10

AT ARNO'S SIDE

But camels! winter will return	With warmth as temperate waste
When cones from your old pines	away
shall burn,	And cheerful to the last as they.
Changeless in form: I wish that we	Some lower necks, good mothers,
The same throughout our lives	bring
could be,	For me to pat ere pass the Spring.

WIDCOMBE CHURCHYARD

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1897. See 'For a tomb' on p. 18.]

WIDCOMBE! few seek in thee their resting-place,
Yet I, when I have run my weary race,
Will throw my bones upon thy churchyard turf;
Although malignant waves on foren shore
Have stranded me, and I shall lift no more
My hoary head above the hissing surf.
Perhaps my dreams may not be over yet,
And what I could not in long life forget
May float around that image once too dear;
Perhaps some gentle maiden passing by,
May heave from true-love heart a generous sigh,
And say, "Be happier, thou reposing here."

10

TO A MASTIF

[Published in 1897.]

MASTIF! why bark at me who love thy race?
To fear thee I should deem it foul disgrace.
In thy dominions I have walked alone.
Nor ever bore a stick or rais'd a stone.
Against the little, low, and wiry-hair'd,
I must confess it, I would go prepared:
To the high-crested creature, dog or man,
I do whatever services I can,
But to caress or compliment a cur
Of either species, stiffly I demurr.

[TO A TREE]

[Published in 1897.]

ACACIA, how short-lived is all thy race!
Slender was I, but thou wast slenderer,
When I began to notice thee; thy stem
Hath long been wrinkled, long before my brow.

TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

Well I remember tossing up against
Thy lowest tassel my blue-ribbon'd hat,
And how it hung there till the rake was call'd
To rescue it, nor that light work refused.
Well I remember the limp hat, and aim
To bring the blossom down within my reach, 10
And break it—boys too soon are mischievous
Almost as men—and how the blossom caught
And held to it what would have caught the blossom.
Thus happens it sometimes with weightier things.

Acacia! low thou liest, and the axe
Hath scattered wide thy weak and wither'd limbs,
But I will treasure up one particle
Before some strangers take thy wonted place,
Small, delicate, requiring nurse's aid;
Pamper'd and rear'd for parlour company 20
They soon will be, thou not so soon, forgotten.

HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL

EPISTLE TO A BARRISTER

[Published in *Gebir*, Count Julian, &c., 1831.]

HAIL, paragon of T * * on's! hail	And wakes the judge to hear thee
Thou glory of the triple tail!	plead.
Which, to denote thy rank,	Let him extoll, extoll who can,
descends	So modest, so admired a man:
Like three avenging halter-ends.	I stand afar, lest thou espy
O with what art thou mixest up	My raptures with a downcast eye.
The hemlock of thy attic cup!	But sometime (may the day be
O with what ready hearty will	near!)
To all God's creatures, good and	My votive garland shalt thou
ill,	wear.
To wise and simple, friend and foe,	Not what the Graces weave for
Its tranquilizing juices flow! 10	sport
Sly Taffey calls thee merry prig,	Round Cupids in the Paphian
And taps thy cheek and twirls thy	court, 30
wig:	Or Bacchus ever twined about
The faithful Ketch partakes thy	The temples of a Thracian rout,
glee	But what upon thy natal day
And lights his hempspun joke	Fate, while her sisters shared the
from thee.	lay,
Two badger-eyes has Themis; one	Gave Nemesis to keep in store,
Is always leering toward the	And chaunted . . <i>this his gransire</i>
throne;	<i>wore,</i>
The other wanders, this way, that	<i>And, when the father's race is run,</i>
way,	<i>Shall be the guerdon of the son.</i>
But sees the gap and leaves the	T . . onian necks no wreath
gateway.	becomes
The scowl of those who snore she	That faintly breathes or briefly
wears,	blooms; 40
With the hard hand that clips and	But such as raise mankind on high,
sheers; 20	Nor leave the exalted when they
Yet she benignly strokes thy head,	die . .

1 T * * on's] *mispr.* for T * * ons. [Mr. (afterwards Sir) William Elias Taunton, was counsel, Forster states, for Charles Betham, Landor's tenant at Llanthony. In *A House of Letters*, by Ernest Betham, 1905, it is clearly shown that Landor's account of his quarrels with members of the Betham family, including the allusions to some of them in this poem, differs widely from the facts, and that these were either unknown to or improperly ignored by Forster. W.]

HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL

No common hedge such wreathes
affords,
But proud pelissèd Sarmatian
lords
Survey them from their castle-
towers;
And cloistered virgins press their
flowers,
Subdue their stems with agile
hand,
And follow them afar from land:
Some for warm Lybia wing their
way,
And others into Flora's bay. 50
Averse to forms, averse to dress,
Lover of Nature's nakedness,
To thee all wisdom and all wit,
All Pindus, is not worth the pit . .
Mortals warm-hearted and warm-
pated,
Fun-fanciers unsophisticated,
Who hold it first and last of rules
That learning is the staff of fools,
Swear hearts are false where lips
are dry,
And in the cup lies Honesty; 60
Clap who laughs hearty and talks
loud,
And curse your grave and damn
your proud,
And *split 'em but he's heart of oak*
Who flings it at your gentle-folk,
And shews 'em they are flesh and
blood,
Like us, no better, if so good.
When thou wert on thy nurse's
breast,
And fears thy father's heart op-
prest,
Sedately wise Cecropian maid!
Here pour thy precious gifts! he
said: 70

The Goddess heard the dubious
vow,
And smear'd her olive o'er thy
brow,
Sent resolute and dashing Pun,
That takes repulse and shame
from none,
In readiness to scour the streets
And lift a leg at all he meets.
Thus, seated o'er the Sunian seas,
Generous ungirt Diogenes
Gave every passager his rub
From the salt-crustèd cynic tub;
Thus, where some horse hath sown
his oats, 81
The sparrows raise their cheery
throats,
And, loving best the dirtiest
ground,
Roll their dull feathers round and
round.
Alas I fall! O cease to frown!
The weighty subject draws me
down.
Too true; I feel the feeble line
Unworthy of thy name and mine.
Yet its loose threads shall men
explore,
As children shells upon the shore:
And thou shalt flourish fresh in
song 91
When Nature's verdict stops my
tongue;
When Kenyon's pattering paste-
board storm,
And Latin from the second form,
Like hail upon a summer's day,
Falls, bounces, glimmers, melts
away;
When all the riches of each Scott
Go, where they ne'er went yet, to
pot;

93 Kenyon's [Lord Kenyon, Master of the Rolls, died 1802. W.]

EPISTLE TO A BARRISTER

When heedless whistlers speed the
 plough
 Across old Thurlow's whiten'd
 brow; 100
 When all the costliest fur in
 Britain
 Lies level with the wayside kitten,
 And the last worm has left the
 jaws
 That blew out life from under
 laws;
 When gibbet-irons with rust are
 dumb,
 Nor wave without their pendulum;
 When into dust the winds have
 blown
 What once was sinew, blood, and
 bone,
 What, even while they fill'd with
 glee
 Afar the house of revelry, 110
 Breath'd murder into every breath
 On Kennington and Hounslow
 heath,
 Lent the faint lightning fresh
 affright
 And hung with deeper gloom the
 night.
 These are thy works, almighty
 maker
 Of county jobs for undertaker!
 When cash and kindred clients fail,
 And few will swear and none will
 bail,
 Then the deep mist of error clears,
 And Vice's odious form appears.
 "Had I discover'd it before, 121
 Not all Peru's persuasive ore
 Should have induced me to defend
 A life no warnings can amend."
 At these thy words the wife
 declares

A something met her on the stairs:
 In the church-yard a light was
 seen,
 And a strange circle markt the
 green;
 Then the poor husband from her
 chest
 Rakes his worst cloaths, and wills
 his best. 130
 To thee our daily thanks are
 due,
 Who live with no such downcast
 crew.
 Had Cacus school'd them in his
 den,
 Thou wouldst have proved them
 honest men.
 My sheep are flayed; the flayer
 bears
 The best of names . . our vicar
 swears . .
 And why reproach the mild
 divine?
 He loves his flock . . his flock loves
 mine.
 My timber stolen . . could I know
 The mark I made a month ago?
 My barns cleared out . . my house
 burnt down . . 141
 Could the whole loss excede a
 crown?
 Shame! are such trifles worth my
 cares?
 I'm freed from rats and from
 repairs.
 A half-starved staring seagull
 brood
 Flies every honest livelihood,
 Quits fierce Malay and shrewd
 Chinese
 And ransackt India's pearl-paved
 seas.

HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL

Hears, sped by thee, how talents
 fare,
 And rises into mountain air. 150
 Seamen are bold, but none are
 bolder
 Than those with *cat-claws* on the
 shoulder,
 Whose captain, for his gaping
 desk,
 Has given it the picturesque,
 The love of which is gone so deep
 They cannot eat, they cannot
 sleep,
 But must indulge in cooling vales,
 And hang their pensive heads in
 Wales.
 One, as the wildgoose of a nest,
 Stretches his neck to guide the
 rest, 160
 Picks up five hundreds with a
 bride
 And shews her London and sea-
 side;
 Snatches her, ere it runs too late
 To pay so many a turnpike-gate,
 Settles at once upon my farm,
 And spreads a press-gang's dread
 alarm.
 Box-coat and trowser dash to-
 gether,
 The dog-cart and the ostrich-
 feather,
 And brass-loopt hat and broad-
 frog'd habit,
 Most richly ermin'd o'er . . with
 rabbit. 170
 The Welsh look up with wondering
 eyes,
 And ruminate on prophecies;
 The tripod and the pot-link turn,
 And watch the faggots, how they
 burn,
 Nail a worn horse-shoe on the door

Where never one was nail'd
 before,
 Wash the white threshold-stone
 anew,
 And rub the sleepless bed with
 rue,
 And weary heaven with charms
 and vows
 To guard their children and their
 cows. 180
 Could not the cloth this pest fore-
 tell?
 Nor the wise woman at the well?
 Nor deeper seer who knew what
 mare
 Must disappear by Radnor fair?
 The thumping jumping gospel-
 preacher
 Could not he, here too, be their
 teacher?
*The lamb, he cries, unless ye sin,
 Extends no crook to shank you in.
 Graceless as well may be the
 strangers,
 They beard you at your very
 manglers.* 190
*For speeding evangelic flights
 Requires some boisterous roaring
 nights;
 Pitch on a vantage-ground like
 swallows,
 And soar to heaven from the gallows.
 With such faint hearts and such
 lank jowls
 You cannot sin to save your souls,
 While they are ready for the crisis . .
 Go, do ye likewise, my advice is.*
 The daring ambidexterous
 wench,
 Whose fist no collier can unclench,
 Bites what is needless off her
 lambs, 201
 Pries for the riddle on the rams,

EPISTLE TO A BARRISTER

Curses and kicks them who omit
The duties that their state befit,
Pares from their feet the cankerous
rot,

And skims, while pot there is, the
pot;

Bestows herself the savoury largess,
Mixt with cow-cabbage and crab-

verjuice:

And "dout 'e, Thomas, I desire,
Care a crackt farding for the
squire. 210

His lady . . I know who's her
betters . .

Before she squall'd I told my
letters,

For twenty loaves could knead
the dough,

And lift brim-full our biggest
trough.

A lady! that will never do . .

Why! she is only five feet two."

Now raises she her swelling
chine

And prances passing five feet nine,
Jerks a cock's feather from the
bag,

And freshens it with oily rag. 220
Now strides she to the full fire-
side,

With silent step and dignified,

And now relaxes into grace

And asks them how it suits her
face;

Then carts it to the neighbouring
town,

And trips it till the floors come
down,

In many-coloured ribbons drest

And beet-dyed shoes and brim-
stone vest.

But morning comes, and sundry
fears

For the fee-simple of two ears, 230
That upon frailest tenure hung,
Dependent from a perjured tongue.
"Thomas, she cries, I love thy
mettle!

Give us a lift, lad, at the kettle.
There!" . . and such spirit to
encourage,

Souces a lardpot in his porrage.
Up darts the buoyant brightening
grease

Like the fresh sun upon the seas,
And quiets with its rising glories
Those estuaries and promontories,
That never own'd another prince
Within their world's circumfer-
ence; 242

And the proud foam and clamor-
ous wind

To its mild empire are resign'd.
Who could imagine that beheld
How this vast region once rebel'd,
Threw up the humble, down the
high,

Like turbulent democracy,
Amidst its plenty would not smile,
But hissed and grumbled all the
while. 250

The dame her hearty work
pursues,
And hurries round the mingling
juice.

"Grub the plantation up, set fire
on't,

And, if he douts it, dout the
tyrant.

l. 218 [See Charles Lamb's letter to Landor, Oct. 1832: "The shortest of the daughters," one of whom is here referred to, "measured 5 foot eleven without her shoes." W.]

HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL

Hard swearing never was hard
work,

And if you kill, you kill a Turk.
What! hang a fellow-creature!
shall us,

When *whiff* will blow him from the
gallows!

Our Fred's, I warrant, is the nape
That never flincht from Tyburn
tape, 260

Nor ever will the lucky hound
Turn tail till he is off the ground."

A year is past: I beg my rent:
*I must mistake . . that was not
meant.*

I tarry on: two years elapse:
The balance may be theirs perhaps.
For insolent requests like these
Their gentle hands uproot my
trees,

While those they told me hurt
their grain,

I fell, their gentle hands detain;
My woods, my groves, my walks
beset 271

With pistol, dirk, and bayonet,
Force my grey labourers to yield,
And stab the women in the field.
Of late a sort of suitor there is
Who courts a horsewhip like an
heirss.

Kick him; not Midas would en-
rich

With surer stroke the flaccid
brech;

The blow above reiterate . .
A broken head's a good estate;

Add *swindler* . . and behold! next
minute 281

He's out of jail and you are in it.

The land that rears sure-footed
ponies

Rears surer-footed testimonies,
And every neighbour, staunch and
true,

Swears, and *Got pless her*, what
will do.

My gentry tell unpilloried lies,
But prompt and push to perjuries;
Yet tho' you flusht then as they
blundered

Thro' the rank stubble of three
hundred, 290

Exclaim *a perjury!* and you libel . .
Each his own way may use his
bible;

Else how is ours a freeborn nation,
Or wherefore was the Reforma-
tion?

If you demand your debts, beware,
But rob'd, cry *robbers!* if you dare:
You only lost a farm of late,
Stir, and you pay your whole
estate:

Expose their villainies; Dick Loose
Will shudder at the gross abuse,
Free them from prison on their
bail, 301
And pledge them in his mellowest
ale.

The lathy lantern-visaged Crawl
His queries and his doubts will
drawl.

He the rich blacksmith's daughter
won,

And wiled him to exclude the
son.

Behold him at a lady's side!
And look, how he has learnt to
ride,

259 Fred's [*sc.* Frederick Betham, younger brother of Landor's tenant, had been a midshipman in an East India ship. W.] 299 Loose [*sc.* Mr. Richard Lewis of Llandila. See Forster's *Landor: A Biography*, i. 396. W.]

EPISTLE TO A BARRISTER

Who pigged with choristers and
 scouts,
 And rode but upon *roundabouts*.
 Unenvied for too fair report 311
 His father sweeps the bishop's
 court,
 And legibly enough records
 Two anti-paracletic words:
 The ode should only be applied
 To Priam's and to * * 's bride,
 And those few more who growl
 and bite,
 Or are too watchful in the night.
 The other is so rude a name
 It well deserves the sheet of
 shame, 320
 Which his old honest rib repairs,
 And scours from ironmoulds, and
 airs.
 With brain of lead and brow of
 brass
 Stands ready prowling Barnabas,
 To whisper him of timorous look
You kiss the cover, not the book.
 That Barnabas who, when he
 stood
 Within the close o'erarching wood,
 (A wood which on no forest
 frowns,
 But tapers up in market-towns)
 And stretcht his vast extent of
 chin 331
 To all without, to none within,
 In many breasts rais'd fierce desire
 To stick it near the kitchen-fire,
 In the dutch oven glittering bright
 With its clear rashers red and
 white.
 "Ah what a burning shame, they
 say,
 So many eggs are thrown away!"

"Tis death to puddings, cries a
 wench,
 Between the judges and the
 French. 340
 Look only there! how living rises
 From war and popery and as-
 sises!"
 The honest open-hearted Jack
 Stands, fit successor, at his back.
 Him pockets turn'd and watches
 twitcht
 From jovial snoring friends en-
 rich;
 Him the shared tax from many a
 town,
 A true copartner of the crown,
 And, eased of his ill-gotten wealth,
 An uncle sent to heaven by
 stealth. 350
 Attended with each bright com-
 peer,
 O T * * on, I must leave thee
 here,
 Where, thanks and thanks again
 to thee!
 The poor lost outcasts still are
 free.
 Who wants a character or home,
 A shirt or shilling, let him come:
 Who flies his dun, or dupes his
 friend,
 Lo! England's furthest safest end:
 Who lurks from sea to thief on
 shore,
 Club the clipt dollar, one mate
 more! 360
 No scruple checks, no conscience
 shocks,
 Hope's at the bottom of the box.
 Here all but Innocence may trust,
 And all find Justice but the just.

315 ode] *mispr. for one.*

HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL

DIALOGUE AT WHIST

[Published in *Gebir, &c.*, 1831; reprinted in *The Monthly Repository* ("High and Low Life in Italy"), October 1837.]

MRS. CLUTTERBUCK—MRS.
SHUFFLETON—and PARTNER.

PARTNER.
Ma'am, that lady . . .

MRS. SHUFFLETON.
Dear now! Mrs. Clutterbuck,
You have had such charming luck
In your sweet good man,
That you should not take it hard
Tho' you never got a card
Worth a pinch of bran.

MRS. CLUTTERBUCK.
To be sure, one feels at ease
With a man so made to please
All that is genteel.

MRS. SHUFFLETON.
When he walks into a room, 10
What address! and what perfume!

MRS. CLUTTERBUCK.
Grace from head to heel.
One looks how he holds his hat,
One would copy his cravat,
One comes up to me,
Saying, "Do excuse me, ma'am!
Sure, as of my life, I am,
Yours that Lord must be."
Sir, says I, how could you know?
True indeed, some time ago 20
Clutterbuck and I
Joined for better and for worse
Our young hearts and little purse,
Bundling—weal or woe.

To her partner.
Did you let 'em win the knave?

MRS. CLUTTERBUCK.
Well now, save
(If you can) the deal.
(To MRS. SHUFFLETON.)
Pray now Mrs. Shuffleton,
For the love of Christ! ha' done—

MRS. SHUFFLETON.
I did wrong, I feel. 30
Yet upon a theme like this
One can hardly do amiss.

MRS. CLUTTERBUCK.
O my want of wit!
Harping on that nasty lubber
She has really won the rubber!
Bit, sir! downright bit!

MRS. SHUFFLETON.
Bil! ma'am! what a word to use!
I, who am not quite a goose,
Saw it in the wick.

MRS. CLUTTERBUCK.
Well! I'll never talk about 40
Him or any such a lout
When I want the trick.

MRS. SHUFFLETON.
And, or e'er I'd have my pride
In this manner mortified,
Ma'am, upon my life,
When I praise a man, I swear
I will praise him anywhere
But before his wife.

Title. Om. 1837. 1 now] me 1837. 4 take] think 1837. 5 Tho'] That 1837. 6 pinch] scurf 1837. 9 is] are 1837. 11 and] Mrs. C. And 1837. 12 Mrs. C. Grace] Mrs. S. Grace 1837. 13 One] Mrs. C. One 1837. 14 One] Mrs. S. One 1837. 15 One] Mrs. C. One 1837. 19 Sir.] Lack! 1837. could] should 1837. 20 True indeed] Very true 1837. 25 'em] them 1837. 29 Christ!] Christ 1837. 33 of wit] o' wit 1837. 36 Bit] But 1837. 40 talk] think 1837.

HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL

IMITATION OF THE MANNER OF CATULLUS

[CARMEN XXI. 1]

[Published in *Gebir*, &c., 1831; reprinted 1846, 1876.]

AURELIUS, Sire of Hungrinesses!
 Thee thy old friend Catullus blesses,
 And sends thee three fine watercresses.
 There are who would not think me quite
 (Unless we were old friends) polite
 To mention whom you should invite.
 Look at them well; and turn it o'er
 In your own mind . . I'd have but four . .
 Lucullus, Cesar, and two more.

Title. Old Style 1846. *Sub-title.* Not in any ed. 3 Three] six 1846.

[Published in 1831; reprinted 1846, 1876.]

A LITTLE cornet of dragoons,
 Immerst in gilded pantaloons,
 To kiss consenting Helen aim'd.
 He rais'd his head, but rais'd so low,
 She cried, and pusht away her beau,
Go, creature! are you not ashamed?

[ON A PORTRAIT]

[Published in 1831.]

LET what nose will, hold forth the flask . .	But for that hand tho' . . why not seek
A * * w's shall mount its waxen mask.	A candelabrum as antique? Could not one lift it rather high'r,
At her fixt eyes, first seen, you say, What very natural eyes are they!	And move it further from the fire?

Title. Not in text. [A portrait of Mrs. Agnew who was living at Windsor in 1832 may have suggested these lines. A clergyman's daughter, she had been waiting woman and a trusted friend to Mrs. Delany, on whose death in 1788 George III made provision for her. See Mrs. Delany's *Autobiography* and Madam D'Arblay's *Diary*. W.]

[Published in 1831.]

HEAVEN turn away that awful head
 The crimson turban's folds o'erspread!
 Thermopylæ! guard well your pass!
 Where's Agis? where's Leonidas?
 Ah me! I quite forgot her sex,
 And trembled for three hundred Greeks.

HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL

ATTEMPTS AT SIMPLICITY

By J. J. STIVERS, Esq.

[The following three poems, intended as parodies of Wordsworth, were included with prose in "High and Low Life in Italy", as published in *The Monthly Repository*, January 1838.]

I.

BECK. A TALE

I SAID unto a little girl,
"Is it a throstle or a merl
That sings in yonder bush?"
"I do not know indeed," said
she,
"Exactly, whether it may be
A *what-d'-ye-call-him* or a
thrush."

I gave it over . . well I might . .
Half-angry, disappointed quite,
And pushing her, said sharply,
"Tuck, O

Tuck, little maid, thy apron up, 10
Come . . never mind yon tramping
tup . .
Come, show me then the
cuckoo."

Scarce had I spoken ere we heard
That (afore-mentioned) two-toned
bird . .

The girl cried, "*I do think yon's
he!*"

Praises to thee, O Lord of Heaven!
Who to our sinful world hast given
A token of simplicity.

Ah, surely it becomes the wise
To blow away the mists that rise
Around the child of humble
station: 21

This girl (her name is Beck) next
spring

Will have grown quite another
thing,

And answer without hesitation.

I was so pleased with what she said,
I would have shared with her my
bread

(For meat and beer inflame).

"Becky," said I, "step with me
home;

I'll give ye a crust (I've eat the
crumb").

I asked her, and she came. 30

Perhaps, in what I spake on beer,
Some there are who may think me
queer,

But I have always found,

Sure as I passed the second pint,
So sure my eyes began to squint,
So sure my head turn'd round.

II.

AN ECLOGUE OF CANTON

(*The idea of this Eclogue was supplied by the Captain of
an East-Indiaman.*)

I MET a little boy on the canal,
And he was singing blythely *fal-de-ral*.
This little boy was singing all alone
The words a sailor taught him at Canton,

ATTEMPTS AT SIMPLICITY

For sailors from far countries often sing,
 And lads in China pick up anything.
 Now Heaven has placed it high mid human joys
 To talk with elf-lock girls and ragged boys.
 When one or other of these gems I see,
 I never miss my opportunity.
 At the first glimpse of this same singing lad,
 I was resolved to puzzle him, egad!
 But as it happened to turn out, you'll see
 The singing lad, tho' simple, puzzled me.
"Have you a father?"

10

"Plenty," he replied.

"A mother?"

"She was yesterday a bride."

"A brother?"

"One too many."

"Any sister?"

"She's dead; I never (till you named her) mist her."

At these quick answers (in due course) I smiled,
 And tapped the shoulder of the clever child.

20

Nevertheless, it soon occurred to me,
 There was a lack of sensibility;
 Which, taking off my fingers from his shoulder,
 I prayed to God he might acquire when older;
 Or, if vouchsafed not at the sight of sorrow,
 He might have credit, and, when needful, borrow.
"Alas! but twain survive the girl!" I said . .

"Yes; three," he answered.

"How so? one is dead."

"You reckon me for nothing then!" he cried,

"Or that fine puppy paunched to feast the bride."

30

III.

I FOUND a little flower, so small
 I doubted were it flower at all,
 But on the same ditch side
 I soon found more, and each of
 them
 Had under it its leaves and
 stem . . .
 A flower then! undenied!

To give a true account of this,
 Requires a poet's fire, I wis,
 A poet's fire have I.
"Come to me, pretty flower!" I
 said . . .
 Methought the shy one shook its
 head . . .
"Can't you? let me, then, try."

10

HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL

One leg across the ditch then went,
My back toward the firmament,
My head toward the flower,
My right hand grasped its slender
figure.

(But who on earth could wish it
bigger!)

I mused for half an hour.

"O gentle one!" said I, "too
little

For dewdrop or for cuckoo spittle,

What is thy name, I wonder! 21

O happy! o'er such flowers as thou
Iris may love to bend her bow,

But Jove ne'er shakes his
thunder."

A sudden thought now seized my
mind . . .

"I am resolved," said I, "to find
My tiny flower a story;"

And such, believe me, as shall give
Both flower and poet, while they
live,

And after, loads of glory. 30

Thou art as blue as blue can be . . .
Granted . . . well, now then let me
see,

Who gave thee all this blueness!
It surely comes from Heaven alone
Higher than yonder starry zone,
Far higher than the moon is.

Fancy, bold Fancy, urge thy
flight,

Urge it beyond our misty light,
Into the court of Jove.

And there is not on earth a court
Which will not sign the true
report 41

Of what was seal'd above.

Juno, and Jove, one hapless day,
At dinner, in the month of May,
Fell into disagreement:

"What do you mean by that?"
cried he,

And just as resolutely she
(Akimbo) askt what *he* meant.

He threw at her his knife and fork,
And up she started like a cork 50
From sodafied Champagne

"You've missed me, fusty, fumb-
ling knave,"

Cried Juno, "and by Styx shall
have

(Mind now!) your own again."

With all the spirit of a wife
And Goddess, forth she sent the
knife . . .

It cut thro' curl and curl.

Glad to escape so well, did Jove
Seek upon earth some gentler love
('Tis said) and prettier girl. 60

He knew not that his blow had
split

From the blue sky that little bit
Which fell on earth, my flower.

It carried on its way one hair
Of Juno, and hung quivering
there,

And hangs so to this hour.

Dearest! a name thou hast, no
doubt,

Although I cannot find it out;

Well! since such case thou art
in,

I am resolved, from this day forth,
From east to west, from south to
north, 71

Men call thee *Betty Martin*.

HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL

FROM AN ESSAY ON THEOCRITUS

[The following two poems, parodies of Wordsworth, were included with prose in *The Foreign Quarterly Review*, October 1842 ("Idyls of Theocritus"). The first was not reprinted either by Landor or Forster. The second without prose introduction was reprinted as a separate piece in 1846, with title, *New Style*.]

I.

Suppose a modern disciple of Wordsworth, for example, to have taken up such a subject as the Hive-Stealer of Theocritus [*Idyl IX incert.*], and how dull the moral that would be our best relief at the close of a dull story!

'Twas in the year of ninety-five
(Last century) that Hannah Giles
Was stooping to turn out a hive,
And thoughtless Hannah was all smiles.
When a bee stung her in the finger!
On which what should poor Hannah do?
She dipt it in a cup of vin'gar,
And put some oil upon it too.
Meeting her eight years after that,
Of this sole matter we did talk,
And thus I moralized our chat—
"Pity! you did not think of chalk!"

10

II.

Let us suppose another of the subjects of Theocritus: such as his *Catastrophe of the Sark* [*Idyl XXXVII*]. Acknowledging that in his narrative he may have seized upon the more interesting event of the two, we nevertheless boldly offer ours:

1.

I VERY much indeed approve
Of maidens moderating love
Until they've twenty pounds;
Then Prudence, with a poet's
praise,
May loose the laces of their stays,
And let them quest like hounds.

2.

Peggy, my theme, twelve years ago
(Or better) did precisely so:
She lived at farmer Spence's;
She scour'd the pantry, milk'd the
cows, 10
And answer'd every would-be
spouse,
"D'ye think I've lost my senses?"

3.

Until the twenty pounds were safe,
She tiff'd at Tim, she ran from
Ralph,
Squire nodded—deuce a curtsy!
Sam thought her mopish, Silas
proud,
And Jedediah cried aloud,
"Pray who the devil hurls ye?"

4.

But now the twenty pounds were
got,
She knew the fire to boil the pot,
She knew the man to trust to. 21
I'm glad I gave this tidy lass
(Under my roof) a cheerful glass
(Of water) and a crust too.

HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL

5.

Although the seventeenth of May,
It was a raw and misty day
When Ebenezer Smart,
(The miller's lad of Boxholm-mill)
Having obtained her right goodwill
And prudent virgin heart, 30

6.

Led her to church: and Joseph
Stead
(The curate of said Boxholm) read
The service; and Will Sands
(The clerk) repeated the response
(They after him) which utter'd once
Holds fast two plighted hands.

7.

And now they live aside the weir,
And (on my conscience) I declare
As merrily as larks. 39

This I can vouch for: I went in
One day and sat upon the bin
While Peggy hemm'd two sarks.

8.

I do not say two sarks entire,
Collar and wristband; these require
(I reckon) some time more;
But mainly two stout sarks, the tail
And fore-flap, stiff as coat of mail
On knights in days of yore.

9.

I told my sister and our maid
(Anne Waddlewell) how long I
staid 50
With Peggy: 'twas until her
Dinner-time: we expect, before
Eight or (at most) nine months
are o'er,
Another little miller.

50 staid] stayed 1846.

[PORSON'S LYRICAL BALLAD]

[Published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, December 1842 (Imaginary Conversation:
Southey and Porson); not reprinted.]

Porson. I will however prove to you that it is no such a difficult matter to treat
them much better . . . Take up yon paper . . . now read.
Southey (reads.)

1.

"HETTY, old Dinah Mitchell's
daughter,
Had left the side of Derwentwater
About the end of summer.
I went to see her at her cot,
Her and her mother, who were not
Expecting a new-comer.

2.

"They both were standing at one
tub,
And you might hear their knuckles
rub
The hempen sheet they washed.

The mother suddenly turned
round, 10
The daughter cast upon the
ground
Her eyes, like one abashed.

3.

"Now of this Hetty there is told
A tale to move both young and
old,
A true pathetic story.
'Tis well it happened in my time,
For, much I fear, no other rhyme
Than mine could spread her
glory.

Title. Not in 1842.

PORSON'S LYRICAL BALLAD

4.

"The rains had fallen for three
weeks,
The roads were looking like beef-
steaks 20
Gashed deep, to make them
tender;
Only along the ruts you might
See little pebbles, black and white—
Walking (you'd think) must end
here.

5.

"Hetty, whom many a loving
thought
Incited, did not care a groat
About the mire and wet.

She went up stairs, unlocked the
chest,
Slipped her clean shift on, not her
best,
A prudent girl was Het. 30

6.

"Both stockings gartered, she
drew down
Her petticoat, and then her gown,
And next she clapped her hat on.
A sudden dread came o'er her
mind,
'Good gracious! now, if I should
find
No string to tie my patten!'"

A CASE AT SESSIONS

[Published in *Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine*, April 1845, signed W. S. L.;
reprinted *Works*, 1846; 1876.]

YESTERDAY, at the Sessions held
in Buckingham,
The Reverend Simon Shutwood,
famed for tucking ham
And capon into his appointed maw,
Gravely discuss a deadly breach
of law,
And then committed to the county
jail
(After a patient hearing) William
Flail:
For that he, Flail, one day last
week,
Was seen maliciously to sneak
And bend his body by the fence
Of his own garden, and from
thence 10
Abstract, out of a noose, a hare,
Which he unlawfully found there,
Against the peace (as may be seen
In Burn and Blackstone) of the
Queen.

He, question'd thereupon, in
short,
Could give no better reason for't
Than that his little boys and he
Did often in the morning see
Said hare, and sundry other hares,
Nibbling on certain herbs of
theirs. 20
Teddy, the seventh of the boys,
Counted twelve rows, fine young
savoys,
Bit to the ground by them, and out
Of ne'er a plant a leaf to sprout:
And Sam, the youngest lad, did
think
He saw a couple at a pink.
"Come!" cried the Reverend,
"Come, confess!"
Flail answered, "I will do no
less.
Puss we did catch; Puss we did eat;
It was her turn to give the treat.

Title. Not in 1846. 4 deadly] dreadful 1846.

HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL

<p>Nor overmuch was there for eight o' us 31 With a half-gallon o' potatoes: Eight; for our Prue lays sick abed, And poor dear Bessy with the dead." "We can not listen to such idle words," The Reverend cried: "The hares are all my Lord's. Have you no more, my honest friend, to say Why we should not commit you, and straightway?" Whereat Will Flail Grew deadly pale, 40 And cried, "If you are so severe on me, An ignorant man, and poor as poor can be,</p>	<p>O Mister Shutwood! what would you have done If you had caught God's blessed only Son, When he broke off (in land not His they say) That ear of barley on the Sabbath- day? Sweet Jesus! in the prison he had died, And never for our sins been crucified." [With the least gouty of two doe- skin feet The reverend stamp, then cried in righteous heat,] 50 "Constable! take that man down-stairs, He quotes the Scripture and eats hares."</p>
--	---

33 Prue] Sue 1846. 36 cried:] said. 1846. 49, 50 First added in 1846.

SIDDONS AND HER MAID

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1876.]

Siddons. I leave, and reluctant, the repast:
 The herb of China is its crown at last.
Maiden! hast thou a thimble in thy gear?
Maid. Yes, missus, yes.
Siddons. Then, maiden, place it here,
 With penetrated, penetrating eyes.
Maid. Mine? missus! are they?
Siddons. Child! thou art unwise.
 Of needles', not of woman's, eyes I spake.
Maid. O dear me! missus! what a sad mistake!
Siddons. Now canst thou tell me what was that which led
 Athenian Theseus into labyrinth dread? 10
Maid. He never told me: I can't say, not I,
 Unless, may-hap, 'twas curiosity.
Siddons. Fond maiden!
Maid. No, upon my conscience, madam!
 If I was fond of 'em I might have had 'em.
Siddons. Avoid, avaunt! beshrew me! 'tis in vain
 That Shakspeare's language germinates again.

HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1863 (p. 274), 1876.]

ONE tooth has Mummius; but in sooth
No man has such another tooth:
Such a prodigious tooth would do
To moor the bark of Charon to,
Or better than the Sinai stone,
To grave the Ten Commandments on.

1 Mummius;] Wordsworth, 1863.

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

THE burden of an ancient rhyme, Is, "By the forelock seize on Time." Time in some corner heard it said; Pricking his ears, away he fled; And, seeing me upon the road, A hearty curse on me bestow'd.	"What if I do the same by thee? How wouldst thou like it?" thun- der'd he, And, without answer thereupon, Seizing <i>my</i> forelock . . it was gone.	10
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[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

METELLUS is a lover; one whose ear
(I have been told) is duller than his sight.
The day of his departure had drawn near;
And (meeting her beloved over-night)
Softly and tenderly Corinna sigh'd:
"Wont you be quite as happy now without me?"
Metellus, in his innocence replied,
"Corinna! oh Corinna! can you doubt me?"

SUGGESTED BY HORACE

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

NEVER, my boy, so blush and blink, Or care a straw what people think, If you by chance are seen to dally With that sweet little creature Sally. Lest by degrees you sidle from her, I'll quote you Ovid, Horace, Homer. If the two first are loose, there still is	Authority in proud Achilles; And never, night or day, could be his Dignity hurt by dear Briseis . . 10 Altho' I take an interest In having you and Sally blest, I know those ancles small and round Are standing on forbidden ground, So fear no rivalry to you In gentlemen of thirty-two.
--	---

HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. cxxxiii); reprinted 1876.]

ULYSSES-like had Myrrha known,	And argues better than she swears.
Aye, many a man in many a town:	"Look now," says she "o'er these
At last she swore that she would be	fair plains,
Constant to one alone, to me.	What find you there that long
She fails a trifle: I reprove:	remains? 10
Myrrha no longer swears her love;	The rocks upon yon ugly hill
One falsehood honest Myrrha	Are hard and cold and changeless
spares,	stil."

[Published in 1853 (No. xx).]

MARTHA, now somewhat stern and old,
 Found men grow every day less bold;
 Yet bad enough; but tolerated
 Because, poor souls! by God created.
 She loved her dog (the worst do that)
 And pamper'd him, morosely fat.
 Rising up half-asleep, it hapt
 She trod upon him and he snapt.
 "Ah, what a pitch," good Martha says,
 "Have dogs arrived at in our days!" 10

[Published in 1853 (No. cxi); reprinted 1876.]

By learned men was England led,
 When England follow'd men like these;
 His father's speeches One had red, . . .
 One, Ovid's Metamorphoses.

A SENSIBLE GIRL'S REPLY TO MOORE'S

"OUR COUCH SHALL BE ROSES ALL SPANGLED WITH DEW"

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858; reprinted 1876.]

It would give me rheumatics, and so it would you.

REPLY TO AN INVITATION

[Published in *Heroic Idyls, &c.*, 1863, p. 187; reprinted partly in 1876.]

*Will you come to the bower I have shaded for you?
 Our couch shall be roses all spangled with dew.*
 Tommy Moore, Tommy Moore, I'll be hang'd if I do,
 It would give me a cough, and a rheumatise too.
 The girl who is prudent, I take it would rather

REPLY TO AN INVITATION

Repose (tho' alone) upon horsehair or feather.
Poor Peggy O'Corcoran listened to some
Who sang in her ear, *Will you come? Will you come?*
She swells and she squaddles . . so what I suppose is
She must have been lying one day upon roses.

10

6 tho' *corrigenda*] and text, 1863.

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 186; reprinted 1876.]

A DYING man was sore perplex
About what people would do next.
"Now was it not too bad that lead
Should fasten down the helpless
dead?
And iron coffins must be made

To suit the tricksters of the trade!
I will not have one, for I doubt
How in the world I should get
out.

A strip of deal is not so tough,
Yet may be troublesome enough.

THE CONTRITE PRIEST

[Published in 1863, p. 150; reprinted 1876.]

INCLINE, O Mary, from thy throne
To hear a contrite sinner own
His manifold and grievous sins,
Thick as the serried ranks of pins,
But first (for time is precious) hear
What the black score in part may
clear.

I always ate (for 'twas thy wish,
On Fridays we should dine on
fish)
Turbot or lamprey or whate'er
The cook thought proper to pre-
pare;

10

Ay, I have been constrain'd to
stoop
To creeping things, and sigh o'er
soup
Founded on oysters, taught to
swim
For the first time in beardless
trim.

Ah, lady! couldst thou only
know
The anguish of my heart and toe!
Help! tis impossible without
Thy help to keep at bay the gout.

[Published in 1863, p. 201.]

"WHAT is the matter with your
spouse?
Lately we hear she keeps the
house."

To this enquiry the reply
Was, "You know quite as much
as I.

It is not a *lockt jaw*, be sure;
For other ailments there's a
cure,
But hers is chronic, and began
When first I was a married man,
And sadly do I doubt if ever
She gets the better of this fever."

HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL

A DOMESTIC RULER

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 185; reprinted 1876.]

OUTRAGEOUS hourly with his wife is Peter,
Some do aver he has been known to beat her.
"She seems unhappy," said a friend one day,
Peter turn'd sharply . . "What is that you say?
Her temper you have there misunderstood,
She dares not be unhappy, if she wou'd."

[TO A SPECTRE]

[Written c. 1809, part published in Forster's *Landor: a Biography*, 1869; the whole now printed from a manuscript.]

Miss Gould sees a spectre every night. At last she has been forced to sleep with her mother. Mrs. [? Cornish] told me it was a fine subject for my pen. She spoke seriously. I wrote jocularly. Here is my apostrophe to the spectre. [*Landor to his sister Elizabeth.*]

Ir thou hadst eye, if thou hadst ear	Lookst like a fox in some ha-ha;
Spectre, thou wouldst not make	Who views, with nostrils open'd
her fear.	wide,
But since unhappily thou hast,	A pheasant on the other side,
I trust thy wicked reign is past.	Pants, grumbles, whines with lank
Thou, since she sleeps with her	desires,
mama,	And licks his whiskers, and retires!

[Included in a letter to Lady Blessington, July 17, 1839, and printed in *The Blessington Papers*, 1895.]

WORDSWORTH has well deserved of late
A very pretty doctorate!
O Dons! I would desire no more
Could you make *me* a bachelor.

LADY HOLLAND

[Included in a letter to Lady Blessington, July 6, 1836, and printed in *The Blessington Papers*, 1895.

"These other [lines] came into my head on hearing Talfourd say that Lady Holland had an affection of the heart. It was with difficulty that I could abstain from repeating them at the moment."

OUR steam navigation
And blood's circulation
Are wonders in Science and Art.
Far greater his *nous*
The physician's who shows
In Holland's old spouse
A heart! an affection of heart.

HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL

[WITTY OR UNWISE]

[Sent in a letter dated November 26, 1836, to R. Monckton Milnes (afterwards Lord Houghton). Published with errors in *Life, &c., of Lord Houghton*, by T. Wemyss Reid, 1890, and now printed with the Marquis of Crewe's permission from Landor's MS. Also sent in a letter to Lady Blessington, July 6, 1836, and printed in *The Blessington Papers*, 1895.]

SUSPICIONS fall
On grey Glengall
When Spite and Falsehood speak ill:
When we hear wit
We attribute it
To Alvanley or Jekyl.

In whatever matter
There's idle chatter
At once we father't on
The luckless Hatherton:

10

So small capacity,
So large loquacity
Has luckless Hatherton! luckless Hatherton!

2 grey] *mispr.* great 1890 [Richard Butler, second Earl of Glengall (*ob.* 1858), wrote *The Irish Tutor*, a farce; *The Fool of Fashion*, a comedy, &c. W.]. 5-6 attribute it To] father it On 1895. 6 [Of William, second Baron Alvanley (*ob.* 1849), Charles Greville said that his wit, good humour and drollery "made him the delight and ornament of society". Joseph Jekyll is mentioned elsewhere. See vol. iii, p. 218.] Jekyl] Jekyll 1890. 7 whatever] whate'er 1890. 8 There's] There is 1890. 9 At once we] We're apt to, 1895. 10 Hatherton] *mispr.* Fotherton 1890. [Of Lord Hatherton, Chief Secretary for Ireland, 1833-4, Charles Greville wrote: "his talents are slender, his manners unpopular, and his vanity considerable." W.] 11, 12 reversed in 1895.

[GEORGE CANNING]

[Printed in *Commentary on Memoirs of Mr. Fox*, 1812; published 1907.]

I remember an odd paraphrase of the verses which were written by Caesar on Terence. They are a little changed for the purpose: [*five Latin verses imitated from those quoted by Suetonius, ii. 1118 with translation as follows:*]

AND thou art popt among the great,
Forsooth! a minister of state!
A Windham, were invective wit;
Would clamour make one, half a Pitt.
Satire we have, and rage, and rant:
Strength, spirit, these are all we want.
A mob and massacre or two
In Ireland, or at home would do,
And we shall see the very man in
The peevish petulant George Canning.

10

HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL

TRANSLATION OF IAMBI 51

[Published in *The Times Literary Supplement*, October 6, 1927.]

I am mischievous enough to wish to get these inserted in Tait's or any other radical paper. But it must be after the Latin is published—and as from the Latin of Walter Savage Landor. [L.]

LEFT-HANDED is that liberality, Russell,
Which places in office and seats on one trussel
The wise and the foolish, as you have just done.
The fleet of old England to him you confide
Who never had mounted a pinnacle's side,
To whom mast and foresail and rudder are one.

True! true! 'Tis according to court-regulation
That all the first honours and trusts of the nation
Be theirs, and theirs only, whom Plutus has blest:
Yet here is an Auckland, whom lads of the north 10
Are used to call Lackland, so little in worth
A furlong is more than he ever possest.

Thus talk and thus reason the vulgar, but we
No harm, where no pride is, in poverty see.
Were he lying and scratching his ribs in the street
It is not unlikely that we should be willing
To give him a penny, to give him a shilling,
*But never, good Johnny, to give him a fleet.

[The Latin version published in *Poemata, &c.*, 1847, among "Iambi" is entitled "Ad I. Russellum". The English is a free paraphrase with variations. Lord John Russell's ministry, in which the Earl of Auckland was First Lord of the Admiralty, was formed in July 1846. W.] 1 Left-handed . . . liberality [Landor may have borrowed the phrase *sinistra liberalitas* from Catullus, *Ode XXIX*, 16, which he quotes elsewhere more than once. W.]

OCCASIONAL POEMS . .

ON MAN

[Printed in 1800, published 1802; reprinted 1846, 1863. See note at end of volume.]

IN his own image the Creator made,
His own pure sunbeam quicken'd thee, O man!
Thou breathing dial! since thy day began
The present hour was ever markt with shade!

Title. Om. 1846.

AN ARAB TO HIS MISTRESS

AGAINST ANGER

[Published in 1806; reprinted 1831, 1846.]

Look thou yonder, look and trem- ble, Thou whose passion swells so high: See those ruins! that resemble Flocks of camels, as they lie.	All that shields us, all that charms us, Brow of ivory, tower of stone, Yield to Wrath: another's harms us, But we perish by our own. 20
'Twas a fair but froward city, Bidding tribes and chiefs obey; 'Till he came, who, deaf to pity, Tost the imploring arm away.	Night may send to rave and ravage Panther and hyena fell; But their manners, harsh and savage,
Spoil'd and prostrate, she lamented What her pride and folly wrought: 10	Little suit the mild gazell.
But was ever Pride contented, Or would Folly e'er be taught?	When the waves of life surround thee, Quenching oft the light of love;
Strong are cities: Rage o'erthrows 'em: Rage o'erswells the gallant ship. Stains it not the cloud-white bosom, Flaws it not the ruby lip?	When the clouds of doubt con- found thee, Drive not from thy breast the dove.

Title. Om. 1846. 24 gazell] gazelle 1846.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

WRITTEN IN 1792

[Published in *Gebir, &c.*, 1831; part reprinted 1846.]

HE loses all his fame who fights	And knight and baron, priest and
Against his liberties and rights;	peasant,
Troublesome things! but soon re-	Strove who should tread upon a
moved	crescent.
By <i>our trusty</i> and <i>our well-beloved</i> .	It seems, whenever we are idle,
Of late the bile o'erflows your	We call for saddle and for bridle,
liver	And girt and buckled from the
That ships should swim upon a	throne
river.	21
You'd dye with blood the Meuse	Let others blood to cool our own.
and Sambre	Wars, where nor want nor danger
For nothing but a <i>pot de chambre</i> ,	calls,
Which Burke, who proves it, fain	Have hung with tatters half St.
would tempt ye	Paul's;
To swear by God they shall not	And some years hence this courtly
empty.	fashion
10	Will hang with tatters half the
But come now, let me lead you	nation.
o'er	The thirsty tribe that draws the
The field of fight in times of	sword
yore.	For water less than fills a gourd,
We kickt the breech and pull'd	Is wiser in my humble mind
the nose	Than men who only fight for
About the colour of a rose:	wind,
30	And merits more from sage and
We seized the throat and stopt the	bard
whistle	Then Marlbro' or the Savoyard.
Because a fellow wore a thistle:	

Title. 1792] 1795 in 1846, which omits Written in. ll. 1-18 om. 1846.

DIRCE

[Published in 1831; inserted in *Pericles and Aspasia*, 1846.]

Here are two pieces of verse for you. That on Dirce was sent to me by Pericles; to prove that his Athenians can sport with Charon even now. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

STAND close around, ye Stygian set,
 With Dirce in one boat conveyed!
 Or Charon, seeing, may forget
 That he is old and she a shade.

Introd. not in 1831.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

[RHYMES TO A GIRL]

[Published in *Gebir*, &c., 1831; reprinted 1846.]

<p>LET this man smile, and that man sigh To see the wheels of Fashion whirl; Place me in some cool arbour nigh My mild and modest country girl! Or under whitening poplars, high O'er flirting brooks, that glance and purl To attract such flowers as peer and pry, My mild and modest country girl! <i>Would you not tire there? . . no,</i> <i>not I . .</i> Acids that melt the richest pearl Are envy, pride, satiety, 11 My mild and modest country girl! Power, office, title . . up they fly Against one light and sunny curl, That plays above thine azure eye, My mild and modest country girl! Knighthood's new spur the squire would try, And vicount be emblazon'd earl.</p>	<p>Content is only seated by My mild and modest country girl. 20 Possession kings must fortify With moat and barbican and merl: Thine dwells in free security, My mild and modest country girl! Great riches, great authority Turn the best-tempered to a churl; With health and thee no crosses lie, My mild and modest country girl! Tho' Fame and Glory to the sky Ambition's wind-worn flag un- furl, 30 With thee I'd live, for thee I'd die, My mild and modest country girl! Thus round and round thee busily Teaching my tinkling rhymes to twirl, I did not well hear thy reply, My mild and modest country girl! *</p>
---	--

* If the reader has any curiosity to know the origin of these trifling verses, they were composed on the remark of a scholar, that *puella* in its cases ended many in Latin, and that *girl* ended none in ours, from the impossibility of finding such a rhyme as would suit the subject. It is something to do anything which nobody can do better. [L. It . . . better. *Om.* 1846.]

Title. Not in either ed. 18 vicount] viscount 1846.

[Published in 1831; reprinted 1846.]

WERT thou but blind, O Fortune, then perhaps
Thou mightest always have avoided me:
For never voice of mine (young, middle-aged,
Or going down on tottering knee the shelf

OCCASIONAL POEMS

That crumbles with us to the vale of years)
Called thee aside, whether thou rankest on
To others who expected, or didst throw
Into the sleeper's lap the unsought prize.
But blind thou art not; the refreshing cup
For which my hot heart thirsted, thou hast ever 10
(When it was full and at the lip) struck down.

[Published in *Gebir*, &c., 1831; reprinted 1846.]

CHILD of a day, thou knowest not	And why the wish! the pure and
The tears that overflow thy urn,	blest
The gushing eyes that read thy	Watch like thy mother o'er thy
lot,	sleep.
Nor, if thou knewest, couldst	O peaceful night! O envied rest!
return!	Thou wilt not ever see her weep.

ON THE DEAD

[Published in 1831; reprinted 1846.]

TEARS driven back upon the fountain-head,
And Sorrow's voice supprest,
Heave, while in quiet sleep repose the dead . .
Oh! when will they too rest!

Title. Om. 1846.

TO EMMA ISOLA

[Printed in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837.]

ETRURIAN domes, Pelasgian walls,	Calling the Briton to advance
Live fountains, with their	Amid eternal rocks and snows
nymphs around,	
Terraced and citron-scented halls,	I dare not bid him stay behind,
Skies smiling upon sacred	I dare not tell him where to
ground.	see 10
	The fairest form, the purest mind,
The giant Alps averse to France	Ausonia! that e'er sprang from
Pant with impatient pride to	thee.
those,	

[Landon and Crabb Robinson visited Charles Lamb at Enfield, September 28, 1832. "Emma Isola just showed herself. Landon was pleased with her, and has since written verses on her." (*Crabb Robinson's Diary*.) Forster says the visit was in the previous May. W.]

OCCASIONAL POEMS

MALVOLIO

[Printed in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837; reprinted 1846.]

Thou hast been very tender to the Moon,
Malvolio! and on many a daffodil
And many a daisy hast thou yearn'd, until
The nether jaw quivered with thy good heart.
But tell me now, Malvolio, tell me true,
Hast thou not sometimes driven from their play
The village children, when they came too near
Thy study, if hit ball rais'd shouts around,
Or if delusive trap shook off thy Muse
Pregnant with wonders for another age? 10
Hast thou sat still and patient (tho' sore prest
Hearthward to stoop and warm thy blue-nailed hand)
Lest thou shouldst frighten from a frosty fare
The speckled thrush, raising his bill aloft
To swallow the red berry on the ash
By thy white window, three short paces off?
If *this* thou hast done, and hast done *that*,
I do exile thee from the Moon twelve whole
Calendar months, debarring thee from use
Of rose . . . bud, blossom, odour, simily . . . 20
And furthermore I do hereby pronounce
Divorce between the nightingale and thee.

17 thou hast] *rectius* thou hast not 1846. 20 simily] simile 1846.

INSCRIPTION FOR A GARDEN GATE

[Printed in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837. The Latin version only reprinted in *Poemata*, &c., 1847.]

HOMINUM satis superq
Multi viderunt. Naturæ nemo
Hospes introgreditor
Et in parvis eam ut in maximis mirabilem
Pio animo heic et ubique contemplator.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN

Of Men enough, and oft too much is seen;
Of Nature never.
Here, Guest! from her some pious musings gleam,
Who, in majestic or in lowly mein,
Is wondrous ever.

1847 ed. has for the Latin *In domo vapore tepido pro floribus temperata* and in l. 3 has *ingreditor*.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

TO FISHER THE ARTIST

[Published in *The Examiner*, September 23, 1838; reprinted 1846.]

CONCEAL not Time's misdeeds, but on my brow
Retrace his mark:
Let the retiring hair be silvery now
That once was dark:
Eyes that reflected images too bright
Let clouds o'ercast,
And from the tablet be abolisht quite
The cheerful past.
Yet Care's deep lines should one from waken'd Mirth
Steal softly o'er,
Perhaps on me the fairest of the earth
May glance once more.

10

Title. To a Painter 1846. [A portrait of Landor by William Fisher was given by John Kenyon to Crabb Robinson and by him bequeathed to the nation. It is now in the National Portrait Gallery. W.]

[TO AN EARL'S DAUGHTER]

[Published in *Portraits of Children of the Nobility*, 2nd series, 1839.]

MANY are prompt, my little maid,
To praise thy blooming face;
And many vainly have displayed
The lustre of thy race.

Be thou as ready, and more wise
In asking what they mean;
Then turn aside those lively eyes,
And view thy native scene.

There honest labour shalt thou see,
And labour's rich reward;
Nor want, to praise thy Sire and thee,
Courtier, or wit, or bard.

10

[Printed opposite a portrait of Lady Margaret Sophia Coke, daughter of the first Earl of Leicester ("Coke of Holkham"). The volume in which poem and portrait appeared was edited by Lady Blessington's niece, Mrs. Fairlie. Lady Margaret married, 1849, Sir Archibald Keppel Macdonald, Bt., and died in 1868. W.]

[YOUTH AND HOPE]

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

YOUTH is the virgin nurse of tender Hope,
And lifts her up and shows a far-off scene:
When Care with heavy tread would interlope,
They call the boys to shout her from the green.

YOUTH AND HOPE

Ere long another comes, before whose eyes
Nurseling and nurse alike stand mute and quail.
Wisdom: to her Hope not one word replies,
And Youth lets drop the dear romantic tale.

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

BOASTFULLY call we all the world our own:
What are we who should call it so? The form
Erect, the eye that pierces stars and suns,
Droop and decay; no beast so piteously.
More mutable than wind-worn leaves are we;
Yea, lower are we than the dust's estate;
The very dust is as it was before;
Dissever'd from ourselves, aliens and outcasts
From what our pride dared call inheritance,
We only live to feel our fall and die.

10

[Published in 1846.]

RETIRE, and timely, from the world, if ever
Thou hopest tranquil days;
Its gaudy jewels from thy bosom sever,
Despise its pomp and praise.
The purest star that looks into the stream
Its slightest ripple shakes,
And Peace, where'er its fiercer splendours gleam,
Her brooding nest forsakes.
The quiet planets roll with even motion
In the still skies alone;
O'er ocean they dance joyously, but ocean
They find no rest upon.

10

[Published in 1846.]

I WILL not call her fair,
For *that* all women are,
Shady or sunny, dim of eye or bright:
But tell me, tell me where.
Is one of tint so clear,
Unless it may be one who bathes in upper light.
The fair above their kind,
Shallow of heart and mind,

OCCASIONAL POEMS

Share with the fragile flower and senseless stone
Their richer tints; we find
No vestige left behind:

10

She moves the distant breast, and fills the whole alone.

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

ALL poets dream, and some do nothing more.

When you have turn'd this paper o'er,
You then may tell me, if you please,
Which I resemble most of these.

One morning as outstretcht I lay,
Half-covered by the new-mown hay,
I saw a bird high over-head,
And round him many smaller fled.

To me he seem'd a hawk or kite,
The little birds (who should be in a flight,
Yet never are, as you must oft have found)

10

Flew many after, many round.

Unable at full stretch to keep

My eyes, they wearied into sleep:

And, soon as I had sank upon the grass,

I saw the large and little pass

All into other shapes; the great one grew
Like Time; like full-grown Loves the smaller flew;

All kept their course, as they had done before;
But soon the less quite vanisht; he, the great,

20

Moved on in slow and solemn state,

Until I thought at last he reacht the skies;

And then I opened (somewhat late) my eyes.

15 sank] sunk *Landor's manuscript emendation 1847.*

[Published in 1846.]

You hate amid the pomp of prayer

The incense. So then Beauty hates

What warms for her the cruder air,

Awakes the Graces, soothes the Fates!

It rises with soft clouds about it,

It sinks, and melts itself away;

Prayers are of little use without it,

And with it few men vainly pray.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

THE wisest of us all, when woe
Darkens our narrow path below,
Are childish to the last degree,
And think what *is* must always be.
It rains, and there is gloom around,
Slippery and sullen is the ground,
And slow the step; within our sight
Nothing is cheerful, nothing bright.
Meanwhile the sun on high, altho'
We will not think it can be so,
Is shining at this very hour
In all his glory, all his power,
And when the cloud is past, again
Will dry up every drop of rain.

10

[Published in 1846.]

REMINd me not, thou grace of serious mien!
That thy fresh beauties are but frail as flowers;
Eloquent lip, and lucid eye, and all
That our fond senses vainly seize upon
And can not hold; those undulating lights
Baffling our aspirations, casting down
Our venturous sight, and almost our desires.
Religion too comes in: she claims a right
Of audience; she reproves the worshipper
Of earthly image; such she calls even thee.
I bend my head before her, nor deny
Her potency of argument, yet gaze
Incredulous awhile, and only say:
"Pardon, O thou from Heaven! who knowest best!
Stars, if composed of earth, yet still are stars,
And must be lookt at with uplifted eyes."

ON RECEIVING A PORTRAIT

[Published in 1846.]

To gaze on you when life's last gleams decline,
And hold your hand, to the last clasp, in mine . .
Of these two wishes, these my only two,
One has been granted, gentle maid, by you:
Were thus the other certain, I should go,
And leave but one man happier here below.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

WITH rosy hand a little girl prest down
A boss of fresh-cull'd violets in a rill:
Often as they sprang up again, a frown
Show'd she disliked resistance to her will:
But when they droopt their heads and shone much less,
She shook them to and fro, and threw them by,
And tript away. "Ye loathe the heaviness
Ye love to cause, my little girls!" thought I,
"And what had shone for you, by you must die."

ON HAIR FALLING OFF AFTER AN ILLNESS

[Published in 1846.]

CONON was he whose piercing eyes
Saw Berenice's hair surmount the skies,
Saw Venus spring away from Mars
And twirl it round and fix it 'mid the stars.
Then every poet who had seen
The glorious sight sang to the youthful queen,
Until the many tears were dried,
Shed for that hair by that most lovely bride.
Hair far more beauteous be it mine
Not to behold amid the lights divine,
But gracing, as it graced before,
A brow serene which happier men adore.

10

1, 2 Conon . . . Berenice [See Catullus, 66. *De coma Berenice* and Landor's comment thereon in *Last Fruit*, p. 271. W.]

[Published in 1846.]

FIRST bring me Raffael, who alone hath seen
In all her purity Heaven's virgin queen,
Alone hath felt true beauty; bring me then
Titian, ennobler of the noblest men;
And next the sweet Correggio, nor chastise
His wicked Cupids for those wicked eyes.
I want not Rubens's pink puffy bloom,
Nor Rembrandt's glimmer in a dusty room.
With those, and Poussin's nymph-frequented woods,
His templed highths and long-drawn solitudes
I am content, yet fain would look abroad
On one warm sunset of Ausonian Claude.

10

OCCASIONAL POEMS

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

HE who sees rising from some open down
A column, stately, beautiful, and pure,
Its rich expansive capital would crown
With glorious statue, which might long endure,
And bring men under it to gaze and sigh
And wish that honour'd creature they had known,
Whose name the deep inscription lets not die.
I raise that statue and inscribe that stone.

[Published in 1846. Dated in a manuscript, January 30, 1841.]

WHAT, of house and home bereft,
For my birthday what is left?
Not the hope that any more
Can be blest like those of yore,
Not the wish; for wishes now
Fall like flowers from aching brow,
When the jovial feast is past,
And when heaven, with clouds o'ercast,
Strikes the colours from the scene,
And no herb on earth is green. 10
What is left me after all?
What, beside my funeral?
Bid it wait a little while,
Just to let one thoughtful smile
Its accustom'd time abide:
There are left two boons beside . .
Health, and eyes that yet can see
Eyes not coldly turn'd from me.

TO A LADY ON COMING OF AGE

[Published in 1846.]

FEAR not my frequent verse may	That never can bright morns
raise	deceive;
To your clear brow the vulgar gaze.	That brighter must arise for you
Another I reserve in store	Than ever the proud sun rode
For day yet happier; then no	through.
more.	It has been said, on wedlock-land
Believe (youth's happy creed!)	Some paths are thorny, more are
believe	sand. 10

OCCASIONAL POEMS

<p>I hope the coming spring may show How little they who say it, know. Meanwhile with tranquil breast survey The trophies of the present day. When twenty years their course have run, Anxious we wait the following one. Lo! Fortune in full pomp descends Surrounded by her host of friends, And Beauty moves, in passing by, With loftier port and steadier eye. Alas, alas! when these are flown, Shall there be nothing quite your own? 22 Not Beauty from her stores can give The mighty charm that makes us live, Nor shieldless Fortune overcome</p>	<p>The shadows that besiege the tomb. You, better guarded, may be sure Your name for ages will endure, While all the powerful, all the proud, All that excite the clamorous crowd, 30 With truncheon or with diadem, Shall lie one mingled mass with them. Chide you our praises? You alone Can doubt of glories fairly won. Genius, altho' he seldom decks Where beauty does the softer sex, Approaches you with accents bland, Attunes your voice, directs your hand, And soon will fix upon your brow A crown as bright as Love does now. 40</p>
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[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

BEAUTY! thou arbitress of weal or woe
 To others, but how powerless of thy own,
 How prone to fall on the smooth path, how prone
 To place thy tender foot on the sharp flint
 And bleed until the evening fade and die!
 I see thee happy now, and I rejoice,
 As if thou wert (*almost* as if!) for me:
 But thou hast tarried with me long enough,
 And now hast taken all thy gifts away.
 How various and how changeful is thy mien! 10
 Various and changeful as the neck of doves
 In colour: here so meek, so stately there;
 Here festive, and there sad; here, tall, erect,
 Commanding; there, small, slender, bent to yield.
 I have observ'd thee resolute and bold
 And stepping forth to conquer, and thy brow
 Rattling its laurel o'er the myrtle crown;
 Beauty! I now behold thee lower thine eyes
 And throw them forward on the ground, while two
 Close at thy side interrogate and plead. 20

OCCASIONAL POEMS

Others have done the same, but those were met
 Calmly, and smiles were cast indifferently
 Back into them; smiles that smote every heart,
 But most the heart they fell into that hour.
 It pleas'd me to behold it: we all love
 To see a little of the cruelty
 We could ill bear, and, when we read of, weep.
 Beauty! thou now art with that innocent
 Who seems of Love's own age, and Love's own power.
 Haply ere this there are upon the earth
 Some, by all hope abandoned, who ascend
 The highths of Himalaya; some who fight
 Where Napier's foot makes Hindus run strait on,
 And Kyber quails beneath his eagle eye;
 While others bear her on untiring breast
 To Zembla, and with iron that often breaks
 Engrave her name upon eternal ice.

30

TO B.

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

THE Devil, when he made believe
 The pure and simple soul of Eve,
 Was scarcely yet thy better half,
 For he had only lied and smiled
 And ruined whom his arts beguiled,
 Not mockt her with his hellish laugh.

QUARREL

[Published in 1846.]

<p><i>Man.</i> Work on marble shall not be, Lady fair! the work for me: For which reason you and I May together say <i>good-bye</i>.</p>	<p><i>Lady.</i> Say of marble what you will, Work on sand is vainer still: For which reason I and you Very wisely say <i>adieu</i>.</p>
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[Published in 1846; reprinted with variants 1853 (No. XLV).]

I REMEMBER the time ere his temples were grey,
 And I frown'd at the things he'd the boldness to say,
 But now he's grown old he may say what he will,
 I laugh at his nonsense and take nothing ill.

3 he's grown] he grows 1853.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

Indeed I must say he's a little improved,
 For he watches no longer the slyly beloved,
 No longer as once he awakens my fears,
 Not a glance he perceives, not a whisper he hears.

If he heard one of late, it has never transpired,
 For his only delight is to see me admired; 10
 And now pray what better return can I make
 Than to flirt and be always admired . . for his sake.

9 he . . . has] ever he heard one, it 1853. 12 Than to flirt] Than flirt 1853.

PLAYS

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1858.]

ALAS, how soon the hours are over,
 Counted us out to play the lover!
 And how much narrower is the stage,
 Allotted us to play the sage!
 But when we play the fool, how wide
 The theatre expands; beside,
 How long the audience sits before us!
 How many prompters! what a chorus!

Title. Not in 1846. 1 Alas . . . soon] How soon, alas, 1858. 6 theatre]
 theater 1858.

FABLE TO BE LEARNT BY BEGINNERS

[Published in *The Examiner*, March 20, 1852; reprinted 1853 (No. cxc1).]

<p>THERE lived a diver once, whose boast Was, that he brought up treasures lost, However deep beneath the sea Of glossy-hair'd Parthenope. To try him, people oft threw in A silver cross or gold zecchin, Down went the diver "fathoms nine", And you might see the metal shine Between his lips or on his head, While lazy Tethys lay abed, 10</p>	<p>And not a Nereid round her heard The green pearl-spangled curtain stirr'd. One day a tempting fiend threw down, Where whirl'd the waves, a tinsel crown, And said, "O diver, you who dive Deeper than any man alive, And see, where other folks are blind, And, what all others miss, can find,</p>
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[Printed in *The Examiner* just below an article on the forged Shelley MSS. and the discovery of the fraud. W.]

FABLE TO BE LEARNT BY BEGINNERS

<p>You saw the splendid crown I threw Into the whirlpool: now can you Recover it? thus won, you may 21 Wear it . . not once, but every day,</p>	<p>So may your sons." Down, down he sprang . . A hundred Nereids heard the clang, And closed him round and held him fast . . The diver there had dived his last. WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.</p>
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Signature. Om. 1853.

TO YOUTH

[Published in *The Examiner*, June 5, 1852; reprinted 1853 (No. CCIX).]

<p>WHERE art thou gone, light- ankled Youth? With wing at either shoulder, And smile that never left thymouth Until the Hours grew colder: Then somewhat seem'd to whisper near That thou and I must part; I doubted it; I felt no fear, No weight upon the heart: If aught befell it, Love was by And roll'd it off again; 10</p>	<p>So, if there ever was a sigh, 'Twas not a sigh of pain. I may not call thee back; but thou Returnest, when the hand Of gentle Sleep waves o'er my brow His poppycrested wand; Then smiling eyes bend over mine, Then lips once prest invite; But Sleep hath given a silent sign And both, alas! take flight.</p>
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TO AGE

[Published in *The Examiner*, June 5, 1852; reprinted 1853 (No. CCX).]

<p>WELCOME, old friend! These many years Have we lived door by door: The Fates have laid aside their shears Perhaps for some few more. I was indocil at an age When better boys were taught, But thou at length hast made me sage, If I am sage in aught. Little I know from other men, Too little they from me, 10</p>	<p>But thou hast pointed well the pen That writes these lines to thee. Thanks for expelling Fear and Hope, One vile, the other vain; One's scourge, the other's tele- scope, I shall not see again: Rather what lies before my feet My notice shall engage . . He who hath braved Youth's dizzy heat Dreads not the frost of Age. WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.</p>
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Signature. Om. 1853.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. xxxi).]

PENTHEUS, by maddening Furies driven,
Saw, it is said, two suns in heaven,
And I believe it true;
I also see a double sun
Where calmer mortals see but one . .
My sun, my heaven . . in you.

1 Pentheus [see Virgil, *Æneid*, iv. 469.]

[Published in 1853 (No. xliii).]

THE crysolites and rubies Bacchus brings
To crown the feast where swells the broad-vein'd brow,
Where maidens blush at what the minstrel sings,
They who have coveted may covet now.
Bring me, in cool alcove, the grape uncrusht,
The peach of pulpy cheek and down mature,
Where every voice (but bird's or child's) is husht,
And every thought, like the brook nigh, runs pure.

[Published in 1853 (No. liii).]

THOU needst not pitch upon my	Prythee, ah prythee get along!
hat,	Whisper as gently in the ear,
Thou wither'd leaf! to show	I once could whisper in, to
how near	fear
Is now the winter of my year;	No change, but live for dance and
Alas! I want no hint of that.	song.

[Published in 1853 (No. lxi).]

Love thou thy neighbour as thyself	The greater have come up and
Lies an old sawe upon the shelf.	done
With intercourse and accent bland	All honor, the minuter none.
Dogs . . smooth Maltese, rough	Singling me from amidst the
Newfoundland,	crowd
And spirited and faithful Spitz . .	My next-door neighbor barks most
Accost me: let them teach the wits.	loud.

[Published in 1853 (No. lxiii).]

BLYTHE bell, that calls to bridal halls,
Tolls deep a darker day;
The very shower that feeds the flower
Weeps also its decay.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

[THE INDEPENDENCE]

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. LXXVII).]

IN port, beyond the swell of winds and tides,
My little skiff the *Independence* rides.
Scanty, tho strong and hearty is her crew,
So, come aboard; she can find room for *you*.

Title. Not in text. [A periodical so named appeared in 1862 but may have been projected nine years earlier. W.]

ANSWER TO "WHAT DO YOU BELIEVE?"

[Published in 1853 (No. xciv); reprinted 1858. Also printed with facsimile from a manuscript in Nicoll and Wise, *Literary Anecdotes*, 1895.]

"WHAT is my faith?" I do be-	" <i>She lost us immortality!</i> "
lieve	"Well, so she might; and what
That ladies never would deceive,	care I?
And that the little fault of	Eden and Paradise are nigh
Eve	As ever: should we pass them
Is very easy to retrieve.	by?"

Title. Not in 1853. What is *really* my belief 1895. 1 "What . . . faith?" This is my faith. 1858. My faith is this. 1895. 3 little] petty 1858. 6 "Well . . . and] But in good earnest 1895. For ll. 7-8 1895 substitutes:

If you receive my latest sigh
And give me one—*before* I die

8 should . . . by?] you know where and why. 1858.

[Published in 1853 (No. c).]

DEATH stands above me, whispering low
I know not what into my ear:
Of his strange language all I know
Is, there is not a word of fear.

[Published in 1853 (No. cxiv).]

PENTHESILEIA, bright and bold,	He, without shuddering, dared to
Led forth her Amazons of old,	twist
And every man was fain to yield	Its rings around his stubborn fist.
Who met her on the Attic field	The times are alter'd: now again
Save Theseus; by that bosom	Our Attic virgins scour the plain,
bare	And Pallas is observed to rear
Undazzled, or that golden hair;	O'er those her Ægis and her spear.

1 Pentheseleia [Cf. Virgil, *Aeneid*, I. 491. W.]

OCCASIONAL POEMS

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. cxxvii).]

IF, when a man has thrown himself on flowers,
 He feels a sharp flint under him and springs
 Upon his legs, he feels the flint again
 Tomorrow, not the flowers: they drifted down
 The stream of Lethe imperceptibly,
 Heavier and sooner now to be engulphed
 For every surface-drop which they imbibed.
 I have so much of leisure that I hate
 To lose a particle; as hate the rich
 To lose the dross they know not to employ 10
 Else would I moralize a good half-hour
 On pleasure and its sequences, and speak
 As ill of them as men whom they have left
 Usually do . . ungrateful, like the rest.

[Published in 1853 (No. cxxx1).]

LET Youth, who never rests, run by; But should each Grace desert the Muse? Should all that once hath charm'd us, fly At heavy Age's creaking shoes?	The titter of light Days I hear To see so strange a figure come; Laugh on, light Days, and never fear; He passes you; he seeks the tomb.
---	--

TO AN INNOCENT GIRL

[Published in 1853 (No. cxxxiv).]

MAID! who canst hardly yet believe The Tempter could have tempted Eve, And wonderest with religious doubt What the good angels were about To let that horrid creature in And try to teach her what is sin . . Trust me, my little girl, altho	Strange is the story, it was so. Her whom the hollow world applauds Where'er she moves, whate'er the gauds 10 Of wit and beauty she may wear, One evil action strips her bare; One groveling and seductive vice Tempts her . . and farewell Para- dise!
---	--

OCCASIONAL POEMS

LIGHT AND DARK

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. CXLII).]

As trees that grow along the waterside,
 However stiff and stately be their kind,
 Forego their nature, put away all pride
 And bend their lofty heads before the wind
 Of spring, erect thro' winter's; while a voice
 From the mild ripples charms their branches down,
 Branches and ripples each in each rejoice,
 And these forget to swell and those to frown;
 So does that grave stern man before you now
 Lose all his harshness while you sing or speak:
 Methinks I see shot upward on his brow,
 The tender radiance of your virgin cheek.

7 rejoice] so in errata 1853; first printed delight.

[Published in 1853 (No. CLVI).]

EASY I thought it to descry
In your heart's depths its purity.
It seem'd pellucid; but alas
Pellucid too is fragile glass!

What we see smooth we trust is
sound,
Nor fear to slip on even ground:
I rise and rub my broken knee,
And so will they who follow me.

AGE

[Published in 1853 (No. CLXVI).]

DEATH, tho I see him not, is near
And grudges me my eightieth year.
Now, I would give him all these last
For one that fifty have run past.
Ah! he strikes all things, all alike,
But bargains: those he will not strike.

TO THE GOD TERMINUS

[Published in 1853 (No. CLVII).]

TERMINUS! whether stock or stone,*
We, like our sires, thy godhead own,
And may be pardon'd, let us hope,
If we have changed thy name to *pope*.

* Termine! sive lapis sive es defossus in agro Stipes.—TIBULLUS. [L. But the quotation is from Ovid, *Fasti*, ii. 641. W.]

OCCASIONAL POEMS

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. CLXVII).]

A BIRD was seen aloft in air; the sun
Shone brightly round him, yet few eyes could see
His colour, few could scan his size; his form
Appear'd to some like a huge bow unbent,
To others like a shapeless stake hurl'd by,
With a stiff breeze against it in its flight.
It was an eagle all the while: he swoopt
Steddily onward, careless of the gang
Below him, talkative, disquisitive,
But all agreeing 'twas a bird on wing, 10
Some said nine inches, some said ten across.
There were old people who could recollect
That market-day, the crowd, that questioning,
Those outcries to drive off the fearless bird.
One of them I accosted; he replied,
"Yea, I have seen him, and must say for him
Now he is dead (and well it is for us)
He liked a coney or a lamb too much,
But never settled on dead carcasses
To pluck out eye or tug at putrid tongue. 20
They who reviled him while he swept the air
Are glad enough to wear a feather now
Of that strong wing, and boast to have observ'd
Its sunny soaring on that market-day."

TO A LADY ARCHER

[Published in 1853 (No. CLXIX).]

Two Goddesses, not always friends,	Her boy was sitting at her side,
Are friends alike to you:	His bow across his knee. 10
To you her bow for trial lends	"Use thou thy own, use this," she
The statelier of the two.	cried:
	"I did, in vain!" cried he.
"Let Cupid have it," Venus	
cries,	"Mother! we may as well be gone;
Diana says "No! no!	No shaft of mine can strike
Until your Cupid grows more	That figure there, so like thy
wise	own,
He shall not have my bow."	That heart there, so unlike."

OCCASIONAL POEMS

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853, where wrongly printed as conclusion of another poem (No. CLXXVI). The mistake was noted in *corrigenda*.]

BITTER are many tears, but sweet are some;
 These have short courses, those run long and wide.
 Who hath not struck his brow when Time hath plow'd
 Its flowery fields, at thought of wrong and pain
 A careless hour inflicted? Mere neglect
 Of helping up a sufferer, is enough
 By its reflection to o'ershadow years
 Serenely lying on life's colder slope.
 Well is it for us when we feel the power
 To take another turn, a fairer view,
 And bring back homeward little charities,
 And hear kind words and grateful sighs again.
 Ah! 'tis refreshing as the earlier breath
 Of mower's morn: then tears are sweet indeed,
 And from no earth-stain'd sources do they flow.

10

[Published in 1853 (No. CLXXXVI).]

THERE are some words in every tongue	When slowly swings life's vesper bell
That come betimes and linger long:	Between its throbs they hear it well,
In every land those words men hear	Fainter the sound, but stil the same,
When Youth with rosebud crown draws near;	Recalling one beloved name; 10
Men hear those words when life's full stream	And graven on ice that name they find
Is rushing to disturb their dream;	When Age hath struck them almost blind.

CONVERTERS

[Published in 1853 (No. CLXXXVIII).]

ALL trifle life away; the light and grave
 Trifle it equally. If 'twere at home
 'Twere well; but they are busy too abroad.
 They loudly cry, "Take not God's name in vain,"
 And call God down to punish all he hates:
 The fools are fewer than the hypocrites;
 And yet the fools are Legion.

Viper brood!

Denounced by Him, the gentle and the pure,

OCCASIONAL POEMS

Whom your transgressions persecute, look up
And read the tables of eternal law. 10
Idlers, and worse than idlers, ye collect
Pebbles and shells along the Red Sea coast,
Horeb and Sinai standing close before,
And you not looking from above the sands!

AN OLD MAN TO A YOUNG GIRL

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. cxcrv).]

I saw the arrow quit the bow	Lovers who see thy drooping
To lay thy soaring spirits low,	head
And warn'd thee long ere	In lover's phrase have often said,
now;	"The lily drives the rose
For this thou shunnest me, for	In shame away from that sweet
this	face,
No more the leap to catch the kiss	Yet shall she soon regain her
Upon thy calm clear brow.	place
I pitied thee, well knowing why	And fresher bloom disclose."
The broken song, the book thrown	Show them, show one above the
by,	rest,
And Fido's foot put down,	A lily's petals idly prest 20
Who looks so sorrowing all the	Are firm as they are pure;
while, 10	Those which but once have given
To hear no name, to hope no	way
smile,	Stand up erect no second day,
To fear almost a frown.	No gentlest touch endure.

SAPPHO'S EXPOSTULATION

[Published in 1853 (No. ccm).]

FORGET thee? when? *Thou* biddest me? dost *thou*
Bid me, what men alone can, break my vow?
O my too well beloved! is there aught
I ever have forgot which thou hast taught?
And shall the lesson first by thee imprest
Drop, chapter after chapter, from my breast?
Since love's last flickering flame from thine is gone,
Leave me, O leave me stil, at least my own.
Let it burn on, if only to consume,
And light me, tho it light me to the tomb. 10
False are our dreams or there are fields below
To which the weariest feet the swiftest go;

SAPPHO'S EXPOSTULATION

And there are bitter streams the wretched bless,
Before whose thirst they lose their bitterness.
'Tis hard to love! to unlove harder yet!
Not so to die . . and then . . perhaps . . forget.

ON MUSIC

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. CCXII).]

MANY love music but for music's sake,
Many because her touches can awake
Thoughts that repose within the breast half-dead,
And rise to follow where she loves to lead.
What various feelings come from days gone by!
What tears from far-off sources dim the eye!
Few, when light fingers with sweet voices play
And melodies swell, pause, and melt away,
Mind how at every touch, at every tone,
A spark of life hath glisten'd and hath gone. 10

SOME ANCIENT POET'S DITTY

[Published in 1853 (No. CCXVIII).]

A LURID day is coming on, Melissa!
A day more sad than one of sleet and storm.
Together we, Melissa, *we* have spent
. . 'Twas not the summer of my life, 'twas not
The earliest, brightest, of autumnal hours,
Yet your sweet voice persuaded me 'twas spring:
You said you felt it so, and so must I.
My hedge begins to show the naked thorn,
The glow-worm disappears from under it:
Impending is that hour when I must lay 10
My brow no longer on the placid lap
Of my beloved, bending my right arm,
Around her ancle in a sad constraint,
And fearing to look up and wake reproof
Which fain would slumber: then were lost that hand
Compressing now its petals over mine
And now relaxing to compress again,
Moist as was ever Hebe's or the Morn's.
I go where, sages tell us, bloom afresh
Heroines, divinities: I would not change 20
(Credulous as I am, and pious too)
Certainties for uncertainties; beside,
My soul is only soul enough for one.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

LEDA

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. ccxix).]

WONDER we that the highest star	Jove, until then half-envious of
above	his son,
Sprang forth to thy embrace,	Then threw his scepter down.
O Leda! wonder we, when daring	Loose hung his eagle's wings; on
Love	either side
Turn'd thy averted face?	A dove thrust in her head:
Smiles he had seen in Hebe, such	Eagle had lost his fierceness, Jove
as won	his pride . .
Him of the poplar crown.	And Leda what? . . her dread.

UNDER THE LINDENS

[Published in *The Examiner*, August 4, 1855; reprinted 1858. See note at end of volume.]

UNDER the lindens lately sat	Had then the Faeries given a treat
A couple, and no more, in chat;	Under the lindens?
I wondered what they would be at	I pondered long and could not tell
Under the lindens.	What dainty pleas'd them both so
I saw four eyes and four lips meet,	well: ro
I heard the words, <i>How sweet! how</i>	Bees! bees! it was your hydromel
<i>sweet!</i>	Under the lindens.

L.

Title. Not in 1855. 11 it was] was it 1858. 12 lindens.] lindens? 1858.
Signature ['L.'] omitted in 1858.

DESTINY UNCERTAIN

[Published in *The National Magazine*, 1857; reprinted 1858.]

GRACEFULLY shy is yon gazelle;
And are those eyes, so clear, so mild,
Only to shine upon a wild,
Or be reflected in a shallow well?
Ah! who can tell?

If she grows tamer, who shall pat
Her neck? who wreath the flowers around?
Who give the name! who fence the ground?
Pondering these things, a grave old dervish sat,
And sigh'd, "Ah who can tell?"

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

4 Or] And 1858. Signature om. 1858.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

REPLY TO ABOVE

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

OLD Dervish! O how good you are!
Your verses lit papa's cigar.

DEFIANCE

[Published in 1858.]

CATCH her and hold her if you can . .	That girls and time will not re- turn ;
See, she defies you with her fan, Shuts, opens, and then holds it spread	Of each you should have made the most,
In threat'ning guise above your head.	Once gone, they are for ever lost. 10
Ah! why did you not start be- fore	In vain your knuckles knock your brow,
She reacht the porch and closed the door?	In vain will you remember how Like a slim brook the gamesome maid
Simpleton! will you never learn	Sparkled, and ran into the shade.

WITH FLOWERS

[Published in 1858.]

THE Goddess of beauty, who loves early hours,
Awakened the Graces to gather you flowers:
The Goddess of wisdom comes later, and says,
"Those wither; take mine; they shall last all your days."

2 you] yon, a palpable misprint, 1858, here corrected.

COMMINATION

[Published in 1858.]

TAKING my walk the other day I saw a little girl at play, So pretty, 'twould not be amiss, Thought I, to venture on a kiss. Fiercely the little girl began . . "I wonder at you, nasty man!" And all four fingers were applied,	And crimson pinafore beside, To wipe what venom might re- main. "Do, if you dare, the like again; 10 "I have a mind to teach you better." And I too had a mind to let her.
---	--

OCCASIONAL POEMS

DULNESS

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

DEEM me not sad and sorrowful	Among the pebbles, cold as they.
Because my looks and words are	Come, sit upon my knee, and
dull.	then
Are not deep rivers, as they flow	I shall be quite alive agen,
Along the pleasant meadow, slow?	Altho' my too imperfect speech
While shallow streamlets frisk and	Say nothing more than what you
stray	teach.

CHILDREN PLAYING IN A CHURCH-YARD

[Published in 1858.]

CHILDREN, keep up that harmless play;
Your kindred angels plainly say,
By God's authority, ye may.

Be prompt His holy word to hear,
It teaches you to banish fear;
The lesson lies on all sides near.

Ten summers hence the spriteliest lad
In Nature's face will look more sad,
And ask where are those smiles she had.

Ere many days the last will close . . . 10
Play on, play on; for then (who knows?)
You who play here may here repose.

FUR AND MOTHS

TO THE GIVER OF THE FUR.

[Published in 1858.]

THE fur you gave me I'll take care	Fearing them most when, flutter-
To keep away from sun and air,	ing round,
Wrapping it well in linen-cloth	They scarcely made the slightest
All over, to avoid the moth.	sound, 10
Those little animals alight	Til, driven wildly on, the lamp
Mostly on what is warm and	Singed them, or forced them to
bright;	decamp.
And trouble I have had enough	Only bring you the looser linen,
In former days to keep them off;	Leave it to me to put the pin in.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

LA PROMESSA SPOSA

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

SLEEP, my sweet girl! and all the sleep	Generous, ungenerous, will confess Their joy that you have slumber'd less,
You take away from others, keep:	And envy more than they con-
A night, no distant one, will come	demn
When those you took their slum- bers from,	The rival who avenges them.

DECLINE OF LIFE

[Published in 1858.]

How calm, O life, is thy decline!
Ah! it is only when the sun
His hot and headstrong course hath run,
Heaven's guiding stars serenely shine.

BRETHREN

[Published in 1858.]

SOMEWHERE in youth I think I heard	Thy word (for it is thine) O God! Give me the grace to keep;
Brethren we all should be.	Nor scourge with too severe a rod
From heaven, I do believe, the word Came, and it fell on me.	Those who should hear, yet sleep.

THE PIGEON-FANCIER

[Published in 1858.]

SOME are fanciers in religions, Some (the wiser they) in pigeons. I confess it, I prefer Much the pigeon-fancier. For I never knew him spill	Pigeon's blood, nor threaten ill, Whether hell's or kitchen's flame . . Can those others say the same? Fools! to fancy loads of faggot Are required to cook a maggot! 10
--	--

THE GARDENER

[Published in 1858; reprinted 1876.]

BLOOM, O my rose! Bloom there where blows The vernal, not autumnal, air. Enough for me At times to see A flower an angel ought to wear.	Thy graceful jar Was rais'd afar From that which holds my coarser clay, Yet could thy smile 10 Warm it awhile And melt the distance half away.
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OCCASIONAL POEMS

THE LOST JEWEL

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

THE jewel that is absent from the ring
We, after long entreaty, may supply;
But who, infolded in his breast, shall bring
A word once fallen, a long wanting sigh?
Such word, such sigh, as must perforce have burst
From him who placed it or who saw it placed,
And lookt between those eyelashes when first
A tender smile his little gift had graced.

THE LAST MISLETO

TO AN OAK.

[Published in 1858.]

Ir was a cruel hand that tore	Blind idiots! is there none to
From thee, so helpless now and	trace
hoar,	That misleto's more noble race?
That misleto, the only one	None who can sing in celtic rhyme
Left on our oaks: how many a sun	The glories of its parents' prime?
Its ripe and rounded pearls hath	How (bards behind) we Druids
seen,	stood
And leaves, when yours had fallen,	In the dim center of the wood,
green!	With golden blade, in vest of
Where all assert an ancient stem	snow,
Had pity hold on none of them?	To clip our sacred misleto?
And did no Druid reappear	And dare ye, recreants, so efface
To cry in threatening tone "for-	Here the last scion of his race."
bear!	10

JUPITER'S COMMANDMENTS

[Published in 1858.]

How is it that the loveliest lands	Ready to gibbet me and you,
Of Mother Earth are barren sands?	Because we may not quite find
The best and boldest once they	out,
bore,	And seem in some degree to
Alas! these races are no more.	doubt,
Wisdom went forth from sea to sea	10
To join her sister Poetry;	That they can make our sins
Unlike that Wisdom, call'd the	weigh lighter,
true,	Or life's expiring lamp shine
	brighter.

JUPITER'S COMMANDMENTS

Ye men of Croton! grew ye
 brave
 By listening to a lazy knave,
 Who caught and held you from
 the school
 Where Samos sent her sage to
 rule;
 Where Milo swung his cestus round
 And only fear'd to strike and
 wound.
 O for the days so blythe and
 free
 When piped the swains of Sicily!
 The glorious days when mutual
 song, 21
 Mountains and vales and woods
 among,
 Ascended under smiling skies,
 And opposite more radiant eyes;
 Days when the gravest Gods
 above
 Laught at a tale of wily Love,
 And jeer'd each other; for they
 knew
 It was but what they used to do;
 When Jupiter was heard to say
 Amid the dreaminess of day, 30
 "Eat the vine-berries when ye
 please,

But when ye kiss abstain from
 cheese:

Drink from the spring when ye are
 dry,

But lay the flask and flagon by:
 Check petulance in kid or goat,
 But seize no rival by the throat,
 Never hurl hatred back agen,
 But one caress repay with ten.

I have so many things to do
 I can no longer talk with you, 40
 But bid my daughter and her son
 Report what youths and maids
 have done.

Smile not, thou youth! shrink not,
 thou maid!

Nor thou be bold, nor thou afraid.
 Gentle as ye may deem her now,
 With not a frown across the brow,
 My daughter is as strong as I,
 And, where *she* bids, *his* arrows fly:
 He bears no thunder; but he bears
 Enough to deluge earth of tears.
 Keep my commandments; hers
 too keep, 51

Or she will give you cause to weep:
 In brief, whoever contravenes
 We banish from these blissful
 scenes."

TO ALEXANDER THE VENTRILOQUIST

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

STANDING with courtiers, princes,
 Tzars,
 Methinks I'm acting in a farce:
 Not one among these scenic men
 Would wish to see my face agen;
 And here for ever may there be
 A pure and perfect sympathy.

But, O Nymph Echo's darling
 brother!

Whenever you or such another
 Senses and reason have beguiled
 And puzzled me like any child, 10
 I'll run and scribble down a verse
 And puzzle you to find one worse.

[See "Adventures of a ventriloquist or rogueries of Nicholas as delivered by Monsieur Alexandre at the Adelphi Theatre, London, May 6, 1822", and "Lines to Monsieur Alexandre, the celebrated ventriloquist", written by Sir Walter Scott in 1824. W.]

OCCASIONAL POEMS

TO LIBERTY

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

O GODDESS of heroes and sages! I know thee
By the patriot beside and the tyrant below thee!
O Goddess, whose breath is the soul of the free:
Such didst thou appear over Hellas ten ages,
Not such over Gaul, where a phantom yet rages,
A frightful (if any) resemblance of thee.

ALARM AT ROME

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, &c., 1863, p. 132.]

WE fear that Christ must come once more	And made the viceroy king of heaven?
To land Saint Peter on our shore, For never were the Fisher's sails	Must he then stoop his crown from thence
So torn and tattered by the gales.	To catch in it a pauper's pence? 10
What if his Lord he did deny, And added many another lie,	O shame of shames! his eldest son
Was he not long ago forgiven	Quizzes, and cries <i>By Jove! what fun!</i>

[Published in 1863, p. 134, under page-heading 'On Southey's Tomb'.]

LIVE, Sweetbriar, and protect the bones	Thy blossoms, look for others rather,
Of him who lies beneath these stones.	Showing them, if they will not mind,
Tho' perriwinkles cover o'er His relics, they can do no more.	Avenger Nemesis is behind, Who threatens they shall search
Bid idle girls, who come to gather	in vain 9 That finger with the guilty stain.

TO MEMORY

[Published in 1863, p. 135.]

THY daughters often visit me And call thee mother, Memory! Doubtful if thou art quite divine, I never askt them who was thine Altho' these children are so good, There's something acrid in thy blood,	For here and there I think I trace A more than freckle in thy face. Why tell me how serenely bright Shone over me the morning light? Why lead me backward far away And make me wish for close of day?
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12

OCCASIONAL POEMS

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 136.]

How many lives we live in threescore years!
If any Power could bring *one* back again
Would we accept it, offer'd us entire,
Forbidden to scoop out the pulp alone?
We think we would; but never did deceit
Illude us more: a little while we look,
And but a little, on the proffer'd gift,
Then we start off from it, and feebly cry
"Go restless youth! insatiate manhood! go . . .
Age! art thou here too?"

Let us bend an arm 10

Under the weary head and doze awhile;
Before another noon we may have found
A softer turf for sleeper, 'tis the grave's.

4 pulp] *so in corrigenda*, price in text.

PRAYER OF WALTER MAPES TO HIS HOLINESS THE POPE

[Published in 1863, p. 159.]

BEATITUDE! we humbly ask
For each poor priest his second
flask.

Hourly we pray for daily bread.
Take half, and give us wine
instead.

Thou keepest, as we know, the keys
Of heaven and earth; now, one of
these

Can ope the cellar as thou wilt;

Trust us, no drop shall there be
spilt.

If ever should a vintage fail
(God help us!) we must come to
ale. 10

In sooth our sins deserve it all,
Yet never may such evil fall
Upon the priesthood and the
grapes

Most fervently prays Walter Mapes.

[Published in 1863, p. 169.]

A SCHOLAR was about to marry,
His friend said, "Ere thou dost,
be wary.

So wise art thou that I forsee
A wife will make a fool of thee.
Foolishest of all fools are those
Wise men led daily by the nose.

It hardly seems a woman's
while

The fond half-witted to beguile:
And yet I must confess, my
friend,

Sometimes they do so conde-
scend." 10

OCCASIONAL POEMS

[Published in *Heroic Idyle*, 1863, p. 176.]

YE who have toil'd uphill to reach the haunt
 Of other men who lived in other days,
 Whether the ruins of a citadel
 Rais'd on the summit by Pelasgic hands,
 Or chamber of the distaff and the song . . .
 Ye will not tell what treasure there ye found,
 But I will.

Ye found there the viper laid
 Full-length, flat-headed, on a sunny slab,
 Nor loth to hiss at ye while crawling down.
 Ye saw the owl flap the loose ivy leaves
 And, hooting, shake the berries on your heads.

10

Now, was it worth your while to mount so high
 Merely to say ye did it, and to ask
 If those about ye ever did the like?
 Believe me, O my friends, 'twere better far
 To stretch your limbs along the level sand
 As they do, where small children scoop the drift,
 Thinking it must be gold, where curlews soar
 And scales drop glistening from the prey above.

[Published in 1863, p. 177.]

<p>WHERE, Cross of Savoy! shall be found To fix thee on, a palm of ground? The Church's son by right divine Seizes on every span of thine. But do not so lament thy loss</p>	<p>While yet remains another Cross: A sister Cross of prouder stem Invites thee to Jerusalem. Jerusalem thou stil mayst get to, Mounting an Angel at Loreto. 10</p>
---	--

3 Church's] Church's *mispr. in text.*

A FOREN RULER

[Published in 1863, p. 185.]

HE says, *My reign is peace*, so slays
 A thousand in the dead of night.
Are you all happy now? he says,
 And those he leaves behind cry *quite*.
 He swears he will have no contention,
 And sets all nations by the ears;
 He shouts aloud, *No intervention!*
 Invades, and drowns them all in tears.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 188.]

I WELL remember one departed now
Who rais'd in wonder an unbraided brow,
When I said, "Come to me, my pretty child!" . .
She hesitated, ran to me, and smiled.
"Now mind!" cried she, "don't tumble my lace-frill!
Nothing like that would dear mamma take ill."
She grew in beauty to her twentieth year,
Then knew, nor fear'd to know, that death was near.
Like ripen'd corn was laid her patient head,
Yet say not, impious Man! that she is dead.

10

[Published in 1863, p. 188.]

OFt, when the Muses would be festive,
Unruly Pegasus runs restive,
And, over the Pierian fount
Flies upward to their sacred mount;
Aware that marshes rot the hoof
He proudly wings his way aloof.
He loves the highest ground the best,
And takes where eagles soar his rest.

[Published in 1863, p. 190.]

How calm, how bland, appears the moon above us!
Surely there dwell the Spirits who most love us.
So think we, and gaze on: the well-pois'd glass
Suddenly bids the sweet illusion pass,
And tells us, bright as may be this outside,
Within are gulphs and desolation wide,
Craters extinct and barren rocks around,
And darkest depths no plummet-line could sound;
Then on the heart these jarring words descend . .
Man! hast thou never found such in a friend?

10

EUTOPIA

[Published in 1863, p. 200.]

FORGERS of wills were hanged in other lands;
Here the black cap is threadbare, and instead
A triple crown is mounted, and amends
Made for the loss of patrimonial wealth,
Farms in all countries, houses, slaves, in all.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

Such are the men who make some doubt of virtue.
 All-seeing Providence, all-judging Judge,
 Save them from scourges, carry back the ladder,
 Restore their own to them, restore that house
 Two Angels brought from Bethlehem, and refit
 Its kitchen, frying every fish therein
 Fresh from the sea of Galilee . . . be quick,
 Or ye must pickle it to make it keep.

10

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 202.]

Two youths were standing somewhere near the Louvre,
 When thus the younger said:

"Can you discover
 Yon words half-chisel'd out and hard to trace?"

ELDER.

Res publica.

YOUNGER.

What do they mean?

ELDER.

Disgrace!

To France, of liberty's brief life bereft,
 What else than shame and sorrow is there left,
 And where assemble unforsworn old men,
 The visit of a hangman now and then,
 A court where gleams the fratricidal sword,
 And judges kneel, and prelates praise their Lord.
 Where are true friends? a thousand hearts complain
 That heaven has these, and that the false remain.

10

[Published in 1863, p. 204.]

<p>THE pathway to the gate of Death Grows darker at each step we take, And when we reach it, out of breath, Our bones, before we rest them, ache:</p>	<p>But suddenly, as if a spell Came over us, we fall asleep. In Earth's warm bosom cuddled well Her children never toss and weep.</p>
--	--

[Published in 1863, p. 205.]

AN aged man who loved to doze away
 An hour by daylight, for his eyes were dim,
 As if he had seen too many suns go down
 And rise again, dreamt that he saw two forms

OCCASIONAL POEMS

Of radiant beauty: he would clasp them both,
But both flew stealthily away.

He cried

In his wild dream,

“I never thought, O Youth,
That thou, altho’ so cherisht, wouldst return,
But I did think that he who came with thee,
Love, who could swear more sweetly than birds sing, 10
Would never leave me comfortless and lone.”
A sigh broke thro’ his slumber, not the last.

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 218.]

I LIE upon my last made bed,	Nor will ye turn your heads away
About to share it with the dead.	From the fond things I used to say,
Death’s cold hand makes me think	Nor shall I hear. <i>Now, I declare,</i>
the more	<i>You jealous man! how changed you</i>
Of other hands less cold before.	<i>are.</i> 10
I will not press too close; no fear	Too true indeed is that remark,
Of finding any rival near;	And ye may see it in the dark.

[Published in 1863, p. 221.]

A FRIEND by accident met Socrates,
And hail’d, accosting him in words like these.
There are two miseries in human life,
To live without a dog and with a wife!
My Xanthos in his early doghood died
Xantippa sticks like pitch against *thy* side;
Men, were such wives unfaithful, might forgive,
But ah! they are so faithful, and they live.

3, 4 For a variant of these two lines see p. 139.

THE GROWTH OF LIES

[Published in 1863, p. 226.]

A BURDOCK’s dryest slenderest thread
Thro’ a whole garden soon is spread,
And every shoot you tear away
Sends up a hundred day by day.
Such is a lie; but lies are sown
With diligence, and, fully grown,
Each busy neighbour multiplies
By culture its varieties.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 227.]

I WONDER what the wise would say	With its soft pulp the wounds we feel
If they could only see me play	From sharper strokes than struck with steel,
With little children half the day.	And is best able to repair
The tiniest hand can soonest heal	The crevice on the brow of Care.

[Published in 1863, p. 230.]

THE sorrowing heart will seek no pleasant place
To rest in, but drops down on each sharp thorn.
Poor self-tormentor! were not pangs enow
Thine heretofore? must wrongs afflict thee stil?
Must Pleasure bring thee fresh, with Memory
Recalling them, then leaving her behind?
So 'tis decreed: drop on thy thorn, and die.

[Published in 1863, p. 234.]

DISTURBERS of the earth! who make
Her fairest regions quail and quake,
As torne Vesuvius at this hour
By some alike infernal power.
God's realm with God ye might possess,
But ye will ever strive for less.
Fools! fools! the fragile crowns ye wear
Sink into slough and leave you there.

A PAINTER'S REPROOF

[Published in 1863, p. 239.]

REVILER! you should have been taught	How precious some of them may be?
Better than to hold kings at nought.	Let them, like mummies, be well ground,
Look on my pallet; don't you see	And then their uses may be found.

[Published in 1863, p. 243.]

I saw upon his pulpit-perch	"Wretches! ye raise your throats to men
A well-fed gamecock of the church	Who pry into your father's pen;
Spread out his plumes, and heard him crow	Look at your betters, do as they do, And be content to chant a <i>credo</i> ."
To his lean pullets croucht below.	

OCCASIONAL POEMS

[Published in *Heroic Idyle*, 1863, p. 245.]

THERE is a tribute all must pay, Willing or not, on Christmas- day. I would be generous, nor confine Within too narrow limits mine.	For such warm wishes, and such true Assurances as come from you, I almost doubt I send enough In sending a full pinch of snuff.
---	---

[Published in 1863, p. 246.]

SOME, when they would appear to mourn, The tomb like drawing-room adorn; And foren flowers of richest scents Bestrew the way to compliments. Grief never calls on Grace or Muse, Nor dares the Fates and Stars accuse,	Demanding clamorously why They doom'd one so belov'd to die. In her dim chamber solitary She sits; her low tones little vary; Now on the earth her eyes are bent, And heavenward rais'd implore content.
--	--

[Published in 1863, p. 246.]

AWAITING me upon a shore
Which friends less loved had reacht before,
Stood one, my well-known voice drew nigh,
And said . . but said it with a sigh,
Lest Proserpine might hear afraid . .
Ah! were we somewhat more than shade.
I threw my arms her neck around,
I woke; it was an empty sound.
In groves, in grotts, on hills, on plains,
With me that Vision stil remains.

10

A GREEK TO THE EUMENIDES

[Published in 1863, p. 252.]

YOUR lips, old beldames, will get dry,
'Tis time to lay the spindle by.
With that incessant hum ye make
Ye will not let me lie awake,
Or, what is better, fall asleep . .
Ah! what a doleful din ye keep!
Unvaried all the year around
The tiresome tune; its tremulous sound
By fits and starts makes tremble too
Me who would fain get rid of you.

10

OCCASIONAL POEMS

Maids are ye! maids whom Love derides
 Until he almost cracks his sides.
 He points at you, all skin and bones,
 And stiff as horn and cold as stones.
 I can not bear your nearer breath,
 A pleasanter is that of Death.

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 253.]

LET me look back upon the world before
 I leave it, and upon some scattered graves,
 Altho' mine eyes are dim with age and tears,
 And almost all those graves lie far remote.
 Memory! thou hast not always been so kind
 As thou art now; at every step I come
 Nigher to those before me: part I owe
 To thee, and part to age: I ask no more,
 For I have seen enough, and go to rest.

[Published in 1863, p. 261.]

THE Muses at the side may move	And yield to him alone her hand.
But can not hold the wings of Love.	The tender heart is ever true
Lesbia was faithless to Catullus,	And all its world contains but
And Delia wandered from Tibullus,	two,
One closer when Death came	Inseparable those, nor cold
would stand.	Until they mingle with the mould.

5 One] *so in errata*, Who *in text*.

[Published in 1863, p. 263.]

So sad a mourner never bent	What shall I do! what shall I
Against a marble monument	do!
As, poorest of the paupers, she	Are all she says, but those aloud,
On the damp grass who bends the	And pity moves the silent crowd.
knee	She rises . . she must carry back
O'er her one lost; her words are	The lent and oft darn'd gown of
few,	black. 10

[Published in 1863, p. 272.]

Hic jacent cineres are words that show
 Burnt were the bodies of the dead below.
 Some tell us that live heretics alone
 Were thus consumed when Mary graced the throne;

OCCASIONAL POEMS

But others, more inquisitive, maintain
It was the practise in a later reign,
And point to recent tombstones that attest
Where not the *bones* but where the *ashes* rest.

TO PETER THE FISHERMAN

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 275.]

THOU hast been ever active, Peter,
And netted loads on loads of fish;
Could we but get them somewhat sweeter
'Twere well . . . alas, how vain the wish!
We must remember that they come
Close-hamper'd all the way through Rome.

BID TO THINK OF FAME

[Published in 1863, p. 276.]

RATHER than flighty Fame give me A bird on wrist or puss on knee. Death is not to be charm'd by rhymes Nor shov'd away to after-times. Of maiden's or of poet's song Did anything on earth sound long? Why then should ever mortal care About what floats in empty air?	All we devise and all we know Is better kept for use than show. Perhaps we deem ourselves the wise, Other may see with clearer eyes. Little I care for Fame or Death, Or groan for one gasp more of breath. Death, in approaching me looks grim, I in return but smile at him.
---	--

TO ONE ILL-MATED

[Published in *The Edinburgh Review*, July 1869; reprinted in *Monographs*,
by Lord Houghton, 1873.]

WE all wish many things undone Which now the heart lies heavy on. You should indeed have longer tarried On the roadside before you mar- ried, And other flowers have picked in jest	Before you singled out your best. Many have left the search with sighs Who sought for hearts and found but eyes. The brightest stars are not the best To follow in the way to rest.
--	--

5 in jest] or past 1873.

6 best] last 1873.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

LAST WORDS

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1897.]

PRETTY Anne Boleyn made a joke On her thin neck, just when the stroke That was to sever it was nigh, And show'd how innocence should die. The wittier and the wiser More With equal pace had gone before. Earlier in Athens died the sage Who's death o'er Plato's puzzling page	Sheds its best light: well matcht with these Was shrewd and sturdy Socrates. He laugh't not at the gods aloud, For that would irritate the crowd; But, not to die in debt, he said, 13 To the few friends about his bed, "Let Æsculapius have his fee For radically curing me. A gamecock he deserves at least So catch and take one to his priest."
--	--

A PASTORAL

[Published in 1897. See note at end of volume.]

DAMON was sitting in the grove With Phyllis, and protesting love; And she was listening; but no word Of all he loudly swore she heard. How! was she deaf then? no, not she,	Phyllis was quite the contrary. Tapping his elbow, she said, "Hush! O what a darling of a thrush! I think he never sang so well As now, below us, in the dell." 10
--	---

POET AND BUTTERFLY

[Published in 1897.]

A POET sate in bower; there soon came nigh
With flappings up and down a butterfly.
Her name was Gloriosa; 'twas a name
Given at her birth by one who bore the same.
He saw its likeness, and he loved its ways
And gaudy colours in all sunny days.
"Ah!" sigh'd the poet, "soon such days are over,
And our best plumage books and bindings cover.
Vainly we flutter, vainly are we loth
To leave our heritage to grub and moth."

10

INFLUENCES

[Published in 1897.]

THERE are two rivals for the heart of Man,
Pleasure and Power; first comes into the field
Power, while yet Pleasure has not learnt to smile

INFLUENCES

At the fond teacher bending o'er the task.
 Years fly fast over him, then Pleasure calls
 Nor waits, but shows before him various paths,
 All verdant, fresh, and flowery: midst of these
 He wearies and he stretches out his arms
 To some fair object beckoning from beyond.
 Even at the feast of Love he sits morose
 If any should sit opposite this one
 And hold sly converse with prone ear too close
 To ear as prone.

10

Tell me, ye whom the Muse
 Hath wean'd from Pleasure, tell me have not ye
 Been also jealous, tho' afar from Love,
 Afar from Beauty, and in dell or bower
 Immerst; and have not oft your temples throb'd,
 Withering the moss whereon they would repose
 When Power was leading, high above your heads,
 A happier brother onward.

We are all
 Babes at some moment of our after-life.

20

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1897.]

A CHILD TO A BIRD.

CHILD AGAIN.

BAD little bird! why art thou
 gone,
 Deserter of my breast?
 Why to the wood? In wood is
 none
 So soft and safe a nest.

Question.

And what became of that old man
 Whose name I could not spell,
 So fond of that sad boy who ran
 Pelting the birds? Come, tell.

Answer.

Good little birds fly not from
 home,
 Nor, when we call 'em, linger.
 I will not scold thee, only come
 And perch upon my finger.

My pretty child! the tale all
 through
 I would have gladly told
 When I repeated all I knew
 About both young and old. 20

I long to feel thy claw, I long
 To hold thy beak in mine, 10
 Then loosen it. Come, bring thy
 song,
 No song so sweet as thine.

Question.

But surely you will let me hear
 What, when Ænone died,
 Became of those two faithful deer,
 And how they must have cried?

OCCASIONAL POEMS

Answer.

They wept, I doubt not, but they
left

The shed, their haunt before,
Of her who fondled 'em bereft,
And fed them at the door.

Question.

I am (and are not you?) afraid
The dogs who came from Troy

Would presently find where they
stray'd, 31
Cheer'd on by wicked boy.

Answer.

No hound (or hunter crueler
Than hound) would hurt those
two,

Who lay upon the grave of her
Whose love had been so true.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1897.]

THERE was a clergyman who used to say
(Morn, noon, and night) his prayers every day;
Perhaps they all do; but this worthy priest
Long before dinner-time outran the rest.
Now mark the sequel of his earnest words,
After the solemn reading of the Lord's,
"O Lord! be merciful to me a sinner!
Sally! what is there in the house for dinner?"

CHURCHMEN

[Published in 1897.]

CHURCHMEN there are who, after one more bottle,
Would even leave old port to kick the shin
Of dissident, but would not push aside
The last half-cup of luke-warm tea to loose
A martyr from the stake. And some there are
Who curb and spur, and make curvet and prance
That piebald steed the jockies call *Religion*.
By Jove! what quarters has the jade! what thews!

ON EPIGRAMS

[Published in 1897.]

G <small>ERMANS</small> there are who sweat to cram	All who look out for quaint and queer
Conundrum into epigram; And metaphysics overload	Are sadly disappointed here: Our only aim has been to fit
A cart that creaks on sandy road.	A ready rhyme to ready wit.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

WORDS ADAPTED TO A RUSSIAN AIR

[Published in the *Howard College Bulletin*, Birmingham, Alabama, U.S.A., August 1929.]

HASTE to me home, for time is a-flying,
Time is a-flying, haste to me home.
William is absent, Mary is dying,
She cannot go, but he surely may come.

Many day's sailing (yet not half the number
They would persuade me) is William away.
I've lost him and met him again in my slumber . . .
I will not believe 'tis so far as they say.

Three days only left me! then *can* you come over
To hear my last words, to breathe my last breath, 10
To say, what I know, how faithful my lover,
But to say it again ere I deafen in death?

Try to return! do but try! for whatever
You try, my beloved, is sure to succeed.
Was not your parting a harder endeavour?
And yet . . . O my heart! 'twas accomplisht indeed!

Haste to me home, for time is a-flying,
Make me, the Death is between us, your bride.
Yes, you will come, you will pity the dying . . .
None love as you do, none love beside. 20

OCCASIONAL POEMS

PART II. OCCASIONAL POEMS INTERPOLATED IN PROSE WRITINGS

IN "IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS"

LORD BROOKE AND SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

[Published in 1824; reprinted 1826, 1846.]

Brooke. Few days, very few in our year, are like this: there is a fresh pleasure . . . in every turn the eye takes.

YOUTH, credulous of happiness, throw down
Upon this turf thy wallet, stored and swoln
With morrow-morns, bird-eggs, and bladders burst,
That tires thee with its wagging to and fro:
Thou too wouldst breathe more freely for it, Age,
Who lackest heart to laugh at life's deceit.

Sidney. Desire of lucre . . . is the tartar that encrusts economy.

. . . Avarice
Grudges the gamesome river-fish its food,
And shuts his heart against his own life's blood.

Introduction. 1826, 1846 have:

Brooke. Avarice . . . is more unlovely than mischievous, although one may say of him that he at last

1 . . . Avarice] *om.* in poem 1826, 1846.

Sidney. Let us congratulate our country . . . Triumphantly and disdainfully may you point to others.

1.

WHILE the young blossom starts to light,
And heaven looks down serenely bright
On Nature's graceful form;
While hills and vales and woods are gay,
And village voices all breathe May,
Who dreads the future storm?

2.

When princes smile and senates bend,
What mortal e'er foresaw his end

7 When] Where 1826. 8 end] end, 1826, 1846.

IN IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

Or fear'd the frown of God?
Yet has the tempest swept them off,
And the oppress, with bitter scoff,
Their silent marble trod.

10

3.

To swell their pride, to quench their ire,
Did venerable Laws expire
And sterner forms arise;
Faith in their presence veil'd her head,
Patience and Charity were dead,
And Hope . . beyond the skies.

[Appended with other prose to the *Conversation* in 1824; reprinted as part of it,
1826, 1846.]

Sidney. Having once collected . . . *invocations to Sleep*, I fancied it possible to
compose one differently . . .

SLEEP! who contractest the waste realms of night,
None like the wretched can extoll thy powers:
We think of thee when thou art far away,
We hold thee dearer than the light of day,
And most when Love forsakes us wish thee ours . . .
O hither bend thy flight!

Silent and welcome as the blessed shade
Alcestis, to the dark Thessalian hall,
When Hercules and Death and Hell obeyed
Her husband's desolate despondent call.

10

What fiend would persecute thee, gentle Sleep,
Or beckon thee away from man's distress?
Needless it were to warn thee of the stings
That pierce my pillow, now those waxen wings
Which bore me to the sun of happiness,
Have dropt into the deep.

16 deep.] deep.* 1826, with footnote:

* The speakers were passionately fond of poetry, and more was introduced; but as
this was altogether in imitation of their manner, which pleases few and ill accords
with the character of the prose, it has been omitted. [L. not in 1846.]

OCCASIONAL POEMS

[Added to the *Conversation* in 1826; reprinted 1846.]

Sidney. We have nothing to dread while our Laws are equitable and our impositions light: but children fly from mothers that strip and scourge them.

Brooke.

ACROSS the hearse where homebred Law lies dead
Strides Despotism, and seems a bloated boy,
Who, while some coarse clown drives him, thinks he drives,
Shouting, with blear bluff face, give way, give way!

4 give way, give way! *italics in 1846.*

[Appended to the *Conversation* in 1826; reprinted without the prose as part of it, 1846.]

The following lines were once intended for the preceding dialogue, and they appear to a critical friend of mine so adapted to the time and the persons, that, upon his judgement, I subjoin them.

AGAIN thou comest, breezy March!
Again beneath heaven's brighter
arch

The birds, that shun our win-
ters, fly:

O'er every pathway trip along
Light feet, more light with frolic
song,

And eyes glance back, they
know not why.

Say, who is that of leaf so
rank,

Pushing the violet down the bank
With hearted spearhead glossy-
green?

And why that changeface mural
box 10

Points at the myrtle, whom he
mocks,

Regardless what her cheer hath
been?

The fennel waves her tender
plume;

Mezereons, cloathed with thick
perfume,

And almonds, wait the lagging
leaf:

Ha! and so long then have I
stood

And not observed thee, modest
bud,

Wherefrom will rise their lawful
chief!

O never say it, if perchance

Thou crown the cup or join the
dance, 20

Neither in anger nor in sport;
For Pleasure then would pass me
by,

The Graces look ungraciously,
Love frown, and drive me from
his court.

Introduction. Only thus in 1826. In 1846, 1876 the verses come in the dialogue thus:
Sidney. Two poets cannot walk or sit together easily while they have any poetry about them . . . I shall call on you presently; take all I have in the meanwhile. [*poem follows.*]

1 Again . . . breezy] At last thou goest, breezy 1846. Afar behind is gusty 1876.
2 heaven's brighter] a wider 1876. 3 shun . . . winters] fear'd grim winter 1876.
15 wait] urge 1846, 1876.

IN IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

[Added to the *Conversation* in 1846.]

Sidney. . . . blinded by the rapidity of our course toward the treasure . . . we find another hand upon the lock . . . 'tis Death!

Brooke. There is often a sensibility in poets which precipitates 'em thither.

THE winged head of Genius snakes surround,
As erewhile poor Medusa's.

[Added to the *Conversation* in 1846.]

Sidney. Unfold the paper. What are you smiling at?

Brooke. The names of the speakers. I call one "*Poet*", the other "*Lady*". How questionably the former! how truly the latter.

Poet. THUS do you sit and break the flow'rs
That might have lived a few short hours,
And lived for you! Love, who o'erpowers
My youth and me,
Shows me the petals idly shed,
Shows me my hopes as early dead,
In vain, in vain admonished
By all I see.

Lady. And thus you while the noon away,
Watching me strip my flowers of gay
Apparel, just put on for May,
And soon laid by!

10

Cannot you teach me one or two
Fine phrases? if you can, pray do,
Since *you* are grown too wise to woo
To listen I.

Poet. Lady, I come not here to teach,
But learn, the moods of gentle speech;
Alas! too far beyond my reach
Are happier strains.

20

Many frail leaves shall yet lie pull'd,
Many frail hopes in death-bed lull'd,
Or ere this outcast heart be school'd
By all its pains.

Sidney. Let me hope that here is only

A VOLANT shadow, just enough to break
The sleeping sunbeam of soft idleness.

[Added to the *Conversation* in 1846.]

Sidney. While the weather is so temperate . . . I care not how late I tarry among
NIGHT airs that make tree-shadows walk, and sheep
Washed white in the cold moonshine on grey cliffs.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

SOUTHEY AND PORSON

[Dialogue published in 1824; reprinted 1826, 1846.]

Porson. A friend of mine . . . would have been but an indifferent courtier in the palace of a certain prince, whose exclamation was,

O COULD a girl of sixty breed,
Then, marriage, thou wert bliss indeed!

Introduction and couplet only in 1824 and 1826. 2 marriage] Marriage 1826.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND CECIL

[Published in 1824; reprinted 1826, 1846.]

Elizabeth. He [Edmund Spenser] hath written, not indeed with his wonted fancifulness . . . but in homely and rustic wise, some verses which have moved me . . . Read them.

Cecil [reads:]

How much is lost when neither heart nor eye
Rosewinged Desire or fabling Hope deceives;
When boyhood with quick throb hath ceased to spy
The dubious apple in the yellow leaves;

When, springing from the turf where youth reposed,
We find but deserts in the far-sought shore;
When the huge book of Faery-land lies closed,
And those strong brazen clasps will yield no more.

5 springing] rising 1846.

Elizabeth. The said Edmund hath also furnished unto the weaver at Arras . . . a description for some of his cunningest wenches to work at . . . Read the poesy, not over-rich, and concluding very awkwardly and meanly.

Cecil [reads:]

WHERE forms the lotus, with its level leaves
And solid blossoms, many floating isles,
What heavenly radiance swift descending cleaves
The darksome wave! unwonted beauty smiles

On its pure bosom, on each bright-eyed flower,
On every nymph, and twenty sate around . .
Lo! 'twas Diana . . from the sultry hour
Hither she fled, nor fear'd she sight nor sound.

Unhappy youth, whom thirst and quiver-reeds
Drew to these haunts, whom awe forbade to fly,
Three faithful dogs before him rais'd their heads,
And watched and wonder'd at that fixed eye.

10

IN IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

Forth sprang his favorite . . with her arrow-hand
Too late the goddess hid what hand may hide,
Of every nymph and every reed complain'd,
And dashed upon the bank the waters wide.

On the prone head and sandal'd feet they flew . .
Lo! slender hoofs and branching horns appear!
The last marred voice not even the favorite knew,
But bayed and fastened on the upbraiding deer.

20

Far be, chaste goddess, far from me and mine
The stream that tempts thee in the summer noon!
Alas that vengeance dwells with charms divine . .

Elizabeth. Psha! give me the paper: I forewarned thee how it ended . . pitifully,
pitifully.

13, 19 favorite] favourite 1846. 19 even] e'en 1826.

GENERAL KLEBER AND SOME FRENCH OFFICERS

[Published in 1824; reprinted 1826, 1846.]

[*General.*] Is there nothing else to examine?

[*Interpreter.*] Only one more leaf.

[*General.*] Read it.

Written in England on the battle of Aboukir.

LAND of all marvels in all ages past,
Egypt, I hail thee from a far-off shore;
I hail thee, doom'd to rise again at last,
And flourish, as in early youth, once more.

How long hast thou lain desolate! how long
The voice of gladness in thy halls hath ceast!
Mute, e'en as Memnon's lyre, the poet's song,
And half-suppress the chaunt of cloister'd priest.

Even he, loquacious as a vernal bird,
Love, in thy plains and in thy groves is dumb,
Nor on thy thousand Nile-fed streams is heard
The reed that whispers happier days to come.

10

O'er cities shadowing some dread name divine
Palace and fane return the hyena's cry,
And hoofless camels in long single line
Stalk slow, with foreheads level to the sky.

8 suppress . . chaunt] suppress'd . . . chant 1846.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

No errant outcast of a lawless isle,
Mocker of heaven and earth, with vows and prayers,
Comes thy confiding offspring to beguile,
And rivet to his wrist the chain he wears.

20

Britain speaks now . . her thunder thou hast heard . .
Conqueror in every land, in every sea;
Valour and Truth proclaim the Almighty word,
And all thou ever hast been, thou shalt be.

23 proclaim] proclame 1826.

MILTON AND ANDREW MARVEL

[Published in 1824; reprinted 1826, 1846.]

Marvel. By way of experiment, I attempted to imitate his [Plautus's] manner;
I will give you a specimen.

FRIENDSHIP, in each successive stage of life,
As we approach him, varies to the view:
In youth he wears the face of Love himself,
Of Love without his arrows and his wings;
Soon afterwards with Bacchus and with Pan
Thou findest him, or hearest him resign
To some dog-pastor by the quiet fire,
With much good-will and jocular adieu,
His ageworn mule or brokenhearted steed.
Fly not, as thou wert wont, to his embrace,
Lest, after one long yawning gaze, he swear
Thou art the best good fellow in the world,
But he had quite forgotten thee, by Jove!
Or laughter wag his newly-bearded chin
At recollection of his childish hours.
But wouldst thou see, young man, his latest form,
When e'en this laughter, e'en this memory, fails?
Look at yon figtree statue, golden once,
As all would deem it; rottenness falls out
At every little chink the worms have made,
And if thou triest to lift it up again
It breaks upon thee: leave it, touch it not,
Its very lightness would encumber thee . . .
Come, thou hast seen it . . 'tis enough . . . away!

10

20

IN IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

PERICLES AND SOPHOCLES

[Published in 1824; reprinted 1826, 1846, 1853, and as a separate poem in *Hellenics*, 1847.]

Sophocles. Hail, men of Athens! . . . behold the Gods, the Demigods, and Pericles!

THE colours of thy waves are not the same
Day after day, O Neptune! nor the same
The fortunes of the land wherefrom arose
Under thy trident the brave friend of man.
Wails have been heard from women, sterner breasts
Have sounded with the desperate pang of grief,
Gray hairs have strown these rocks: here Egeus cried,

“O Sun! careering o’er the downs of Sipylus,
If desolation (worse than ever there
Befell the mother, and those heads her own
Would shelter, when the deadly darts flew round)
Impend not o’er my house, in gloom so long,
Let one swift cloud illumined by thy chariot
Sweep off the darkness from that doubtful sail!”

10

Deeper and deeper came the darkness down;
The sail itself was heard; his eyes grew dim:
His knees tottered beneath him . . . but availed
To bear him till he plunged into the deep.

Sound, fives! there is a youthfulness of sound
In your shrill voices . . . sound again, ye lips
That Mars delights in . . . I will look no more
Into the times behind for idle goads
To stimulate faint fancies . . . hope itself
Is bounded by the starry zone of glory;
On one bright point we gaze, one wish we breathe:

20

Athens! be ever, as thou art this hour,
Happy and strong, a Pericles thy guide.

Title Sophocles to Poseidon 1847. *Introduction* not in 1847: *edd.* 1846, 1853
have:

Sophocles. . . . Have you received the verses I sent you in the morning? . . .

Artemidorus. Actaios brought them . . .

Sophocles. Begin we.

2 O Neptune] Poseidon 1846, 1847, 1853.

8 o’er the downs of] over 1846, 1847, 1853.

7 Egeus] Ægeus 1846, 1847, 1853.

Sipylus] Sipylos 1853.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

MAUROCORDATO AND COLOCOTRONI

[Appended with other prose to the *Conversation* in 1824; reprinted as a separate poem 1831, 1846, 1847, 1859.]

The notes I intended for this *Conversation*, but as they contained some particulars which I think it imprudent to divulge at present, I shall insert some verses in their place . . . [L.]

TO CORINTH

QUEEN of the double sea, beloved of him
Who shakes the world's foundations, thou hast seen
Glory in all her beauty, all her forms;
Seen her walk back with Theseus when he left
The bones of Sciron bleaching to the wind,
Above the ocean's roar and cormorant's flight,
So high that vastest billows from above
Shew but like herbage waving in the mead;
Seen generations throng thine Isthmian games,
And pass away . . . the beautiful, the brave, 10
And them who sang their praises.

But, O Queen,
Audible still (and far beyond thy cliffs)
As when they first were uttered, are those words
Divine which praised the valiant and the just,
And tears have often stopt, upon that ridge
So perilous, him who brought before his eye
The Colchian babes.

"Stay! spare him! save the last!
Medea! . . . is that blood? again! it drops
From my imploring hand upon my feet . . .
I will invoke the Eumenides no more, 20
I will forgive thee, bless thee, bend to thee
In all thy wishes . . . do but thou, Medea,
Tell me, one lives."

"And shall I too deceive?"
Cries from the fiery car an angry voice;
And swifter than two falling stars descend
Two breathless bodies: warm, soft, motionless,
As flowers in stillest noon before the sun,
They lie three paces from him: such they lie
As when he left them sleeping side by side,
A mother's arm round each, a mother's cheeks 30
Between them, flushed with happiness and love.

8, 32 Shew . . . shew] Show . . . show 1846, 1847.
fiery] fry 1831. 31 flushed] flusht 1831-1859.

9 thine] thy 1831-1859. 24

IN IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

He was more changed than they were . . . doomed to shew
Thee and the stranger, how defaced and scarred
Grief hunts us down the precipice of years,
And whom the faithless prey upon the last.

To give the inertest masses of our Earth
Her loveliest forms was thine, to fix the Gods
Within thy walls, and hang their tripods round
With fruits and foliage knowing not decay.
A nobler work remains: thy citadel
Invites all Greece: o'er lands and floods remote
Many are the hearts that still beat high for thee:
Confide then in thy strength, and unappalled
Look down upon the plain, while yokemate kings
Run bellowing, where their herdsman goad them on:
Instinct is sharp in them and terror true,
They smell the floor whereon their necks must lie.

40

36 Earth] earth 1831-1859. 46 terror] terrour 1831. 47 whereon] wheron 1831.

REGENERATION

[Appended to *Imaginary Conversations* in 1824; so reprinted 1826, and as a separate poem in 1846, 1847.]

I have occasionally, but rarely, scattered a few verses amongst the Dialogues. The following, connected in subject with much, and in spirit with all that has gone before, may stand here as a voluntary to close the work.

WE are what suns and winds and waters make us;
The mountains are our sponsors, and the rills
Fashion and win their nursling with their smiles.
But where the land is dim from tyranny,
There tiny pleasures occupy the place
Of glories and of duties; as the feet
Of fabled faeries when the sun goes down
Trip o'er the grass where wrestlers strove by day.
Then Justice, called the eternal one above,
Is more inconstant than the buoyant form
That bursts into existence from the froth
Of ever-varying ocean: what is best
Then becomes worst; what loveliest, most deformed.
The heart is hardest in the softest climes,
The passions flourish, the affections die.
O thou vast tablet of these awful truths,
That fillest all the space between the seas,

10

Title. only in 1847. [In "*Works*", 1876, this poem is wrongly printed as the conclusion of *Chrysaor*. W.] 9 called . . . one] call'd the Eternal One 1846, 1847.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

Spreading from Venice's deserted courts
 To the Tarentine and Hydruntine mole,
 What lifts thee up? what shakes thee? tis the breath 20
 Of God! awake ye nations! spring to life!
 Let the last work of his right hand appear
 Fresh with his image . . . Man.

Thou recreant slave

That sittest afar off and helpest not,
 O thou degenerate Albion! with what shame
 Do I survey thee, pushing forth the sponge
 At thy spear's length, in mockery at the thirst
 Of holy Freedom in his agony,
 And prompt and keen to pierce the wounded side!

Must Italy then wholly rot away 30
 Amidst her slime, before she germinate
 Into fresh vigour, into form again?

What thunder bursts upon mine ear! some isle
 Hath surely risen from the gulphs profound,
 Eager to suck the sunshine from the breast
 Of beauteous Nature, and to catch the gale
 From golden Hermus and Melæna's brow.
 A greater thing than isle, than continent,
 Than earth itself, than ocean circling earth, 40
 Hath risen there; regenerate Man hath risen.
 Generous old bard of Chios! not that Jove
 Deprived thee in thy latter days of sight
 Would I complain, but that no higher theme
 Than a disdainful youth, a lawless King,
 A pestilence, a pyre, awoke thy song,
 When on the Chian coast, one javelin's throw
 From where thy tombstone, where thy cradle stood,
 Twice twenty self-devoted Greeks assailed
 The naval host of Asia, at one blow
 Scattered it into air . . . and Greece was free . . . 50
 And ere these glories beamed, thy day had closed.

Let all that Elis ever saw give way,
 All that Olympian Jove e'er smiled upon.
 The Marathonian columns never told
 A tale more glorious, never Salamis,

31 Amidst] Amid 1846, 1847. 33, 38 isle] ile 1847. 37 Melæna's] Melena's
 1826-1847. 50 free . . .] free . . . * 1847 with footnote *Reduced now by the *Holy*
Alliance into worse slavery than before.

IN *IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS*

Nor, faithful in the centre of the false,
Platæa, nor Anthela, from whose mount
Benignant Ceres wards the blessed Laws,
And sees the Amphictyon dip his weary foot
In the warm streamlet of the strait below.*

60

Goddess! although thy brow was never reared
Among the Powers, that guarded or assailed
Perfidious Ilion, parricidal Thebes,
Or other walls whose war-belt e'er inclosed
Man's congregated crimes and vengeful Pain,
Yet hast thou touched the extremes of grief and joy . . .
Grief upon Enna's mead and Hell's ascent,
A solitary mother . . . joy beyond,
Far beyond, that thy woe, in this thy fane;
The tears were human, but the bliss divine.

70

I, in the land of strangers, and deprest
With sad and certain presage for my own,
Exult at hope's fresh dayspring, though afar,
There where my youth was not unexercised
By chiefs in willing war and faithful song:
Shades as they were, they were not empty shades,
Whose bodies haunt our world and blear our sun . . .
Obstruction worse than swamp and shapeless sands.
Peace, praise, eternal gladness, to the souls
That, rising from the seas into the heavens,
Have ransomed first their country with their blood!

80

O thou immortal Spartan! at whose name
The marble table sounds beneath my palms,
Leonidas! even thou wilt not disdain
To mingle names august as these with thine;
Nor thou, twin star of glory, thou whose rays
Streamed over Corinth on the double sea,
Achaian and Saronic; whom the sons
Of Syracuse, when Death removed thy light,
Wept more than slavery ever made them weep,
But shed (if gratitude is sweet) sweet tears . . .
For the hand that then poured ashes o'er their heads
Was loosened from its desperate chain by thee.

90

The Amphictyons met annually in the temple of Ceres near Anthela. [L.]

OCCASIONAL POEMS

What now can press mankind into one mass,
 For Tyranny to tread the more secure?
 From gold alone is drawn the guilty wire
 That Adulation trills: she mocks the tone
 Of Duty, Courage, Virtue, Piety,
 And under her sits Hope! O how unlike
 That graceful form in azure vest arrayed,
 With brow serene, and eyes on heaven alone
 In patience fixt, in fondness unobscured!
 What monsters coil beneath the spreading tree
 Of Despotism! what wastes extend around!
 What poison floats upon the distant breeze!
 But who are those that cull and deal its fruit?
 Creatures that shun the light and fear the shade,
 Bloated and fierce, Sleep's mien and Famine's cry . . .
 Rise up again, rise in thy dignity,
 Dejected Man, and scare this brood away.

100

110

BISHOP BURNET AND HUMPHREY HARDCASTLE

[Published in 1826; reprinted 1846.]

Burnet. Your unkle . . . was stout and resolute with the sluts . . . calling them what they ought to be called, at the first word.

LISTEN, mad girl! for giving ear	Setting a lover's tears at nought,
May save the eyes hard work:	Like any other dew;
Tender is he who holds you dear,	And some too have been heard to
But proud as pope or Turk.	swear,
	9
Some have been seen, whom	While with wet lids they stood,
people thought	No man alive was worth a tear . .
Much prettier girls than you . .	<i>They</i> never wept . . nor would.

12 would] wou'd 1846.

ROGER ASCHAM AND LADY JANE GREY

[Published in 1826; reprinted 1846.]

Ascham. Recollectest thou who wrote . . . the evening after an excursion to the Isle of Wight, these verses?

INVISIBLY bright water! so like air,
 On looking down I feared thou couldst not bear
 My little bark, of all light barks most light,
 And looked again . . . and drew me from the sight,
 And, hanging back, breathed each fresh gale aghast,
 And held the bench, not to go on so fast.

Jane. I was very childish when I composed them.

IN IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

XENOPHON AND CYRUS

[Published in 1828; reprinted 1846, 1853.]

Cyrus. I have asked the Sun several times for counsel . . . Only once it was attended by a lark, suddenly

SPRINGING from crystal step to crystal step
In the bright air, where none can follow her . .

Thus one of our old poets . . . describes her.

COLERAINE, BLOOMBURY, AND SWAN

[Published in 1828; reprinted 1846.]

Coleraine. Well then, doctor, write.

DEATH! we don't halt then! march I must,
Mortally as I hate the dust.
I should have been in rare high glee
To make an April-fool of thee.*

* George Hanger, Viscount Coleraine, died on the 1st of April, 1824. [L. For George . . . Coleraine 1846 substitutes He.]

RICHELIEU, SIR FIREBRACE COATS, AND LADY GLENGRIN

[Published in 1828; reprinted 1846.]

Sailor. Approaching to Montreuil I saw the girls beginning to dance . . . A young man . . . the poet of the city . . . ran along the streets singing this song . . .

COME, let us dance upon the grass,	Slippery with sunshine is the sod,
Ye maidens of Montreuil!	With tufted flowers uneven.
Sorrows and fears O bid them pass!	Away! in bonnet, coif, or cap . .
'Tis better Love should rule.	To fear it, is no use;
If you abuse the power you have,	Whene'er you meet with such mishap
If you are cruel, know	We'll make the best excuse. 20
We too may make the light look grave	I cannot dance nor sing alone . .
And lay the lofty low.	Haste, haste, my heart Lisette!
Frown not, in heedlessness or haste	Manon! what are you at, Manon!
If any step go wrong, 10	That frill not pleated yet!
If too far circled be the waist,	Nay, never mind what people think,
Or hand be held too long.	Too sorrowful Elise!
In knees yet tottering from a rod	Let the black skirt be trimm'd with pink,
Let failures be forgiven;	Lilac, or what you please,

Introduction. For *Sailor*, 1846 substitutes *Normanby*.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

But put it on and trip away . .	Come, let us dance then on the grass,
My life! the violin	30 Ye maidens of Montreuil!
Never was play'd so as today,	Sorrows and fears O bid them pass!
Nor was the mead so green.	'Tis better Love should rule.

Normanby. Two verses which my father taught me . . .

Ah spare yon emmet, rich in hoarded grain;
He lives with pleasure and he dies with pain.

WOLFGANG AND HENRY OF MELCTAL

[Published in 1828; reprinted 1846.]

Wolfgang. Anastasius Griffenhoof! read aloud those seditious rhymes marked Z.

<p>STORM Morgarten's larch-plumed crest, Search the sun-eyed eagle's nest, Tear from hook-nosed wolf his prey, Drag the dozing bear to day, O'er the forest shout the deer . . Dogs and men have voices here. Freedom here shall make his stand, Happy, happy, Switzerland!</p> <p>You whose pliant legs with ease Clasp and win the tallest trees, 10 Swarm the flat-head tawny pine, Bring, a gift to Adeline, Squirrel roll'd into a ball, Squirrel, young, nest, nuts, and all. While her balmy breath she blows In the grandam's icy nose, See the tail, it quits the chin, Feel the heart, it thaws within. Shew her what her touch can do . . Ask but half as much for you. 20</p> <p>Fishers, leave the spangled trout, And the pike with pitcher snout, Whisker'd carp and green-coat tench . .</p>	<p>Who for these his shoes would drench? For the otter they were meant, Or the saints of lanky Lent. Stars are swinging in the lake, Come, our heartier fare partake. Home again! the chimney's blaze Melts our toils and crowns our days. 30 Hal of Melctal has in store Seventy full kegs and more. He who grudges one of these, Is less liberal than his bees, Or his flowers and flowering trees. Hal could live without old wine, But without old friends would pine. Where old wine is, there the cellar Of that safe and sound indweller May be very good, which he 40 Who confines it cannot be. Give me rather men of proof (What say you?) than wall and roof; Rather than a talc-paved floor, Pine-dust bin and iron door. I have always seen that liquor Runs, like us, in youth the quicker. And that rarely older juice Sparkles forth from hand profuse. Here for absent friends is plenty . .</p>
--	---

IN IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

Toast them all . . and then some
 twenty 51
 Pretty girls . . your Hal, 'tis said,
 . . Father, do not shake thy head ;
 Though of thirty I had heard,
 I would never say a word.

Pour the meed for those who
 stay,
 Wormwood for who slink away.
 What! my friends? ye drink no
 more?

Then the day indeed is o'er!
 Whiter than a marriage shift 60
 See the window! still they drift
 By the thousand flake on flake . .
 Each his road might well mistake,
 And the soberest foot must trip,
 For the tricks of snow are deep.
 Brunn shall pitch upon his skull,
 Glendorp scoop his girdle-ful,
 Pliffer, Borgardt, Sprengel, Grim,
 Lose a cap or break a limb,
 And the northern maidens smother
 In their feathers one or other. 71
 Things ye never meet by day,
 Things at night ye wish away,
 Some in linen, some in fur,
 Some that moan, and some that

purr,
 Wander almost everywhere,
 But have never enter'd here.
 They are out upon the snow,
 Scattering it with naked toe ;
 Ye shall hear them thro the wild
 Cry like hungry kid or child. 81
 These are they, the wiser think,
 Who spite most the sons of drink,
 And who leave them on the waste
 With their faces pale as paste.

Thessinger, sit still . . be bolder . .
 Squint not over that left shoulder:

56 meed] mead 1846.

67 girdle-ful] girdle-full 1846.

ll. 98-155 om. 1846.

I could tell of many fiercer,
 But, I warrant, none are here, sir.
 Some that neigh, and bray, and
 rattle 90
 Like the horns of fighting cattle,
 Or like over stones the log
 Of the truant shepherd-dog.
 Some, but most in summer these,
 Shaking under shaking trees,
 (*My heart too is now afraid*)
 One half priest, and one half
 maid!

Peter Fattar well knows how
 Girls are to be claspt, but snow
 Puzzles his sagacious noddle 100
 To embrace her, worse than
 fuddle.

Her white paps with arms out-
 stretched

While he presses he looks
 wretched ;

Rises, rubs his weary knees,
 And sighs deep for roasted cheese.
 Sit thee down then, Peter Fattar!
 Where thou art for staying, all are.
 Whisper Funcks, who looks so
 tiffy,

Twitching up his breeches, if he
 From the walnut-tree or middin,
 Which he once lay chin-deep hid
 in, 111

Whistles to the wise-man's nieces,
 Trenck will tear him all to pieces,
 Or that mastif bred at Hartz,
 Given them by the gauger
 Schwartz,

Gauge-mark him his hinder parts.
 Never dog slept under manger
 With a quicker ear at danger,
 Or would make a louder pother
 Should those wenches take an-
 other. 120

OCCASIONAL POEMS

Now the middin piled with snow,
Will not let the worst weed grow.
Funcks would treat the girls but
ill

With another icicle,
Tho he should contrive to clamber
Into their round whispering cham-
ber.

Funcks may fear nor dog nor elf,
Fear he must the wise-man's self.
He will give him stone or gravel,
Or some whimsy neath his navel,
Thirsty as the devil, tho in't 131
Cardamum and peppermint
Flow like water, without stint . .
Or the gout, tho he should go
Fort to Wich, or where flow
Rheine's green ripples (honest
Rhine

Shows you water like his wine,
I have heard great people say,
Who could ride,* and rode that
way)
And should pluck it from lawn
sleeves, 140
Or at Cologne or at Cleves.
With one stroke the wise-man
cures

Much worse ills than mine and
yours.

And can bring upon us more
Than the cleverest kend before.
At his fancy he can clap
Other feathers in Death's cap,
Teaching him to aim as well
As my cousin Willy Tell.

Nature has been very good 150
To us children of the wood,
None the less tho others clame
Power and will to do the same.
When we cannot stand nor go
We can sit or lie . . and so
Sleep before the hearth tonight,
Still the stouter sticks are bright,
And the stump will burn till light.

Back, my hounds . . give us our
turn . .

Shake, lads, shake the matted
fern. 160

If the curs have left unsweet
(As may hap) your russet sheet,
Strew a little tansey on it,
Or but tuck it in the bonnet,
Hanging just below your nose.
So, gay dreams and sound repose!

* "*Who could ride.*" No small accomplishment in the eyes of a Swiss mountaineer at that period, and no trifling indication of wealth and dignity. [L.]

LANDOR, ENGLISH VISITOR, AND FLORENTINE VISITOR

[Published in 1828.]

Landor. . . . He addresses Byron thus.

WHY tar and sulphur hearts of oak,
The honestest of English folk,
Singing upon them, O thou Nero,
Byron? . . while yet unscorcht and free
The devil take me but I'll flee
To goodman Gifford, under zero.

IN IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

English Visitor. Whoever he is, I will give him my mind upon the subject, and in verse too.

'Tis better at the stake than in the stall,
And nobler in the axe than in the awl.

Introduction. [The passage in which the eight lines of verse occur was not reprinted in 1846. Some words seem to have been left out, and both the poetry and prose context are obscure. The cobbler's stall and the awl are, of course, insignia of Gifford's some-time occupation. W.]

BOCCACCIO AND PETRARCA

[Published in 1829; reprinted 1846.]

Boccaccio. Listen! what a fine voice (do not you think it so?) is Amadeo's.
Amadeo (singing),

Oh! I have erred!
I laid my hand upon the nest
(Tita, I sigh to sing the rest)
Of the wrong bird.

ODYSSEUS, TERSITZA, ACRIVE, AND TRELAWNY

[Published in 1829; reprinted 1846.]

Tersitza. He [Trelawny] repeated a Kleptic song . . .

SAY but you do not hate me, as you flee;
One word bears up the heartless to his lot.
I speak but to the winds! she answers not . .
Not to the winds gives she one word for me!

CHAUCEr, BOCCACCIO, AND PETRARCA

[Published in 1829; reprinted 1846.]

Chaucer. "My father", said he [Ralph Roebuck], "made a song for himself . . . when he had a sorry jade to dispose of."

Who sells a good nag
On his legs may fag
Until his heart be weary.
Who buys a good nag,
And hath groats in his bag,
May ride the world over full cheery.

PHOTO ZAVELLAS AND KAIDO

[Published in 1829. See note at end of volume.]

The following lines express the sentiments of an expatriated Pargan. [From a footnote. The verses and introduction were not reprinted after 1829.]

MOUNTAINS and winding vallies, that unfold
Your freshest verdure and first flowers, farewell!
Go, native land . . the Briton's slave . . be sold! . .
To other times let other voices tell,

OCCASIONAL POEMS

By riches unsubdued, by force unbowed,
What ages thou hast stood, and yet shouldst stand,
Had thy own faith not ruined thee: be proud
Even of thy fall! farewell, my native land!

EPICURUS, LEONTION, AND TERNISSA

[Published in 1829; reprinted 1846, 1853.]

Ternissa. I will tell you in verses; for I do think these are verses, or nearly:

I HATE those trees that never lose their foliage:
They seem to have no sympathy with Nature:
Winter and Summer are alike to them.

Introduction not in 1829.

Epicurus. Well might the poet say.

FEWER the gifts that knarled Age presents
To elegantly-handed Infancy,
Than elegantly-handed Infancy
Presents to knarled Age: from both they drop;
The middle course of life receives them all,
Save the light few that laughing Youth runs off with,
Unvalued as a mistress or a flower.

1, 4 knarled] gnarled 1846. 2 -handed] -handled 1846 (*mispr.*).

Leontion. I know not what Thracian lord recovers his daughter from her ravisher:
such are among the words they exchange.

Father.

Insects, that dwell in rotten reeds, inert
Upon the surface of a stream or pool,
Then rush into the air on meshy vans,
Are not so different in their varying lives
As we are . . . O! what father on this earth,
Holding his child's cool cheek within his palms
And kissing his fair front, would wish him man!
Inheritor of wants and jealousies,
Of labour, of ambition, of distress,
And, cruelest of all the passions, lust.
Who that beholds me, persecuted, scorned,
A wanderer, e'er could think what friends were mine,
How numerous, how devoted! with what glee
Smiled my old house, with what acclaim my courts
Rang from without whene'er my war-horse neighed.

10

IN IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

Daughter.

Thy fortieth birthday is not shouted yet
By the young peasantry, with rural gifts
And nightly fires along the pointed hills,
Yet do thy temples glitter with grey hair
Scattered not thinly . . . ah! what sudden change! 20
Only thy heart and voice remain the same . .
No, that voice trembles, and that heart (I feel)
While it would comfort and console me . . breaks.
21 heart . . . voice] voice and heart 1846, 1853.

WILLIAM PENN AND LORD PETERBOROUGH

[Published in 1829; reprinted 1846.]

Peterborough. A Scotchman one day came before him [Halifax] . . . holding out a piece of crumpled paper . . . "it's poesy, my laird! written on the scaith of a maiden in Dundalk."

THE southern blast was so bitter cold,
It almost sheared the sheep in our fold
And made the young maiden look like the old,
Blue as baboon is, where he is bluest . .
Mind thy steps, Meggie! mind, or thou rue'st.

Peterborough. . . . reminds me of a recitative, I know not in what opera . . .

To love one, and to be beloved by one,
Is the greatest good a mortal can enjoy:
Two love me; I love three; I am unhappy.

Peterborough. I am but the more confirmed in the sentence of a poet, whose name I have forgotten, that Pride is

MOTHER of Virtues to the virtuous man;
And only hateful with her arm round Vice.
l. 1=l. 130 in "From the Phœceans". See vol. i, p. 65.

Peterborough. My father was fond of repeating two couplets, which he was likewise fond of attributing to a maiden aunt.

LITTLE that theologian teaches
Under whose text hang tattered breeches.
The devil take him who disbelieves
Verities shaken from lawn-sleeves.
3 The devil] Devil 1846.

[Added to the *Conversation* in 1846.]

Peterborough. I am no courtier . . . This must depend upon the Cabinet, as such things are fitly called.

In games of politics and games of cricket
Some must stand out while others keep the wicket.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

LEOFRIC AND GODIVA

[Published in 1829; reprinted 1846.]

The story of Godiva . . . has always much interested me . . . and I wrote a poem on it, sitting, I remember, by the *square pool* at Rugby . . . The verses are these.

IN every hour, in every mood,
O lady, it is sweet and good
To bathe the soul in prayer,
And, at the close of such a day,
When we have ceased to bless and pray,
To dream on thy long hair.

IZAAC WALTON, COTTON, AND WILLIAM OLDWAYS

[Published in 1829; reprinted 1846.]

Walton. Whenever I am beside a river or rivulet on a sunny day . . . I am readier to live and less unready to die.

SON Cotton! these light idle brooks,
Peeping into so many nooks,
Yet have not for their idlest wave
The leisure you may think they have:
No, not the little ones that run
And hide behind the first big stone,
When they have squirted in the eye
Of their next neighbour passing by;
Nor yonder curly sideling fellow
Of tones than Pan's own flute more mellow,
Who learns his tune and tries it over
As girl who fain would please her lover.
Something has each of them to say . . .
He says it, and then runs away,
And says it in another place . . .
Continuing the unthrifty chase.

10

We have as many tales to tell,
And look as gay and run as well,
But leave another to pursue
What we had promised we would do,
Till, in the order God has fated,
One after one precipitated,
Whether we *would* on, or would *not* on,
Just like these idle waves, son Cotton!

20

IN IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

Cotton. If you must have them, here they are.

Walton (reads).

Rocks under Okeover park-paling Better than Ashbourne suit the grayling. Reckless of people springs the trout, Tossing his vacant head about, And his distinction-stars, as one Not to be touched, but looked upon;	And smirks askance, as who should say "I'd lay now (if I e'er <i>did</i> lay) "The brightest fly that shines above, "You know not what <i>I'm</i> thinking of; 10 "What <i>you</i> are, I can plainly tell.. "And so, my gentles, fare ye well!"
---	---

Cotton. But really I do not recollect that paper of mine, if mine it be . . .

Walton (reads).

IN my bosom I would rather
 Daffodils and kingcups gather,
 Than have fifty sighing souls,
 False as cats and dull as owls.

For l. 1 1846 substitutes: Where 's my apron? I will gather
2 gather], rather 1846. 3 sighing] silly 1846. 4 owls.] owls, 1846 which adds
two lines:

Looking up into my eyes
 And half-blinding me with sighs.

Walton. Anon then. [*Not in 1829.*]

HERE I stretch myself along,* Tell a tale or sing a song, By my cousin Sue or Bet . . And for dinner here I get Strawberries, curds, or what I please, With my bread upon my knees,	And when we have had enough, Shake, and off to <i>blindman's</i> <i>buff:</i> Which I cannot do if they Ever come across my way, 10 They so puzzle one! . . that tongue Always makes one cry out wrong!
---	--

* I cannot but think that I am indebted to a beautiful little poem of Redi, for the train of these ideas, though without a consciousness of it while I was writing. [L. 1829. For Redi's poem see note at end of volume. W.]

ll. 9-12 *om.* 1846.

Walton. I have heard it reported that you have some of his [Donne's] earlier poetry. *Oldways.* I have . . . a trifle or two . . . Take and read them . . .

Walton. I will read aloud the best stanza only. What strong language!

MAG's one hair would hold a dragon,
 Mag's one eye would burn an earth:
 Fall, my tears! fill each your flagon!
 Millions fall. O drought! O dearth!

1 Mag's] Her 1846. 2 Mag's] Her 1846. 4 O . . . O] A dearth! a 1846.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

Oldways. He [Donne] wrote this among the earliest:

JUNO was proud, Minerva stern,
Venus would rather toy than learn.
What fault is there in Margaret Hayes?
Her high disdain and pointed staves.

4 staves] staves 1846.

[Added to the *Conversation* in 1846.]

Walton. Is that . . . another piece of honest old Donne's poetry?

Oldways. Yes . . . composed in the meridian heat of youth and genius.

SHE was so beautiful, had God but died
For her, and none beside,
Reeling with holy joy from east to west
Earth would have sunk down blest;
And, burning with bright zeal, the buoyant Sun
Cried thro' his worlds *well done!*

[Added to the *Conversation* in 1846.]

Oldways. He [Donne] told me the rose of Paphos was of one species, the rose of Sharon of another. Whereat he burst forth to the purpose,

RATHER give me the lasting rose of Sharon,
But dip it in the oil that oil'd thy beard, O Aaron!

SCIPIO, POLYBIUS, AND PANÆTIUS

[Published in *The Philological Museum*, vol. ii, 1833; reprinted in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837; 1846, 1853.]

Polybius. He observed on her [Thelymnia's] eyelashes what had arisen from his precipitation . . .

A HESITATING long-suspended tear,
Like that which hangs upon the vine fresh-pruned,
Until the morning kisses it away.

SOUTHEY AND PORSON

[Published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, December 1842; reprinted 1846.]

Porson. There are, indeed, base souls which genius may illuminate, but cannot elevate.

STRUCK with an ear-ache by all stronger lays,
They writhe with anguish at another's praise.

Porson. Permit me to repeat, in this sick chamber, an observation I once made in another almost as sick.

WHEN wine and gin are gone and spent,
Small beer is then most excellent.

IN IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

Porson. These [lines by Wordsworth], in good truth, are verses *pleni ruris et inficetiarum*,

DANK, limber verses, stuff with lakeside sedges,
And propt with rotten stakes from broken hedges.

Introduction [see Catullus, xxxvi. 19.]

Porson. Here is an inscription which perhaps you will remember in Theocritus, and translated to the best of my ability.

INSCRIPTION ON A STATUE OF LOVE

MILD he may be, and innocent to view,
Yet who on earth can answer for him? You
Who touch the little god, mind what ye do!

Say not that none has caution'd you: although
Short be his arrow, slender be his bow,
The king Apollo's never wrought such woe.

Introduction [1846 has Theocritus* with footnote: * Where?]

Porson. This, and one petty skolion, are the only things I have attempted. The skolion is written by Geron, and preserved by Aristenetus:

HE who in waning age would moralize,
With leaden finger weighs down joyous eyes;
Youths too, with all they say, can only tell
What maids know well:

And yet if they are kind, they hear it out
As patiently as if they clear'd a doubt.
I will not talk like either. Come with me;
Look at the tree!

Look at the tree while still some leaves are green;
Soon must they fall. Ah! in the space between
Lift those long eyelashes above your book,
For the last look!

Introduction, and . . . Aristenetus *om.* 1846, 1876. [? Ἀριστόνικος of Alexandria, grammarian. W.]

Porson. In all the time we have been walking together at the side of the lean herd
you are driving to market,

Can you make it appear
The dog Porson has ta'en the wrong sow by the ear?

OCCASIONAL POEMS

TASSO AND CORNELIA

[Published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, January 1843; reprinted 1846. See note at end of volume.]

* The author wrote the verses first in English, but he found it easy to write them better in Italian . . .

SWALLOW! swallow! though so	(And how many pass me by!)
jetty	You're the first I ever prest,
Are your pinions, you are pretty:	Of the many, to my breast:
And what matter were it though	Therefore it is very right
You were blacker than a crow?	You should be my own delight. 10
Of the many birds that fly	

LUCIAN AND TIMOTHEUS

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1853.]

Lucian. Mimnermus says,

In early youth we often sigh
Because our pulses beat so high;
All this we conquer, and at last
We sigh that we are grown so chaste.

Introduction [1853 has says* with footnote *Query, where?]

THE ABBÉ DELILLE AND WALTER LANDOR

[Added to the *Conversation* in 1846.]

Delille. And yet how enthusiastic is your admiration of Shakspeare.
Landor.

He lighted with his golden lamp on high
The unknown regions of the human heart,
Show'd its bright fountains, show'd its rueful wastes,
Its shoals and headlands; and a tower he rais'd
Refulgent, where eternal breakers roll,
For all to see, but no man to approach.

ANDREW MARVEL AND BISHOP PARKER

[Published in 1846.]

Marvel. If you will permit me to express my sentiments in verse . . . I would say:

MEN like the ancient kalends, nones, and ides,
Are reckoned backward, and the first stand last.

IN IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

MARY AND BOTHWELL

[Published in 1846.]

Mary. Our pure religion teaches us forgiveness.

Bothwell.

THEN by my troth is it pure and bright
As a pewter plate on a Saturday night.

ARCHDEACON HARE AND WALTER LANDOR

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853.]

Landor. Praise on poetry . . . affects my brain but little . . . My rusticity has at least thus much of modesty in it.

Archdeacon Hare.

THE richest flowers have not most honey-cells.
You seldom find the bee about the rose,
Often the beetle eating into it.
The violet less attracts the noisy hum
Than the minute and poisonous bloom of box.
Poets know this; Nature's invited guests
Draw near and note it down and ponder it;
The idler sees it, sees unheedingly,
Unheedingly the rifler of the hive.

OVID AND A PRINCE OF THE GETÆ

[Published in *The Examiner*, April 7, 1855.]

Prince. I was shy (we poets always are) of reading a few of my verses to thee.

Ovid. . . Let me hear them.

Prince. They are in thy own favorite meter and manner.

GIVE me thy hand, pretty maiden, and thine be the sword and the scepter!
Scepter and sword I renounce; give me, but give me, thy hand.
Pleasant to slay the old wolf, and to tame the young eaglet is pleasant,
Pleasanter far to bring home lamb that would wander away.
Many a morning I clomb to the twin-bearing nest of the ring dove,
Oh could I climb, by thy help, where thou art sleeping anight.
Gold shall encircle thy arm and in gold shall thy tresses be braided
When thou hast fastened a clasp, richer than gold around *me*.

MENANDER AND EPICURUS

[Published in *Fraser's Magazine*, April 1856. The couplet with variant in l. 2 recurs in a poem published 1863. See p. 105.]

Menander. I will repeat to you a couple of verses from my successful opponent [Polemon] . . .

THERE are two miseries in human life;
To live without a friend, and with a wife.
2 friend] dog 1863.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

[Published in 1876.]

Menander. Let me repeat to you a few verses . . . applicable to the people of Attica, and some others:

YE whom your earthly gods condemn to heave
The stone of Sisyphus uphill for ever,
Do not, if ye have heard of him, believe,
As your forefathers did, that he was clever.

Strength in his arm, and wisdom in his head,
He would have hurl'd his torment higher still,
And would have brought them down with it, instead
Of thus turmoiling at their wanton will.

IN "EXAMINATION OF SHAKESPEARE", 1834 .

[Published in 1834; reprinted 1846. One piece ('To a sweet-briar', p. 145) was also reprinted in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837.]

Sir T. Lucy. What my mother said was true . . . "In great grief there are few tears."
Upon which did the youth, Willy Shakspeare, . . . repeat these short verses

THERE are, alas, some depths of woe
Too vast for tears to overflow.

[THE MERMAID]

Shakspeare. The song about the mermaid . . . that ancient one which every boy in most parishes has been singing for many years . . .

THE mermaid sat upon the rocks
All day long,
Admiring her beauty and combing her locks,
And singing a mermaid song.

And hear the mermaid's song you may,
As sure as sure can be,
If you will but follow the sun all day,
And souse with him into the sea.

[THE MERMAN]

Shakspeare. Not only the mermaid singeth, but the merman sweareth, as another old song will convince you . . .

1.

A WONDERFUL story, my lasses and lads,
Peradventure you've heard from your grannams or dads,
Of a merman that came every night to woo
The spinster of spinsters, our Catherine Crewe.

IN EXAMINATION OF SHAKESPEARE

2.

But Catherine Crewe
Is now seventy-two,
And avers she hath half forgotten
The truth of the tale, when you ask her about it,
And says, as if fain to deny it or flout it,
Pool the merman is dead and rotten.

10

3.

The merman came up, as the mermen are wont,
To the top of the water, and then swam upon't;
And Catherine saw him with both her two eyes,
A lusty young merman full six feet in size.

4.

And Catherine was frighten'd,
Her scalp-skin it tighten'd,
And her head it swam strangely, although on dry land;
And the merman made bold
Eftsoons to lay hold
(*This Catherine well recollects*) of her hand.

20

5.

But how could a merman, if ever so good,
Or if ever so clever, be well understood
By a simple young creature of our flesh and blood?

6.

Some tell us the merman
Can only speak German,
In a voice between grunting and snoring;
But Catherine says he had learnt in the wars
The language, persuasions, and oaths of our tars,
And that even his voice was not foreign.

7.

Yet when she was asked how he managed to hide
The green fishy tail, coming out of the tide
For night after night above twenty,
"You troublesome creatures!" old Catherine replied,
"*In his pocket*: won't that now content ye?"

30

OCCASIONAL POEMS

Sir T. Lucy. Thou didst tell me, Silas, that the papers found in the lad's pocket were intended for poetry . . . read them aloud unto us, good Master Ephraim.

Whereupon I took the papers . . . decenter than most, and not without their moral: for example:—

TO THE OWLET

Who, O thou sapient saintly bird!
Thy shouted warnings ever heard
Unbleached by fear?
The blue-faced blubbering imp, who steals
Yon turnips, thinks thee at his heels,
Afar or near.

The brawnier churl, who brags at times
To front and top the rankest crimes—
To paunch a deer,
Quarter a priest, or squeeze a wench,
Scuds from thee, clammy as a tench,
He knows not where.

10

For this the righteous Lord of all
Consigns to thee the castle-wall,
When, many a year,
Closed in the chancel-vault, are eyes
Rainy or sunny at the sighs
Of knight or peer.

Sir T. Lucy. Mercy upon us! have we more?

Then did I read, in a clear voice, the contents of paper the second, being as followeth:

THE MAID'S LAMENT

I LOVED him not; and yet, now he is gone,
I feel I am alone.
I check'd him while he spoke; yet, could he speak,
Alas! I would not check.
For reasons not to love him once I sought,
And wearied all my thought
To vex myself and him: I now would give
My love could he but live
Who lately lived for me, and, when he found
'Twas vain, in holy ground
He hid his face amid the shades of death!
I waste for him my breath
Who wasted his for me! but mine returns,
And this lorn bosom burns

10

IN EXAMINATION OF SHAKESPEARE

With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
 And waking me to weep
 Tears that had melted his soft heart: for years
 Wept he as bitter tears!
Merciful God! such was his latest prayer,
These may she never share!
 Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold,
 Than daisies in the mould,
 Where children spell, athwart the churchyard gate,
 His name and life's brief date.
 Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er you be,
 And, oh! pray too for me!

20

Another paper . . . much pleasanter than the two former, and overflowing with the praises of the worthy knight and his gracious lady . . . was thus couched:—

FIRST SHEPHERD.

JESU! what lofty elms are here!
 Let me look through them at the
 clear
 Deep sky above, and bless my
 star
 That such a worthy knight's they
 are!

SECOND SHEPHERD.

Innocent creatures! how the deer
 Trot merrily, and romp and rear!

FIRST SHEPHERD.

The glorious knight who walks
 beside
 His most majestic lady bride,

SECOND SHEPHERD.

Under these branches spreading
 wide,

FIRST SHEPHERD.

Carries about so many cares 10
 Touching his ancestors and heirs,
 That came from Athens and from
 Rome—

SECOND SHEPHERD.

As many of them as are come—

FIRST SHEPHERD.

Nought else the smallest lodge can
 find
 In the vast manors of his mind;
 Envyng not Solomon his wit—

SECOND SHEPHERD.

No, nor his women not a bit;
 Being well-built and well-behaved
 As Solomon, I trow, or David.

FIRST SHEPHERD.

And taking by his jewell'd hand
 The jewel of that lady bland, 21
 He sees the tossing antlers pass
 And throw quaint shadows o'er
 the grass;
 While she alike the hour be-
 guiles,
 And looks at him and them, and
 smiles.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

SECOND SHEPHERD.

With conscience proof 'gainst	But resting on sound Christianity.
Satan's shock,	Faith you would swear had nail'd†
Albeit finer than her smock,*	her ears on 30
Marry! her smiles are not of vanity,	The book and cushion of the
	parson.

* *Smock*, formerly a part of the female dress, corresponding with *shroud*, or what we now call (or lately called) *shirt* of the man's. Fox, speaking of Latimer's death, says, "Being slipped into his shroud." [L.]

† Faith nailing the ears is a strong and sacred metaphor. The rhyme is imperfect: Shakspeare was not always attentive to these minor beauties. [L.]

Sir T. Lucy. What further sayest thou, witness?

Euseby Treen. . . . The graver man followed him into the punt, and said, roughly, "We shall get hanged as sure as thou pipest." Whereunto he [Shakspeare] answered,

NATURALLY, as fall upon the ground
The leaves in winter and the girls in spring.

Sir T. Lucy. Prythee no bandying of loggerheads.

Shakspeare.

Or else what mortal man shall say
Whose shins may suffer in the fray.

Master Silas . . . shewed that he was more than a match for poor Willy in wit and poetry. He answered thus:—

IF winks are wit,
Who wanteth it?

Shakspeare. Behold my wall of defence!

. . . *Sir Silas.* Have at thee!

THOU art a wall	Thou hast a back
To make the ball	For beadle's crack
Rebound from.	To sound from, to sound from.

Sir T. Lucy. What, after all are these comedies and these tragedies . . . I have myself described them,

THE whimsies of wantons and stories of dread,
That make the stout-hearted look under the bed.

[TO CHLOE]

Now did Sir Thomas . . . repeat from the stores of his memory these rich and proud verses.

CHLOE! mean men must ever make mean loves,
They deal in dog-roses, but I in cloves.
They are just scorch'd enough to blow their fingers,
I am a phoenix downright burnt to cinders.

IN EXAMINATION OF SHAKESPEARE

Willy took heart, and, lowering his voice, did repeat these from memory:

My briar that smelledst sweet	And yet methinks with thee
When gentle spring's first	A poet's sympathy, 11
heat	Whether in weal or woe, in life or
Ran through thy quiet	death, might dwell.
veins;	
Thou that couldst injure none,	Hard usage both must bear,
But wouldst be left alone,	Few hands your youth will
Alone thou leavest me, and	rear,
nought of thine remains.	Few bosoms cherish you;
	Your tender prime must
What! hath no poet's lyre	bleed
O'er thee, sweet-breathing	Ere you are sweet, but freed
briar,	From life, you then are prized;
Hung fondly, ill or well?	thus prized are poets too.

4 couldst] wouldst 1846.

[TO A SWEET-BRIAR]

Sir T. Lucy. Don't be abashed; I am ready for even worse than the last.
Bill hesitated, but obeyed:

AND art thou yet alive?	Tell me what tender care,
And shall the happy hive	Tell me what pious prayer,
Send out her youth to cull	Bade thee arise and live?
Thy sweets of leaf and flower,	The fondest-favoured bee 10
And spend the sunny hour	Shall whisper nought to thee
With thee, and thy faint heart with	More loving than the song my
murmuring music lull?	grateful muse shall give.

Also reprinted in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837, where headed: To a sweet-briar. Planted by the author. 1, 6, 9 alive? . . . lull? . . . live?] alive! . . . lull! . . . live! 1837.

[TO CHLOE]

Sir T. Lucy. Before my day, nearly all the flowers and fruits had been gathered by poets . . . Willy! my brave lad! I was the first that ever handled a quince, I'll be sworn. Hearken!

CHLOE! I would not have thee wince,
That I unto thee send a quince.
I would not have thee say unto't
Begone! and trample't underfoot,
For, trust me, 'tis no fulsome fruit.
It came not out of mine own garden,
But all the way from Henly in Arden,—
Of an uncommon fine old tree,
Belonging to John Apsbury.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

And if that of it thou shalt eat,
 'Twill make thy breath e'en yet more sweet;
 As a translation here doth shew,
On fruit-trees, by Jean Mirabeau.
 The frontispiece is printed so.
 But eat it with some wine and cake,
 Or it may give the belly-ake.
 This doth my worthy clerk indite,
 I sign,

10

SIR THOMAS LUCY, Knight.

Sir T. Lucy. Time was, my smallest gifts were acceptable, as thus recorded:—

FROM my fair hand, O will ye,	Scarce had I said it, ere she took it,
will ye	And in a twinkling, faith! had
Deign humbly to accept a gilly—	stuck it,
Flower for thy bosom, sugared	Where e'en proud knighthood
maid!	might have laid.

Shakespeare. Greeks and Trojans may fight for a quince; neither shall have it

WHILE a Warwickshire lad	He shall keep the lists
Is on earth to be had,	With cudgel or fists.
With a wand to wag	And black shall be whose eye
On a trusty nag,	Looks evil on Lucy.

[*Dr. Glaston.*] victories . . . such as ye are invited to by what this ingenious youth hath . . . truly called

THE swaggering drum, and trumpet hoarse with rage.

1 [*The line also occurs with variant in "Andrea of Hungary", Act iv, sc. iv, l. 69.*]

Whereupon did one of the young gentlemen smile, and, on small encouragement from Doctor Glaston . . . he repeated these verses.

IN the names on our books	And if many a quarto
Was standing Tom Flooke's,	He gave not his heart to,
Who took in good time his degrees;	If pellucid in lore, in his cups he
Which when he had taken,	was deep.
Like an Ascham or Bacon,	He never did harm,
By night he could snore, and by	And his heart might be warm,
day he could sneeze.	For his doublet most certainly
Calm, pithy, pragmatistical,*	was so;
Tom Flooke he could at a call	And now has Tom Flooke
Rise up like a hound from his	A quieter nook
sleep;	Than ever had Spenser or Tasso.

* *Pragmatistical* here means only *precise*. [L.]

IN EXAMINATION OF SHAKESPEARE

He lives in his house,
As still as a mouse, 20
Until he has eaten his dinner;
But then doth his nose
Outroar all the woes
That encompass the death of a
sinner.

And there oft has been seen
No less than a dean
To tarry a week in the parish,
In October and March,
When deans are less starch,
And days are less gleamy and
garish. 30

That Sunday Tom's eyes
Look'd always more wise,
He repeated more often his text;

Two leaves stuck together,
(The fault of the weather)
And . . . *the rest ye shall hear in
my next.*

At mess he lost quite
His small appetite,
By losing his friend the good dean:
The cook's sight must fail her!
The eggs sure are staler! 41
The beef too! Why, what can it
mean?

He turned off the butcher,
To the cook, could he clutch her,
What his choler had done there's
no saying . . .
'Tis verily said
He smote low the cock's head,
And took other pullets for laying.

[TWO JACKS]

"I was talking of the dean," replied Master Silas. "He was the very dean who wrote and sang that song . . ."

JACK Calvin and Jack Cade,
Two gentles of one trade,
Two tinkers,
Very gladly would pull down
Mother Church and Father
Crown,
And would starve or would
drown
Right thinkers.

Honest man! honest man!
Fill the can, fill the can,
They are coming! they are com-
ing! they are coming!
If any drop be left, 11
It might tempt 'em to a
theft . . .
Zooks! it was only the ale that
was humming.

Title not in any ed. 13 it was] 't was 1846.

[TO FANNY CAREW]

Sir T. Lucy. My friend, Sir Everard Starkeye could never over-leap four bars. I remember but one composition of his; on a young lady who mocked at his inconsistency in calling her sometimes his Grace and at other times his Muse.

My Grace shall Fanny Carew be,
While here she deigns to stay;
And (ah, how sad the change for me!)
My Muse when far away!

OCCASIONAL POEMS

[MISTRESS ANNE NANFAN]

Sir T. Lucy. The first poem I ever wrote was in the character of a shepherd to Mistress Anne . . . My own verses . . . are neither here nor there . . . What they are may be seen by her answer . . . :

"Faithful shepherd! dearest Tommy! I have received the letter from ye, And mightily delight therein. But mother, <i>she</i> says, 'Nanny! Nanny! <i>How, being staid and prudent,</i> <i>can ye</i> <i>Think of a man and not of</i> <i>sin?'</i>	"Sir shepherd! I held down my head, And ' <i>Mother! fie for shame!</i> ' <i>I</i> <i>said;</i> All I could say would not content her; Mother she would for ever harp on't, <i>'A man's no better than a serpent,</i> <i>And not a crumb more innocent.'</i> "
---	--

TO MISTRESS ANNE'S MOTHER

Sir T. Lucy. I wished to leave a deep impression on the mother's mind that she was exceedingly wrong in doubting my innocence . . . I shewed her what I was ready to do.

WORSHIPFUL lady! honoured madam! I at this present truly glad am To have so fair an opportunity Of saying I would be the man To bind in wedlock Mistress Anne, Living with her in holy unity. And for a jointure I will gi'e her A good two hundred pounds a-year Accruing from my landed rents, Whereof see 'tother paper, telling Lands, copses, and grown woods for felling, Capons, and cottage tenements. And who must come at sound of horn, And who pays but a barley-corn, And who is bound to keep a whelp, And what is brought me for the pound,	And copyholders, which are sound, And which do need the leech's help. And you may see in these two pages Exact their illnesses and ages, 20 Enough (God willing) to content ye; Who looks full red, who looks full yellow, Who plies the mullen, who the mallow, Who fails at fifty, who at twenty. Jim Yates must go; he's one day very hot And one day ice; I take a heriot; And poorly, poorly 's Jacob Burgess. The doctor tells me he has pour'd Into his stomach half his hoard Of anthelminticals and purges.
---	--

IN EXAMINATION OF SHAKESPEARE

Judith, the wife of Ebenezer 31
Fillpots, won't have him long to
teaze her;

Fillpots blows hot and cold like
Jim,

And, sleepless lest the boys should
plunder

His orchard, he must soon knock
under;

Death has been looking out for
him.

He blusters; but his good yard land
Under the church, his ale-house,
and

His Bible, which he cut in spite,
Must all fall in; he stamps and
swears 40

And sets his neighbours by the
ears—

Fillpots! thy saddle sits not
tight!

Thy epitaph is ready:

'Here

*Lies one whom all his friends did
fear*

*More than they ever feared the
Lord:*

*In peace, he was at times a Chris-
tian;*

*In strife, what stubborn Philistian!
Sing, sing his psalm with one
accord.'*

And he who lent my lord his
wife

Has but a very ticklish life; 50

Although she won him many
a hundred,

'Twont do; none comes with
briefs and wills,

And all her gainings are gilt pills
From the sick madman that
she plundered.

And the brave lad who sent the
bluff

Olive-faced Frenchman (sure
enough)

Screaming and scouring like a
plover,

Must follow—him I mean who
dash'd

Into the water, and then thrash'd
The cullion past the town of
Dover. 60

But first there goes the blear old
dame

Who nurs'd me; you have heard
her name,

No doubt, at Compton, Sarah
Salways;

There are twelve groats at once,
beside

The frying-pan in which she fried
Her pancakes.

Madam, I am always, &c.

T. L.

Signature T. L.] SIR THOMAS LUCY, knight. 1846.

[MADAM'S REPLY]

Sir T. Lucy. My letter was sent back . . . between the second and third stanza these four lines were written, in a very fine hand:

Most honor'd knight, Sir Thomas! two
For merry Nan will never do;
Now under favour let me say't,
She will bring more herself than that.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

[RAPAX FORTUNA

FROM MEMORANDUM BY EPHRAIM BARNETT]

Let us think gravely and religiously on what the pagans, in their blindness, did call fortune, making a goddess of her, and saying,

ONE body she lifts up so high
And suddenly, she makes him cry
And scream as any wench might do
That you should play the rogue unto:
And the same Lady Light sees good
To drop another in the mud,
Against all hope and likelihood.

The editor has been unable to discover who was the author of this very free translation of an Ode in Horace [i. xxxiv]. He is certainly happy in his amplification of the *stridore acuto*. May it not be surmised that he was some favourite scholar of Ephraim Barnett? [L.]

Title. Not in any ed.

IN "PERICLES AND ASPASIA"

[Published in 1836; reprinted with additions 1846. For some of the longer pieces in *Pericles and Aspasia* see other Sections.]

PERICLES TO ASPASIA

My Pericles (mine, mine he is) *has* written verses upon me . . . you will read them with pleasure for their praises of Miletus. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

FLOWER of Ionia's fertile plains,	Delay'd his course for Melesander!
Where Pleasure leagued with	If there be city on the earth
Virtue reigns,	Proud in the children of her birth,
Where the Pierian Maids of old,	Wealth, science, beauty, story,
Yea, long ere Ilion's tale was told,	song, I I
Too pure, too sacred for our sight,	These to Miletus all belong.
Descended with the silent night	To fix the diadem on his brow
To young Arctinus, and Mæander	For ever, one was wanting—thou.

SOCRATES TO ASPASIA

Yesterday an ugly young philosopher declared his passion for me . . . Pericles touched me on the side of Miletus, and Socrates came up to me straitforward from Prometheus. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

1.

HE who stole fire from heaven,
Long heav'd his bold and patient breast, 'twas riven
By the Caucasian bird and bolts of Jove.
Stolen that fire have I,
And am enchain'd to die
By every jealous Power that frowns above.

IN PERICLES AND ASPASIA

2.

I call not upon thee again
To hear my vows and calm my pain,
Who sittest high enthron'd
Where Venus rolls her gladsome star,
Propitious Love! But thou disown'd
By sire and mother, whoso'er they are,
Unblest in form and name, Despair!
Why dost thou follow that bright demon? why
His purest altar art thou always nigh?

10

I was sorry that Socrates should suffer so much for me . . . and wrote him this consolation. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

1.

O THOU who sittest with the wise,
And searchest higher lore,
And openest regions to their eyes
Unvisited before!
I'd run to loose thee if I cou'd,
Nor let the vulture taste thy
blood
But, pity! pity! Attic bee!
'Tis happiness forbidden me.

2.

Despair is not for good or wise,
And should not be for love; 10
We all must bear our destinies
And bend to those above.
Birds flying o'er the stormy seas
Alight upon their proper trees,
Yet wisest men not always know
Where they should stop, or
whither go.

5 cou'd] could 1846.

Alcibiades said he did not like them [Aspasia's verses to Socrates *v.s.*] at all and could write better himself . . . he not only wrote, but I fear . . . actually sent these. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

O SATYR-SON of Sophroniscus!
Would Alcon cut me an hibiscus,
I'd wield it as the goatherds do,
And swing thee a sound stroke or
two,

Bewilder, if thou canst, us boys,
Us, or the sophists, with thy toys
Thy *kalokagathons*—beware!
Keep to the good, and leave the
fair.

2 an] a 1846.

I find in all his [Hesiod's] writings but one verse worth transcribing . . . (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

"IN a soft meadow and on vernal flowers."

Hesiod, *Theog.* 279. [W.]

He [Pindar] never quite overcame his grandiloquence. The animals we call *half-asses* . . . he calls

"THE daughters of the tempest-footed steeds!"

(*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

Introduction. [Aristotle, *Rhet.* iii. 2, ascribes this line to Simonides. W.]

OCCASIONAL POEMS

CORINNA TO TANAGRA

From Athens

[Also printed without Introduction in 1859. See notes at end of volume.]

I will now transcribe for you an ode of Corinna to her native town. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

1.

TANAGRA! think not I forget
Thy beautifully - storied
streets ;

Be sure my memory bathes yet
In clear Thermodon, and yet
greet

The blythe and liberal shepherd-
boy,

Whose sunny bosom swells with
joy

When we accept his matted rushes
Upheav'd with sylvan fruit ; away
he bounds, and blushes.

2.

I promise to bring back with me
What thou with transport
wilt receive, 10

The only proper gift for thee,
Of which no mortal shall
bereave

In later times thy mouldering
walls,

Until the last old turret falls ;
A crown, a crown from Athens
won,

A crown no God can wear, beside
Latona's son.

3.

There may be cities who refuse
To their own child the hon-
ours due,

And look ungently on the Muse ;
But ever shall those cities rue

The dry, unyielding niggard
breast, 21

Offering no nourishment, no
rest,

To that young head which soon
shall rise

Disdainfully, in might and glory,
to the skies.

4.

Sweetly where cavern'd Dirce
flows

Do white-arm'd maidens
chaunt my lay,

Flapping the while with laurel-
rose

The honey-gathering tribes
away ;

And sweetly, sweetly, Attick
tongues

Lisp your Corinna's early songs ;
To her with feet more graceful
come 31

The verses that have dwelt in
kindred breasts at home.

5.

O let thy children lean aslant
Against the tender mother's
knee,

And gaze into her face, and want
To know what magic there
can be

In words that urge some eyes
to dance,

While others as in holy trance
Look up to heaven ; be such
my praise!

Why linger? I must haste, or lose
the Delphick bays. 40

9 I . . . me] A gift I promise: one I see 1846, 1859. 10 What] Which 1846, 1859.
29 Attick] Attic 1846, 1859. 40 Delphick] Delphic 1846, 1859.

IN PERICLES AND ASPASIA

[MIMNERMUS *incert.*]

Mimnermus . . . Take however the verses . . . Certainly they are his best. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

<p>I wish not Thasos rich in mines, Nor Naxos girt around with vines, Nor Crete nor Samos, the abodes Of those who govern men and Gods, Nor wider Lydia, where the sound Of tymbrels shakes the thymy ground, And with white feet and with hoofs cloven The dedal dance is spun and woven: Meanwhile each prying younger thing Is sent for water to the spring, 10</p>	<p>Under where red Priapus rears His club amid the junipers; In this whole world enough for me Is any spot the Gods decree; Albeit the pious and the wise Would tarry where, like mul- berries, In the first hour of ripeness fall The tender creatures, one and all. To take what falls with even mind Jove wills, and we must be resign'd. 20</p>
--	---

The best Ode of Sappho, the Ode to Anactoria,

"HAPPY as any God is he," &c.

shows the intemperance and disorder of passion. (*Cleone to Aspasia.*)

[SAPPHO TO ALCÆUS]

. . . when he renewed his suit to her after he had fled from battle . . . the only epigram attributed to her. (*Cleone to Aspasia.*)

HE who from battle runs away
 May pray and sing, and sing and pray;
 Nathless, Alcæus, howsoe'er
 Dulcet his song and warm his pray'r
 And true his vows of love may be,
 He ne'er shall run away with me.

HEGEMON TO PRAXINOE

His cousin Praxinoe, whom he was not aware of loving until she was betrothed to Callias. (*Cleone to Aspasia.*)

Is there any season, O my soul,
 When the sources of bitter tears dry up,
 And the uprooted flowers take their places again
 Along the torrent-bed?

OCCASIONAL POEMS

Could I wish to live, it would be for that season,
To repose my limbs and press my temples there.
But should I not speedily start away
In the hope to trace and follow thy steps!

Thou art gone, thou art gone, Praxinoe!
And hast taken far from me thy lovely youth, 10
Leaving me naught that was desirable in mine.
Alas! alas! what hast thou left me?

The helplessness of childhood, the solitude of age,
The laughter of the happy, the pity of the scorner,
A colourless and broken shadow am I,
Seen glancing in troubled waters.

My thoughts too are scattered; thou hast cast them off;
They beat against thee, they would cling to thee,
But they are viler than the loose dark weeds,
Without a place to root or rest in. 20

I would throw them across my lyre; they drop from it;
My lyre will sound only two measures;
That Pity will never, never come,
Or come to the sleep that awakeneth not unto her.

[BY CLEOBULINE OF LINDOS]

Cleobuline of Lindos . . . Her lover was Cynus of Colophon. (*Cleone to Aspasia.*)

WHERE is the swan of breast so white
It made my bubbling life run bright
On that one spot, and that alone,
On which he rested; and I stood
Gazing: now swells the turbid flood;
Summer and he for other climes are flown!

[FROM MYRTIS]

Here are two little pieces from Myrtis, autographs, from the library of Pericles.
(*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

ARTEMIA, while Arion sighs,
Raising her white and taper finger,
Pretends to loose, yet makes to linger,
The ivy that o'ershades her eyes.

“Wait, or you shall not have the kiss,”
Says she; but he, on wing to pleasure,
“Are there not other hours for leisure?
For love is any hour like this?”

10

Here is another, in the same hand, a very clear and elegant one (*same letter*).

These sounds have often
Burst from a troubled breast ;
Rarely from one no sighs could soften,
Rarely from one at rest.

The verses of Myrtis, which you sent me last, are somewhat less pleasing to me than those others of hers which I send you in return. (*Cleone to Aspasia.*)

When I came,
After the rest to visit her, she said,

10

Title From om. 1859.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

[MNASYLUS TO AGAPENTHE WITH A CAGE OF NIGHTINGALES]

Agapenthe's heart is won by Mnasylus. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

MAIDEN or youth, who standest here, Think not, if haply we should fear A stranger's voice or stranger's face,	Certain we are we ne'er should find A care so provident, so kind, Altho' by flight we repossess The tenderest mother's warmest nest. 10
(Such is the nature of our race, That we would gladly fly again To gloomy wood or windy plain.	O may you prove, as well as we, That even in Athens there may be A sweeter thing than liberty.

Title. Not in any ed.

[ALCIBIADES ON LOVE]

Said he: "attend and pity." . . . I shuddered. He repeated these, and relieved me. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

I LOVE to look on lovely eyes,
And do not shun the sound of sighs,
If they are level with the ear;
But if they rise just o'er my chin,
O Venus! how I hate their din!
My own I am too weak to bear.

[FROM A COMEDY]

WE are but pebbles in a gravel walk,
Some blacker and some whiter, pebbles still,
Fit only to be trodden on.

These words were introduced into a comedy by Polus . . . Polus and his friends had resolved to applaud the passage, and to turn their faces towards Pericles, I made him [Philonides the actor] a little present, on condition that . . . he should repeat the following verses in reply, instead of the poet's. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

. Fair Polus!
Can such fierce winds blow over such smooth seas!
I never saw a pebble in my life
So richly set as thou art: now, by Jove,
He who would tread upon thee can be none
Except the proudest of the elephants,
The tallest and the surest-footed beast
In all the stables of the kings of Ind.

[ODYSSEY XII. 184]

The Syrens sang

COME hither, O passer by! come hither,
O glory of the Achaians!

IN PERICLES AND ASPASIA

ALETHEIA TO PHRAORTES

[Also reprinted without prose in 1859.]

In searching the houses of such inhabitants [of Miletus] as were suspected of partiality to the interests of Lacedæmon, these verses were discovered. They bear the signature of *Aletheia* . . . She loved her deliverer; and . . . was slain for loving him. (*Cleone to Aspasia*.)

1.

PHRAORTES! where art thou?
The flames were panting after us, their darts
Had pierced to many hearts
Before the Gods, who heard nor prayers nor vow;

2.

Temples had sunk to earth, and other smoke
O'er riven altars broke
Than curled from myrrh and nard,
When like a God among
Arm'd host and unarm'd throng
Thee I discern'd, implored, and caught one brief regard. 10

3.

Thou passest: from thy side
Sudden two bowmen ride
And hurry me away.
Thou and all hope were gone . .
They loost me . . and alone
In a closed tent mid gory arms I lay.

4.

How did my tears then burn
When, dreading thy return,
Behold thee reappear!
Nor helm nor sword nor spear. . . 20

5.

In violet gold-hem'd vest
Thou camest forth; too soon!
Fallen at thy feet, claspt to thy breast,
I struggle, sob, and swoon.

6.

"O send me to my mother! . . bid her come,
And take my last farewell!
One blow! . . enough for both . . one tomb . .
'Tis there *our* happy dwell."

Sub-title After the sackage of Miletos added in 1859. 4 prayers] prayer 1846, 1859.
9 host] hosts 1846.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

7.

Thou orderest: call'd and gone
At once are they who breathe for thy command. 30
Thou stoodest nigh me, soothing every moan,
And pressing in both thine my hand,

8.

Then, and then only, when it tore
My hair to hide my face;
And gently did thy own bend o'er
The abject head war-doom'd to dire disgrace.

9.

Ionian was thy tongue,
And when thou badest me to raise
That head, nor fear in aught thy gaze,
I dared look up . . but dared not long. 40

10.

"Wait, maiden, wait! if none are here
Bearing a charm to charm a tear,
There may (who knows?) be found at last
Some solace for the sorrow past."

11.

My mother, ere the sounds had ceast,
Burst in, and drew me down:
Her joy o'erpowered us both, her breast
Covered lost friends and ruin'd town.

12.

Sweet thought! but yielding now
To many harsher! By what blow 50
Art thou dissevered from me? War,
That hath career'd too far,
Closeth his pinions . . "Come, Phraortes come
To thy fond friends at home!"

13.

Thus beckons Love . . Away then, wishes wild!
O may thy mother be as blest
As one whose eyes will sink to rest
Blessing thee for her rescued child!

30 are they] they are 1846.

IN PERICLES AND ASPASIA

14.

Ungenerous still my heart must be:
Throughout the young and festive train
Which thou revisitest again
May none be happier (this I fear) than she!

60

59 still] stil 1859.

Among a loose accumulation of poetry, the greater part excessively bad, the verses I am about to transcribe are perhaps the least so. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

LIFE passes not as some men say, If you will only urge his stay, And treat him kindly all the while. He flies the dizzy strife of towns, Cowers before thunder-bearing frowns, But freshens up again at song and smile.	Ardalia! we will place him here, And promise that nor sigh nor tear Shall ever trouble his repose. What precious seal will you impress To ratify his happiness? That rose thro' which you breathe —Come, bring that rose.
---	---

1 Life [? an error for Love. W.]

ERINNA TO LEUCONŒ

These I transcribe out of a little volume of Erinna. (*Cleone to Aspasia.*)

If comfort is unwelcome, can I think Reproof aught less will be! The cup I bring to cool thee, wilt thou drink, Fever'd Leuconœ?	Rather with Grief than Friendship wouldst thou dwell, Because Love smiles no more! Bent down by culling bitter herbs, to swell A cauldron that boils o'er.
---	---

Demophile, poor honest faithful creature! has yielded to her infirmities . . . my memory and love outlived her . . . I would not close my eyes to sleep until I had performed my promise. (*Cleone to Aspasia.*)

DEMOPHILE rests here: we will not say
That she was aged, lest ye turn away;
Nor that she long had suffered: early woes
Alone can touch you; go, and pity those!

Alas! how true are the words of the old poet. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

WE lose a life in every friend we lose,
And every death is painful but the last.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

[ASPASIA ON HER NURSE]

I often think of my beautiful nurse, Myrtale . . . My first verses were upon her . . .
Do you remember the lines? (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

MYRTALE! may heaven reward thee	One alone thou never heededst, I can boast that one alone;
For thy tenderness and care!	Grateful beats the heart thy
Dressing me in all thy virtues,	nursling,
Docile, duteous, gentle, fair.	Myrtale! 'tis all thy own.

7 nursling] nurseling 1846, 1876.

[TO ASPASIA PLAYING THE HARP]

[Sent in a letter to Lady Blessington, April 25, 1835. Printed in *The Blessington Papers*, 1895.]

I believe he [Pericles] composed these verses while I was playing; although he disowns them. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

COME sprinkle me soft musick o'er the breast,
Bring me the varied colours into light
That now obscurely on its tablet rest,
Shew me its flowers and figures fresh and bright.

Waked at thy voice and touch, again the chords
Restore what restless years had moved away,
Restore the glowing cheeks, the tender words,
Youth's short-lived spring and Pleasure's summer-day.

3 tablet] marble 1895. 6 restless] envious 1895. 8 short-lived spring] vernal morn 1895.

[ASPASIA'S SONG]

You remember my old song: it was this I had been playing. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

THE reeds were green the other day,	“What is it like?” my mother said,
Among the reeds we loved to play,	And laid her hand upon my head;
We loved to play while they	“Mother! I cannot tell indeed.
were green.	I've thought of all hard things I
The reeds are hard and yellow now,	know,
No more their tufted heads they	I've thought of all the yellow
bow	too;
To beckon us behind the scene.	It only can be like the reed.”

[FROM HESIOD]

We were conversing on oratory and orators, when Anaxagoras said . . . “They are described by Hesiod in two verses, which he applies to himself and the poets. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

LIES very like the truth we tell,
And, when we wish it, truth as well.

Title. Hesiod, Theog., 27-8.

IN PERICLES AND ASPASIA

[WAR]

The war is very popular at Athens: I daresay it is equally so at Samos . . . Nothing pleases men like renewing their ancient alliance with the brutes. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

WAR is it, O grave heads! that ye
With stern and stately pomp decree?
Inviting all the Gods from far
To join you in the game of war!
Have ye then lived so many years
To find no purer joy than tears?
And seek ye now the highest good
In strife, in anguish, and in blood?
Your wisdom may be more than ours,
But you have spent your golden hours,
And have methinks but little right
To make the happier fret and fight.
Ah! when will come the calmer day
When these dark clouds shall pass away?
When (should two cities disagree)
The young, the beauteous, and the free,
Rushing with all their force, shall meet,
And struggle with embraces sweet,
Til they who may have suffer'd most
Give in, and own the battle lost'.

20

There are few words in the precept,

GIVE pleasure: receive it:
Avoid giving pain: avoid receiving it.

For the duller scholar . . . she [Philosophy] cuts each line in the middle, and tells him kindly that it will serve the purpose. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

LITTLE AGLÆE, TO HER FATHER, ON HER STATUE BEING CALLED LIKE HER

I have leisure to write out what perhaps may be the very last verses written in Miletus, unless we are relieved. (*Cleone to Aspasia.*)

FATHER! the little girl we see
Is not, I fancy, so like me . . .
You never hold her on your knee.
When she came home the other day
You kist her, but I cannot say
She kist you first and ran away.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

[FOR AN EPITAPH]

(*Aspasia to Cleone.*) Among the Grecian colonies in Italy . . . one petty tyrant has . . . imprisoned, exiled, and murdered the best citizens. . . . The tyrant, we hear, is sickening, and many epitaphs are already composed for him; the shortest is,

THE pigmy despot Mutinas lies here!
He was not godless; no: his God was Fear.

[BACCHUS]

Him whom the poet calls in his dithyrambick,

The tiger-borne and mortal-mothered God.
(*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

THE IAMBICKS OF HEPHÆSTION

[Also reprinted without prose in 1859.]

Hephæstion . . . is going to Italy, and has written this poem on the eve of his departure. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

SPEAK not too ill of me, Athenian friends!
Nor ye, Athenian sages, speak too ill!
From others of all tribes am I secure.
I leave your confines: none whom you caress,
Finding me hungry and athirst, shall dip
Into Cephissus the grey bowl to quench
My thirst, or break the horny bread, and scoop
Stiffly around the scanty vase, wherewith
To gather the hard honey at the sides,
And give it me for having heard me sing. 10
Sages and friends! a better cause remains
For wishing no black sail upon my mast.
'Tis, friends and sages! lest, when other men
Say words a little gentler, ye repent,
Yet be forbidden by stern pride to share
The golden cup of kindness, pushing back
Your seats, and gasping for a draught of scorn.
Alas! shall this too, never lackt before,
Be, when you most would crave it, out of reach!
Thus, on the plank, now Neptune is invoked, 20
I warn you of your peril: I *must* live,
And ye, O friends! howe'er unwilling, *may*.

Title. Iambics . . . 1846. A Poet leaving Athens 1859.
1859. 19 reach!] reach ? 1859.

6 Cephissus] Cephisos

IN PERICLES AND ASPASIA

ODE TO ASTERÖESSA

I am quite uncertain whether you know the Ode to Asteröessa. (*Cleone to Aspasia.*)

1.

ASTERÖESSA! many bring
The vows of verse and blooms of spring
To crown thy natal day.
Lo, *my* vow too amid the rest!
"Ne'er mayst thou sigh from that white breast,
O take them all away!"

2.

For there are cares and there are wrongs,
And withering eyes and venom'd tongues;
They now are far behind;
But come they must: and every year
Some flowers decay, some thorns appear,
Whereof these gifts remind.

10

3.

Cease, raven, cease! nor scare the dove
With croak around and swoop above;
Be peace, be joy, within!
Of all that hail this happy tide
My verse alone be cast aside!
Lyre! cimbal! dance! begin!

18 cimbal] cymbal 1846.

The weather . . . is neither bright nor serene . . . And yet on the whole,

HAPPY to me has been the day,
The shortest of the year,
Though some, alas! are far away
Who made the longest yet more brief appear.
(*Cleone to Aspasia.*)

[BY A CARIAN POET]

I cannot end my letter in a pleasanter way than with a copy of these verses. (*Cleone to Aspasia.*)

1.

PERILLA! to thy fates resign'd,
Think not what years are gone,
While Atalanta lookt behind
The golden fruit roll'd on.

2.

Albeit a mother may have lost
The plaything at her breast,
Albeit the one she cherisht most,
It but endears the rest.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

3.

Youth, my Perilla, clings on Hope,
And looks into the skies 10
For brighter day; she fears to
cope
With grief, she shrinks at sighs.

4.

Why should the memory of the
past
Make you and me complain?
Come, as we could not hold it fast
We'll play it o'er again.

There are odes in Alcæus which the pen would stop at, trip at, or leap over . . . this among them. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

1.

WORMWOOD and rue be on his
tongue
And ashes on his head,
Who chills the feast and checks
the song
With emblems of the dead!

His sacred rites shall Bacchus
have,
Unspared and undivided.

2.

By young and jovial, wise and brave,
Such mummers are derided.

3.

Cought by my friends, I fear no
mask
Impending from above, 10
I only fear the later flask
That holds me from my love.

A MORAL

[Sent in a letter to Lady Blessington, March 16, 1835. Printed without prose in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837, and *Book of Beauty*, 1841. Printed in *The Blessington Papers*, 1895.]

He [Anaxagoras] came into the library, and, to my great surprise, brought me these verses. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

PLEASURES! away; they please no more.
Friends! are they what they were before?
Loves! they are very idle things,
The best about them are their wings.
The dance! 'tis what the bear can do;
Musick! I hate your musick too.

Whene'er these witnesses that Time
Hath snatcht the chaplet from our prime,
Are call'd by Nature, as we go
With eye more wary, step more slow, 10
And will be heard and noted down,
However we may fret or frown,
Shall we desire to leave the scene
Where all our former joys have been?

Title. So in 1837. LINES. By Walter Savage Landor, Esq. 1841. *Other edd. om.*
title. 4 them] 'em 1837, 1895. 10 eye] eyes 1895.

IN PERICLES AND ASPASIA

No, 'twere ungrateful and unwise . .
But when die down our charities
For human weal and human woes,
Then is the time our eyes should close.

18 Then . . . time our eyes] Then . . . hour our day 1841. 'Tis then the hour our days 1895.

ODE TO MILETUS

[Also reprinted without prose in 1859.]

You must be dull enough after so much of history and of politicks . . . Take your harp. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

1.

MAIDEN there was whom Jove
Illuded into love,
Happy and pure was she;
Glorious from her the shore became,
And Helle lifted up her name
To shine eternal o'er the river-sea.

2.

And many tears are shed
Upon thy bridal-bed,
Star of the swimmer in the lonely night!
Who with unbraided hair
Wipedst a breast so fair,
Bounding with toil, more bounding with delight.

10

3.

But they whose prow hath past thy straits
And, ranged before Byzantion's gates,
Bring to the Gods of sea the victim due,
Even from the altar raise their eyes,
And drop the chalice with surprise,
And at such grandour have forgotten you.

4.

At last there swells the hymn of praise . .
And who inspires those sacred lays?
"The founder of the walls ye see."
What human power could elevate
Those walls, that citadel, that gate?
"Miletus, O my sons! was he."

20

15 Gods] God 1846, 1859. 18 grandour] grandeur 1859. 24 Miletus] Miletos 1859
(though not elsewhere).

OCCASIONAL POEMS

5.

Hail then, Miletus! hail beloved town
Parent of me and mine!
But let not power alone be thy renown,
Nor chiefs of ancient line,

6.

Nor visits of the Gods, unless
They leave their thoughts below, 30
And teach us that we most should bless
Those to whom most we owe.

7.

Restless is Wealth; the nerves of Power
Sink, as a lute's in rain:
The Gods lend only for an hour
And then call back again

8.

All else than Wisdom; she alone,
In Truth's or Virtue's form,
Descending from the starry throne
Thro' radiance and thro' storm, 40

9.

Remains as long as godlike men
Afford her audience meet,
Nor Time nor War tread down agen
The traces of her feet.

10.

Always hast thou, Miletus, been the friend,
Protector, guardian, father, of the wise;
Therefore shall thy dominion never end
Til Fame, despoil'd of voice and pinion, dies.

11.

With favoring shouts and flowers thrown fast behind,
Arctinus ran his race 50
No wanderer he, alone and blind . .
And Melesander was untorn by Thrace.

43 agen] again 1846, 1859. 49 favoring] favouring 1846, 1859. 50 Arctinus] Arctinos 1859.

IN PERICLES AND ASPASIA

12.

There have been, but not here,
Rich men who swept aside the royal feast
On child's or bondman's breast,
Bidding the wise and aged disappear.

13.

Revere the aged and the wise,
Aspasia . . but thy sandal is not worn
To trample on these things of scorn . .
By his own sting the fire-bound scorpion dies.

60

Polynices, a fishmonger . . . grown rich . . . was represented on the stage as aiming at supreme power, riding upon a dolphin . . . and singing,

I, WHOM ye see so high on
A dolphin's back, am not Arion,
But (should the favoring breezes blow me faster)
Cecropians! by the Gods! . . your master!

(*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

3 favoring] favouring 1846.

I will transcribe a few lines on the old subject, which, like old fountains, is inexhaustible. (*Cleone to Aspasia.*)

ERINNA TO LOVE

1.

Who breathes to thee the holiest prayer,
O Love! is ever least thy care.
Alas! I may not ask thee why 'tis so . .
Because a fiery scroll I see
Hung at the throne of Destiny,
Reason with Love and register with Woe.

2.

Few question thee, for thou art strong
And, laughing loud at right and wrong,
Seizest, and dashest down, the rich, the poor;
Thy scepter's iron studs alike
The meaner and the prouder strike,
And wise and simple fear thee and adore.

10

10 scepter's] sceptre's 1846.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

[SAPPHO *incert.*]

Among the poems of Sappho I find the following, but written in a different hand from the rest. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

SWEET girls! upon whose breast that God descends
Whom first ye pray to come, and next to spare,
O tell me whither now his course he bends,
Tell me what hymn shall thither waft my prayer!
Alas! my voice and lyre alike he flies,
And only in my dreams, nor kindly then, replies.

SAPPHO TO HESPERUS

Instead of expatiating on the merits of the verses you last sent me . . . I venture to hope . . . these others are of equal authenticity. (*Cleone to Aspasia.*)

1.

I HAVE beheld thee in the morning hour
A solitary star, with thankless eyes,
Ungrateful as I am! who bade thee rise
When sleep all night had wandered from my bower.

2.

Can it be true that thou art he
Who shinest now above the sea
Amidst a thousand, but more bright?
Ah yes, the very same art thou
That heard me then, and hearest now . .
Thou seemest, star of love, to throb with light.

10

Sappho is not the only poetess who has poured forth her melodies to Hesperus . . . I much prefer these of hers to what appear to have been written by some confident man, and (no doubt) on a feigned occasion.

1.

HESPERUS, hail! thy winking light
Best befriends the lover,
Whom the sadder Moon for spite
Gladly would discover.

2.

Thou art fairer far than she,
Fairer far, and chaster:
She may guess who smiled on me,
I know who embraced her.

3.

Pan of Arcady . . 'twas Pan,
In the tamarisk-bushes . . 10
Bid her tell thee, if she can,
Where were then her blushes.

4.

And, were I inclined to tattle,
I could name a second,
Whom asleep with sleeping cattle
To her cave she beckon'd.

IN PERICLES AND ASPASIA

5.

Hesperus, hail! thy friendly ray
 Watches o'er the lover,
 Lest the nodding leaves betray,
 Lest the Moon discover. 20

7.

What she heard, and half espied
 By the gleam, she doubted,
 And with arms uplifted, cried
How they must have sprouted!

6.

Phryne heard my kisses given
 Acte's rival bosom . .
'Twas the buds, I swore by heaven,
Bursting into blossom.

8.

Hesperus, hail again! thy light
 Best befriends the lover, 30
 Whom the sadder Moon for spite
 Gladly would discover.

[ON A STATUE]

Overlooking the fountain of Arethusa there is a statue of Eschylus. An Athenian . . . wrote these verses at the base. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

STRANGER! Athenian hands adorn	Proud are we, but we place no
A bard thou knowest well.	pride
Ah! do not ask where he was	On good, or wise, or brave;
born,	Hence what Cephissus had denied
For we must blush to tell.	<i>'Twas Arethusa gave.</i>

You remember the story of a barbarous king, who would have kept the Muses in captivity. His armoury furnished an enemy of the poet Lysis with these materials for skirmishing. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

TO LYSIS

A CURSE upon the king of old	Lysis! aware he meant them ill,
Who would have kidnapt all	Birds they became, and flew
the Muses!	away . .
Whether to barter them for gold	Thy Muse alone continues still
Or keep them for his proper uses.	A titmouse to this very day.

1 the king [*Pyrenæus of Thrace. See Ovid, Met. v. 274. W.*]

INSCRIPTION ON A PLINTH IN THE GARDEN OF MNESTHEUS AT LAMPSACUS

The best inscription I have found. (*Anaxagoras to Pericles.*)

YOUNGSTERS! who write false names, and slink behind
 The honest garden-god to hide yourselves,
 Take heed unto your ways! the worshipful
 Requires from all upright straitforwardness.

4 straitforwardness] straightforwardness 1846.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

Away, away then subterfuge with him!
I would not chide severely; nor would he,
Unless ye thwart him; for alike we know
Ye are not childisher than elder folk,
Who piously (in doing ill) believe
That every God sees every man . . but one.

10

Behold, O Aspasia! I send you verses. (*Anaxagoras to Aspasia.*)

1.

BEAUTY! thou art a wanderer on the earth,
And hast no temple in the fairest ile
Or city over-sea, where Wealth and Mirth
And all the Graces, all the Muses, smile.

2.

Yet these have always nurst thee, with such fond,
Such lasting love, that they have followed up
Thy steps thro' every land, and placed beyond
The reach of thirsty Time thy nectar-cup.

3.

Thou art a wanderer, Beauty! like the rays
That now upon the platan, now upon
The sleepy lake, glance quick or idly gaze,
And now are manifold and now are none.

10

4.

I have call'd, panting, after thee, and thou
Hast turn'd and lookt and said some pretty word,
Parting the hair, perhaps, upon my brow,
And telling me none ever was prefer'd.

5.

In more than one bright form hast thou appear'd,
In more than one sweet dialect hast thou spoken:
Beauty! thy spells the heart within me heard,
Griev'd that they bound it, grieves that they are broken.

19

2 ile] isle 1846.

IN PERICLES AND ASPASIA

These are scratched under the preceding. (*Anaxagoras to Aspasia.*)

I HAVE some merit too, old man!
And show me greater if you can.
I always took what Beauty gave,
Nor, when she snatcht it back, lookt grave.
Us modest youths it most beseems
To drink from out the running streams:
Love on their banks delights to dwell . . .
The bucket of the household well
He never tugs at, thinking fit
Only to quench his torch in it.
Shameless old fellow! do you boast
Of conquests upon every coast?
I, O ye Gods! should be content
(Yea, after all the sighs I've spent,
The sighs, and, what is yet more hard,
The minas, talents, gone in nard!)
With only one: I would confine
Meekly this homesick heart of mine
'Twixt Lampsacus and Hammon's shrine.

10

I have found eight verses, of which I send you the four last. (*Cleone to Aspasia.*)

THE thorns that pierce most deep are prest
Only the closer to the breast:
To dwell on them is now relief,
And tears alone are balm to grief!

You perhaps will like these better, Aspasia, though very unlike in sentiment and expression.

1.

PYRRHA! your smiles are gleams of sun
That after one another run
Incessantly, and think it fun.

2.

Pyrrha! your tears are short sweet rain
That glimmering on the flower-lit plain
Zephyrs kiss back to heaven again.

3.

Pyrrha! both anguish me: do please
To shed but (if you wish me ease)
Twenty of those, and two of these.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

Such are the rulers of the world! Well hath it been said by some old poet. (*Anaxagoras to Aspasia.*)

MEN let themselves slide onward by degrees
Into the depths of madness; one bold spring
Back from the verge, had saved them . . but it seems
There dwells rare joy within it!

O thou Sire
Of Gods and mortals, let the blighting cloud
Pass over me! O grant me wholesome rest
And innocent uprisings, although call'd
The only madman on thy reeling earth!

I had looked in my garden for some anemones . . . usually they appear in spring; so does poetry. I will present to you a little of both. (*Anaxagoras to Aspasia.*)

WHERE are the blooms of many dyes
That used in every path to rise?
Whither are gone the lighter hours?
What leave they? . . I can only send
My wisest, loveliest, latest friend
These weather-worn and formless flowers.

[DEATH OF ÆSCHYLUS]

The verses I shall presently write out for you . . . are composed, as you will perceive, in the broadest Dorian, on the extraordinary death of Eschylus. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

1.
BARD of Eleusis! art thou dead
So strangely! can it be
An eagle dropt upon thy head
A tortoise? no, not he.

They meant the eagle by the bard,
But placed the creature wrong.

2.
They who devised the fable,
marr'd
The moral of their song:

3.
Quickest in courts those ever
move
Whom nature made most slow:
Tortoise wears plumes and springs
above
While eagle moults below.

CLEONE TO ASPASIA

You build your nest, Aspasia, like the swallow,
Bringing a little on the bill at once,
And fixing it attentively and fondly,
And trying it, and then from your soft breast
Warming it with the inmost of the plumage.

IN PERICLES AND ASPASIA

Nests there are many, of this very year
 Many the nests are, which the winds shall shake,
 The rains run thro', and other birds beat down;
 Yours, O Aspasia! rests against the temple
 Of heavenly Love, and thence inviolate,
 It shall not fall this winter nor the next.

10

Title Cleone to Aspasia 1846. Aspasia to Cleone wrongly 1836.

[The following poems were added to *Pericles and Aspasia* when reprinted in *Works*, 1846.]

Our farmers . . . entertain a firm belief that any soil is rendered more fertile by burying an ass's head in it. On this idea is founded the epigram I send you. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

LEAVE me thy head when thou art dead,
 Speusippus! Prudent farmers say
 An ass's skull makes plentiful
 The poorest soil; and ours is clay.

THE DEATH OF ARTEMIDORA

[Another version (B) without prose also published among *Hellenics* in *Works*, 1846, and so reprinted 1847, 1859. Text *Pericles and Aspasia*, 1846.]

Artemidora of Ephesus was betrothed to Elpenor, and their nuptials . . . were at hand . . . On these occasions there are always many verses but not always so true in feeling . . . as those which I shall now transcribe for you. (*Cleone to Aspasia.*)

"ARTEMIDORA! Gods invisible,
 While thou art lying faint along the couch,
 Have tied the sandal to thy veined feet,
 And stand beside thee, ready to convey
 Thy weary steps where other rivers flow.
 Refreshing shades will waft thy weariness
 Away, and voices like thine own come nigh,
 Soliciting, nor vainly, thy embrace."
 Artemidora sigh'd, and would have press'd
 The hand now pressing hers, but was too weak.
 Fate's shears were over her dark hair unseen
 While thus Elpenor spake: he look'd into
 Eyes that had given light and life erewhile
 To those above them, those now dim with tears
 And watchfulness. Again he spake of joy

10

Title. Not in Pericles and Aspasia, 1846.

3 veined] slender 1846 (B), 1847, 1859. 7 thine . . . nigh] thy . . . near 1846 (B), 1847, 1859. 8 Soliciting . . . thy] And nearer, and solicit an 1846 (B), 1847, 1859. 11 Fate's . . . were] Iris stood 1846 (B), 1847, 1859. 14 those now] but now 1846 (B), 1847, 1859. 15 watchfulness] wakefulness 1846 (B), 1847, 1859.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

Eternal. At that word, that sad word, *joy*,
 Faithful and fond her bosom heav'd once more,
 Her head fell back: one sob, one loud deep sob
 Swell'd through the darkened chamber; 'twas not hers:
 With her that old boat incorruptible, 20
 Unwearied, undiverted in its course,
 Had plash'd the water up the farther strand.

18 one sob, one] and now a 1846 (B), 1847, 1859. ll. 20-2 om. 1846 (B), 1847, 1859.

It is difficult and unsafe to pick up a pearl dropped by Alcman . . . Here however is one . . . (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

"So pure my love is, I could light
 The torch on Aglae's wedding-night,
 Nor bend its flame with sighs,
 See, from beneath, her chamber-door
 Unclose, and bridemaids trip before,
 With undejected eyes."

Cupid stood near and heard this said,
 And full of malice shook his head,
 Then cried "I'll trust him when he swears
 He can not mount the first three stairs; 10
 Even then I'll take one look below
 And see with my own eyes 'tis so."

Even Mimnermus . . . is irreproachable in these verses, which he appears to have written in the decline of life. (*Same letter and repeated with another introduction in a later one.*)

LOVE ran with me, then walk'd, then sate,
 Then said "*Come, come! it grows too late:*"
 And then he would have gone . . but . . no . .
 You caught his eye; he could not go.

From Athens you shall have nothing that is not Attic. I wish I could always give you the names of the authors. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

Look at that fountain! Gods around
 Sit and enjoy its liquid sound,
 Come, come: why should not we draw near?
 Let them look on: they can not hear.
 But if they envy what we do,
 Say, have not Gods been happy too?

4 can] will *MS. emendation.*

IN PERICLES AND ASPASIA

The following were composed on a picture in which Cupid is represented tearing a rose-bud. (*Same letter.*)

AN Cupid! Cupid let alone	Far distant be the hour!
That bud above the rest:	If the sweet bloom (so tinged with
The Graces wear it in their zone,	fire
Thy mother on her breast.	From thy own torch) must die,
Does it not grieve thee to destroy	Let it, O generous Love! expire
So beautiful a flower?	Beneath a lover's sigh. 12
If thou must do it, cruel boy,	

A FAUN TO ERIOPIS

[Published in 1846.]

Eriopis, a Wood-nymph, who had permitted a kiss, and was sorry for it. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

TELL me, Eriopis, why	To admire it overspread
Lies in shade that languid eye?	Swiftly with pellucid red,
Hast thou caught the hunter's	Nor shall broad and slender feet
shout	Under fruit-laid table meet.
Far from Dian, and without	Doth not he already know
Any sister nymph to say	All thy wandering, all thy woe?
Whither leads the downward	Come! to weep is now in vain,
way?	I will lead thee back again.
Trust me: never be afraid	Slight and harmless was the slip
Of thy Faun, my little maid!	That but soil'd the sadden'd lip.
He will never call thee <i>Dear</i> ,	Now the place is shown to me 21
Press thy finger, pinch thy ear, 10	Peace and safety shall there be.

CLEONE TO ASPASIA

[Also reprinted without prosé in 1859.]

Now here are the worse verses for the better, the Milesian for the Attic. (*Cleone to Aspasia.*)

WE mind not how the sun in the mid-sky
Is hastening on; but when the golden orb
Strikes the extreme of earth, and when the gulphs
Of air and ocean open to receive him,
Dampness and gloom invade us; then we think
Ah! thus it is with Youth. Too fast his feet
Run on for sight; hour follows hour; fair maid
Succeeds fair maid; bright eyes bestar his couch;
The cheerful horn awakens him; the feast,
The revel, the entangling dance, allure,

10

Title. Not in 1846. 6 it is] is it 1859.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

And voices mellow than the Muse's own
Heave up his buoyant bosom on their wave.
A little while, and then . . . Ah Youth! dear Youth!
Listen not to my words . . . but stay with me!
When thou art gone, Life may go too; the sigh
That follows is for thee, and not for Life.

12 Heave] Heap *text*, Heave *corrigenda* 1859. 13 dear Youth] Youth! Youth
1859. 16 follows] rises 1859.

The two pieces I am about to transcribe . . . I find them among the collections of Pericles, but am ignorant of the authors. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

FAR from the harp's and from the singer's noise,
The bird of Pallas lights on ruin'd towers.
I know a wing that flaps o'er girls and boys
To harp and song and kiss in myrtle bowers;
When age is come, I too will sit apart,
While age is absent, *that* shall fan my heart.

CUPID AND LIGEIA

CUPID had played some wicked trick one day
On sharp Ligeia; and I heard her say,
"You little rogue! you ought to be unsexed."
He was as spiteful tho' not quite so vexed,
And said (but held half-shut the folding-doors)
"Ah then my beard will never grow like yours!"

[KISSES]

The lines below are none of my composition, as you may well imagine from my character. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

THERE is in kisses a delight;
A fragrance of the wine
Quaft by the happier in the genial night
Is there; may these be mine!

What said I? empty kisses? none are empty.
Gods! all the just who give
That graceful feast from every grief exempt ye!
Blest, honour'd, grant they live!

1 kisses] empty kisses *MS. emendation.*

IN PERICLES AND ASPASIA

Niconœ was awarded by her judge Priapos the prize of beauty . . . In return for this favourable decision she dedicated to him a golden ewer and a fawn-skin. A poet . . . wrote this epigram. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

<p>NICONŒ is inclined to deck Thy ruddy shoulder and thick neck With her own fawn-skin, Lamp- sacene! Beside, she brings a golden ewer To cool thy hands in, very sure Among what herbage they have been.</p>	<p>Ah! thou hast wicked leering eyes, And any maiden were unwise Who should invest thee face to face; Therefore she does it from behind, And blesses thee, so just and kind 11 In giving her the prize for grace.</p>
---	--

Here are some others, I believe by Erinna herself, but I find inscribed on them
Address to Erinna. (Same letter.)

AY, shun the dance and shun the grape,
Erinna! thou shalt not escape.
Idle the musing maid who thinks
To lie unseen by sharp-eyed lynx
Where Bacchus, god of joy and truth,
Hunts with him, hunts for bashful youth.
So take the thyrsus if you please,
And come and join the Mœnades.

8 Mœnades] *misp. for Mænades.*

A poem . . . If you have forgotten it, let me bring it back again. (*Cleone to Aspasia.*)

AH! what a blessed privilege it is
To stand upon this insulated rock
On the north side of youth! I see below
Many at labour, many at a game
Than labour more laborious, wanting breath
And crying *help!* What now! what vexes them?
Only a laughing maid and winged boy,
Obstinate boy indeed, who will not shoot
His other arrow, having shot the first.
Where is the harm in this? yet they meanwhile 10
Make all the air about them pant with sobs,
And with one name weary poor Echo down.

Youth, like the aloe, blossoms but once, and its flower springs from the midst of
thorns: but see . . . to what height the aloe-flower rises over them: be not surprised
by it. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

ON love, on grief, on every human thing,
Time sprinkles Lethe's water with his wing.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

I would be grave, Cleone! . . . but really there is no harm in laughing at children and old women. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

"WHAT art thou doing with those shears?"

I shouted in an urchin's ears,
Who notched them and who made them grate,
While three old women near him sate,
And scowl'd at every scratch they heard,
But never said a single word.

In a dark corner thus all three
Sate with an elbow on the knee,
And three blue fingers held their tips
Imprest on three still bluer lips.

10

Although the froward boy I chid
Did not (boys will not) what was bid,
His countenance was not malign
As that was of the elder trine.

"Look at those frightful ones!" he said,
And each one shook her thin-hair'd head.

"Nay, never fear the angry crones" . .
Said he; and each replied with groans.

"They are all vicious; for they knew
That what I did I did for you,

20

Contemplating the fairest maid
That ever with my bow has play'd.
Crones! by my help your shears have got
A set of teeth, which you have not.
Come! come! Death's bridesmaids! snip as fast
As snip ye may, her years shall last
In spite of you, her beauty bloom
On this side and beyond the tomb:
I swear by Styx."

"And I by thee,"

Cried I, "that what thou sayest shall be."

30

IN "THE PENTAMERON AND PENTALOGIA"

[Published in 1837; reprinted in *Works*, 1846.]

[OLD LETTERS]

Petrarca. Ours are commemorative of no reproaches, and laden with no regrets.
Far from us,

WITH drooping wing the spell-bound spirit moves
O'er flickering friendships and extinguisht loves.

IN THE PENTAMERON

[Verses transferred in 1846 to *A Mother's Tale*, vol. iii, p. 7.]

Petrarca. What a year was Rienzi's last to me! . . . Visionary as was the flash of his glory, there was another more truly so, which this, my second great loss and sorrow, opened again before me:

NOR youth nor age nor virtue can avoid
Miseries that fly in darkness through the world,
Striking at random, irremissibly,
Until our sun sinks through the waves, until
The golden brim melts from its brightest cloud,
And all that we have seen hath disappeared.

Introduction. [Rienzi, crowned as Tribune August 1347, abdicated and fled from Rome December 15, 1347. Petrarca's Laura died April 6, 1348. W.]

Petrarca. When youth and comeliness and pleasantry are departed,
Who would desire to spend the following day
Among the extinguisht lamps, the faded wreaths,
The dust and desolation left behind?

Petrarca. Teque sibi generum Tethys *emat omnibus undis* ?
Boccaccio. . . . What indiscretion! and at her time of life too!

TETHYS then really, most gallant Cæsar!
If you would only condescend to please her,
With all her waves would your good graces buy,
And you should govern all the Isle of Skie.

Introduction. [See Virgil, *Georgics*, i. 31. W.]

[PURE LOVE]

Boccaccio. There is something so sweetly sanctifying in pure love!
Petrarca.

PURE love? there is no other; nor shall be,
Till the worse angels hurl the better down
And heaven lie under hell: if God is one
And pure, so surely love is pure and one.

Boccaccio. You understand it better than I do: you must have your own way.

THE PILGRIM'S SHELL

[Also printed without prose in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837. Supposed in *The Pentameron* to be recited by Boccaccio.]

UNDER a tuft of eglantine, at noon,
I saw a pilgrim loosen his broad shell
To catch the water off a stony tongue;
Medusa's it might be, or Pan's, erewhile,
For the huge head was shapeless, eaten out

5 shapeless . . . out] without form and void, *Ablett.*

OCCASIONAL POEMS

By time and tempest here, and here embost
With clasping tangles of dark maidenhair.

"How happy is thy thirst! how soon assuaged!
How sweet that coldest water this hot day!"

Whispered my thoughts; not having yet observ'd 10
His shell so shallow and so chipt around.

Tall though he was, he held it higher, to meet

The sparkler at its outset: with fresh leap,

Vigorous as one just free upon the world,

Impetuous too as one first checkt, with stamp

Heavy as ten such sparklers might be deemed,

Rusht it amain, from cavity and rim

And rim's divergent channels, and dropt thick

(Issuing at wrist and elbow) on the grass.

The pilgrim shook his head, and fixing up 20
His scallop,

"There is something yet," said he,

"Too scanty in this world for my desires!"

For ll. 6-7 Ablett substitutes

With many holes, nor few excrescences,

And shaggy maiden-hair clung close about.

9 this . . . day] dropt from high *Ablett.* 11 around] all round *Ablett.* 12 though
... higher] as ... up *Ablett.* 16 might . . . deemed] could be thought *Ablett.* 22
this] the *Ablett.*

[MORAL]

Petrarca. Oh, Giovanni! these are better thoughts and opportuner than such lonely places formerly supplied us with . . . we sometimes found other images: sometimes the pure fountain failed in bringing purity to the heart.

UNHOLY fire sprang up in fields and woods,

The air that fann'd it, came from solitudes.

Petrarca. There are indeed, for nearly all,

Rocks on the shore wherefrom we launch on life,

Before our final harbour rocks again,

And (narrow sun-paced plains sailed swiftly by)

Eddies and breakers all the space between.

[NIGHTINGALE]

Petrarca. We are not old while we can hear and enjoy, as much as ever,

THE lonely bird, the bird of even-song,

When, catching one far call, he leaps elate,

In his full fondness drowns it, and again

The shrill shrill glee through Serravalle rings.

IN THE PENTAMERON

[PLEASURE]

Petrarca. If Laura and Fiametta were allegorical, they could inspire no tenderness in our readers, and little interest. But, alas! these are no longer the days to dwell on them.

LET human art exert her utmost force,
Pleasure can rise no higher than its source ;
And there it ever stagnates where the ground
Beneath it, O Giovanni! is unsound.

DEPARTURE FROM FIAMETTA

Boccaccio. You have given me a noble quotation; for which I can only offer you such a string of beads as I am used to carry about with me . . .

WHEN go I must, as well she knew,	So from her cheek upon my head
And neither yet could say adieu,	It falling on the neck behind,
Sudden was my Fiametta's fear	Hung on the hair she oft had
To let me see or feel a tear.	twined. 10
It could but melt my heart away,	Thus thought she, and her arm's
Nor add one moment to my stay,	soft strain
But it was ripe and would be shed . .	Claspt it, and down it fell again.

Introduction. quotation] quaternion 1846. 9 It] It, 1846.

[DANTE]

Boccaccio. Among men he is what among waters is

THE strange, mysterious, solitary Nile.

[LINES BY BOCCACCIO]

The morning [of the fifth day] was warm and sunny; and it is known that on this occasion he composed the verses below.

MY old familiar cottage-green!
I see once more thy pleasant sheen ;
The gossamer suspended over
Smart celandine by lusty clover ;
And the last blossom of the plum
Inviting her first leaves to come ;
Which hang a little back, but show
'Tis not their nature to say no.
I scarcely am in voice to sing
How graceful are the steps of Spring ;
And ah! it makes me sigh to look
How leaps along my merry brook,
The very same to-day, as when
He chirrup first to maids and men.

10

OCCASIONAL POEMS

[MORAL]

Petrarca. The sight of the green turf reminds me rather of its ultimate use and destination.

FOR many serves the parish pall,
The turf in common serves for all.

[BOCCACCIO'S DREAM]

Petrarca. Love, O Giovanni, and life itself, are but dreams at best. I do think

NEVER so gloriously was Sleep attended
As with the pageant of that heavenly maid.

[Given as translation of an Italian couplet quoted in appendix to *The Pentameron*.

Nor did the thunderings of a cloudy mind
Trouble so limpid and serene a water.

IN "HIGH AND LOW LIFE IN ITALY"

[Published in *The Monthly Repository*, September 1837 to April 1838.]

PRINCE CORSINI'S GIFT

[September 1837]

The minister, Don Neri Corsini, gave to the Duchess of Conegliaro (a lovely little woman, the wife of his nephew) a massy piece of plate. Upon which occasion the following verses were written . . .

POET.

HAVE you been yet to see the piece
Of plate Don Neri gave his niece?
If that suspicious stare says *no*,
Willing or loth you needs must go.

FRIEND.

A niece as pretty as a fairy
Could squeeze out nothing from Don Neri;
Not an old shoe, or petticoat,
Sold at his brother's for a groat,*
When the wife died, and when the palace
Fumed with the scum of stews and allies,

10

* See "Imaginary Conversations", i, p. 307.—R. R. [sc. *Rodney Raikes*, supposed editor of the work. *Thomas Raikes*, in his "Journal" (Sept. 14, 1839), described Prince Corsini as "extremely avaricious". W.]

Title. Not in text. [Don Neri Corsini, Minister of the Interior under the Grand Duke Ferdinand III, died 1845. W.] *Introduction* Conegliaro [misp. Andrea, Duke of Casigliano, married Louise, Countess Scotto. W.]

IN HIGH AND LOW LIFE

'Twas then Don Neri gave advice
To girls he loved, how very nice
An opportunity was there
To spend the paul he slid elsewhere ;
That those who bought might take his word,
They soon should see some friend prefer'd.
He gave advice, he gives it still:
But silver . . that he never will.

POET.

Strange as the tale is I've related,
I saw it . . and 'twas plate . . or plated. 20

FRIEND.

Cease, miracles! and Nature keep
Thy mysteries in the earth and deep.
Let Leopold shut up his rooms
Of wonders from the catacombs,
And high Volterra, and the wood
Where King Porsenna's palace stood,
And Populonia's wrinkled brow,
With sea and briary swamps below,
And bleak Cortona's walls, whose bard
Found death too slow and life too hard. 30

POET.

Poor Benedetti! he believed
That to have written and have grieved
Were the two things that bards might do
As formerly, and none say no.

FRIEND.

He was mistaken ; and take care
In that mistake you do not share.
Florence was always among those
Who among letters sought their foes.

POET.

Always! Ah, no! The vicious race
Of Medici gave honour's place 40
To those whom better men admir'd,
Whom glory crown'd and genius fir'd ;

31 Benedetti [*sc.* Francisco Benedetti, Italian dramatist, born at Cortona c. 1792, died 1821. W.]

OCCASIONAL POEMS

'Twas not Lorenzo's hand alone
That placed them near the civic throne:
No, my dear friend, not only he
Let hearts beat high and souls breathe free;
He not alone his wealth bestowed
Where justice told him wealth was owed.
The very worst of all his brood
Bowed to the wise, and feared the good.

50

FRIEND.

Shame! to have thus forgot—and yet
Perhaps 'twere better to forget.
I was like one whose feet stand nigh
Some dark abyss, and though the eye
Sees the two sides, it sees not yet
The shrubs that edge the inner pit.
Look at Arcetri! Mark the tower
Where Galileo's lonely hour
Was slowly, sadly borne away,
Who sighed for night, and grieved at day;
For go among the stars he might,
But not sit down again and write.
He gave earth motion with his pen,
But could not move the least of men.
The walls that we must shortly quit,
Were raised against the plague and wit.
Dante was driven out; Alfieri,
Whom pride made silent, love made wary,
Was ill-respected, and but spared
Because a German bed he shared.
The crime of writing Brutus, he
Rubbed off by kissing Albany.

60

70

POET.

Faith! I should think so, were it one
Fouler than ever moon, or sun,
Twilight, or darkness, looked upon!
He must have been, to touch that weed,
A very red-haired man indeed.
And thus, alas! he closed the year,
Whose spring was lovely Ligonier.
Come, come along; if you are late,
To view the noble piece of plate,

80

IN HIGH AND LOW LIFE

*You will be down with the suspected,
Turbulent, studious, disaffected,
Illuminated Carbonari—
Freemasons—And no hope to tarry.*

FRIEND.

Must I admire it too?

POET.

Not quite
So much the workmanship as weight.

FRIEND.

I will make no remark, nor ask
One question.

POET.

You are saved the task.
Whether you say one word or no
About Don Neri's raryshow,
One the shrewd maker will repeat ye . .
'Twas ordered ere he signed the Treaty.

90

MR. TALBOYS TO SERENA BRUCHI

[December 1837]

I have asked my father's consent to marry. Never on earth was so beautiful, so modest, a creature. . . . I first saw her in the church of the Carmine . . . it grieves me that she cannot understand what rebounds from my heart in verse . . . (*Edward Talboys to H. Beaconley*).

WHAT was that the abbot said
While I looked on you, sweet maid?
What was his or your device,
When you touched your bosom
twice?

At the time I thought the cross
Was to guard it from a loss,
Mignonnette or rose-bud in it,
Or the amethyst to pin it,
Or the piece of Brussels lace
Now for the first time in place, 10

And as such (like flesh and blood)
Standing higher than it should;
Or perhaps the wakening heart
Might, as some do, push to start.
Mine has never to this hour,
From your spell's mysterious
power
Morn or noon or night been
free . .
Come and tell me when 'twill
be.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

[ARIOSTO IMITATED]

[January 1838]

Talboys laid down an Italian poet on his knee the other day, and began to write on a scrap of paper what your Ladyship will see below. (*Stivers to Lady C.*)

ORLANDO, when he was beside	Fore Gad! he has no other
Himself (says Ariosto) cried . .	blemish."
"Stop, gentle Sir! my horse lies	One to the sages of the stable
dead,	Somewhat indeed exceptionable;
Pray will you give me yours instead?	But a mere fancy in a poet,
Come, swap him, swap him! why	And half who judge him never
so squeamish?	know it. 10

Title. Not in text. [See *Orlando Furioso*, xxx, 5 ff. W.]

[January 1838]

I just lifted the lid of Mr. Talboys' writing-desk, and transcribed these lines:

THE clouds, o'erladen, throw their burdens down
On mountain-tops: Man seeks the humble scene
When the heart's labour wants its pause, when tears
Would run for its refreshment. Gentle maid!
Disturb them not, nor check them, but permit
Their course before thee, bidding it flow on
Softly, and warm'd by thy celestial smile.

Dialogue between a Lover and a Canary-Bird.

It would be a very nice thing if you would write some more verses . . . (*Serena Bruchi to Talboys.*)

Thanks and obedience to my Sweet Serena. (*Talboys to Serena.*)

[Feb. 1838; reprinted without prose in *Works*, 1846.]

LOVER.

You little pert and twittering pet
Who triumph so, do you forget
That wooden bolt and wiry bar
Too plainly shew us what you are?

CANARY-BIRD.

You taunting, envious, monstrous thing,
You who can neither fly nor sing!
I would not, if I could, forget
I am a little twittering pet.
Proud man may banish from his mind
A mistress, lovely, gentle, kind;

10

4 Too . . . shew] So clearly show 1846.
fond, and 1846.

5 taunting] ugly 1846.

10 gentle]

IN HIGH AND LOW LIFE

The wildest woods have never heard
 Such manners of the grateful bird.
 I wish one instant you could see
 The blessed fate allotted me;
 I should exult that Heaven had sent
 The vision for your punishment.
 No language, but a bird's can speak
 The transports of my quivering beak;
 My quivering beak alone can sing
 The glories of my golden wing. 22
 What though I tremble as I stand
 Perched high on her protecting hand,
 As my reflected form I view
 In two clear founts of heavenly blue,
 My ruffled wing her fingers close,
 Her bosom bids my fears repose;
 So froward is my fondled will,
 I struggle to be nearer still;
 The beating of her breast I hear,
 And yet would I be still more near. 30
 I chirp . . . but oh, my voice! how dull!
 Where flies it when the heart is full!
 Tell me, vain mortal, when will you
 Sip the live rose's fragrant dew?
 Riot and revel in her hair;
 And dream of nests and nestlings there?
 Then may you triumph, and forget
 The little pert and twittering pet.

12 manners . . . grateful] wickedness of gentler 1846. 25 wing] wings 1846.
 29 breast] heart 1846.

ON THE MOON'S ECLIPSE

[April 1838; reprinted in *The Examiner*, September 9, 1838, and in *Works*, 1846.]

I have just room enough for a copy of verses on an *Eclipse of the Moon*, written, I suspect, when it was at the full . . . (*Stivers to Lady C.*)

STRUGGLING, and faint, and fainter, didst thou wane,
 O Moon! and round thee all thy starry train
 Came forth to help thee, with wide-open eyes,
 And trembled, every one, in still surprise,
 That the black spectre should have dared assail
 Their glorious queen and grasp her awful veil.

Title. On an eclipse of the moon. *Examiner, Works*, 1846. 6 grasp . . . awful]
 seize . . . sacred 1846.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

CONTINUATION OF THE POETRY BY MR. STIVERS

[April 1838.]

1.

AH who could believe in the days of his youth,
When Bath was the gayest of places,
When Time had not ravish'd a friend or a tooth,
And he walkt with the Loves and the Graces! . .

When Tyson was ruler o'er Pleasure's wide realm,
When the sun she was warm'd by ne'er set,
And Sotheby held the poetical helm,
Such another, as Rogers is yet . .

Ah who could believe, O my dearly beloved!
That the ardour of passion will cool,
That he ever can look upon beauty unmoved,
Unmoved upon gooseberry-fool!

10

2.

RONDEAU

Sent with some rosebuds from the conservatory.

Couleur de rose behold the tape
That checks and hinders from escape
Flora's fair children, all agape,
Couleur de rose!

Gentlest of ladies! do untie
These innocents! Should creatures die
Who have just left the nursery,
Couleur de rose!

So, for such liberal watch and ward,
Soon may some happy youth have dar'd
To gather hope from one regard

10

Couleur de rose!

3.

ON THE DEVIL'S WALK.

DICK PORSON! thou whoreson! what made thee pretend
In thy drunken wild talk
To have taken that walk
With the Devil, thy hearty old friend?
I very well know thee,
I also know Southey,

IN HIGH AND LOW LIFE

And altho thou hast much the best right
To claim from the Devil
Whatever is civil,
Thou hast claim'd what thou never couldst write. 10

[April 1838]

. . . the smell of roses may remind you of summer . . . Imagine that the disembodied spirit of the sweetest . . . whispers these words. Mr. Talboys to Serena Gaddi.

THE pride of Persia once was I,
The envy now of Italy.
The breast wheron I breathe shall find
I leave nor thorn nor stain behind.
Form, colour, life, these disappear,
But my concentered soul is here.

Two poems supposed to be written by Edward Talboys. These and the prose intended for insertion in *High and Low Life in Italy*. From MSS. in the possession of Mr. T. J. Wise.]

List to a Captain and a knat
Caught under his three-cornered hat.
"So! I have caught you, sorry Sir!
And now I'll stop that wirey whir
Which ruffles the smooth wing of Night
And haunts one worse than any sprite."

These words the Captain spake, whereat
Fluttering her last, replied the knat.
"Would you then kill me?"

Quoth he. "Yes, by Jove!"

"Will prayers nor reasons move?"
Cried the thin voice . . . the louder, "No."
"God," said the knat, "ordains it so!
The drop that hunger craves I draw . . .
What were the sentence of his law
If I had drawn as deep as you
At Trafalgar and Waterloo!"

He [Mr. Talboys] seems, the Captain says, to be more fortunate in imitation than in original composition. You shall judge now for yourself. I send you an imitation of what he told us is the poetry most in fashion.

Passing the ancient pine-wood near Ravenna,
(Few cities are more dull, nor many cleaner)
I met a gentleman in good *arnese*,
His speech was English, Turkish, Bolognese.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

"How do you do? buon giorno! salam alicum!
Pray, how long since are you into this valley come?"
I told him I had been there half an hour,
And was quite well, and thanked him: he looked sour.
"Why! how the devil can a man be well
(He drawled and yawned and stretched) on this side hell?
When I set out upon my travels hither,
O God! how many things had I endured!
First my heart's core, and then my horse's wither.
Never shall this, nor soon shall that, be cured!
To be in marriage and at home immured,
Of all things fidgetty do these two ferret
Most cursedly the free and daring spirit;
Then to be duped by eight or ten we love,
And then to care a fig for him above."
I would have comforted the gentleman,
He spoke so sorrowful and looked so wan,
But he burst forth again. . . . "Beware Ravenna!
Fly it, my friend, as you would fly Gehenna.
There is a woman worst of all her race,
Who had, or so I thought, a pretty face.
Now hear my tale, which not more strange than true is,
She wheedled out of me near twenty louis."

IN "LETTERS OF AN AMERICAN"

[Published in 1854. For a longer poem interpolated in this pamphlet see "To the Emperor Louis Napoleon", vol iii, p. 86.]

[Printed on cover and title-page of *Letters of an American*.]

O EARTH! deceived so often by false glare,
Why hast thou sent away thy truest friend?
Scorn'd, he returns. All round how pure the air
That sings, "Let Freedom on thy breast descend!"

4 Let . . . descend] see *On Freedom*, p. 206.

Our friend Luke Greenwood has written these lines upon the Ottomans and Russians.
(*Jonas Pottinger to Ephraim Maplebury, April 10.*)

POOR Osmanli! poor Osmanli!
Profoundly do I pity ye:
Ye mount, alas, one only God,
Your enemies nine-score and odd.

IN LETTERS OF AN AMERICAN

General Bem took refuge in this University [Oxford], and taught his language here. . . . Somebody (it could not surely be an Oxonian), wrote this epigram on the occasion. (*Pottinger to Maplebury, May 20.*)

OXFORD! wert thou bewicht, to have endured
Blake, Ireton, Bem?
Disown all three: thy glory is secured,
Ingrate! by them.
At Reason's side, and Freedom's, issued forth
Those sturdy fighters:
"What if they did?" sayst thou; "are all three worth
"As many mitres?"

Pottinger to Maplebury, June 5: I know not what old poet has written,

NATIONS by violence are espous'd to kings,
And men are hammer'd into wedding-rings.

BREVITIES

IN "GEBIR, COUNT JULIAN, ETC.," 1831

[Reprinted in *Works*, 1846.]

LOVE's like the echo in the land of Tell,*
Which answers best the indweller of her bowers,
Silent to other voices, idly loud
Or wildly violent, letting them arouse
Eagle or cavern'd brute, but never her.

* There is said to be such an echo on the Lake of Lucerne. [L.]

1 Love's . . . echo] Love is like Echo 1846.

SEVERE WINTER

[Reprinted in *Works*, 1846.]

SUCH rapid jerks, such rude grim-
aces,
Such lengthened eyes, such crum-
pled faces,
Grinning with such a stress and
wrench,
One fancies all the world is French.

[Not reprinted.]

EXHAUSTED now her sighs, and dry
her tears,
For twenty youths these more than
twenty years,
Anne, turning nun, swears God
alone shall have her . .
God ought to bow profoundly for
the favour.

EPIGRAM.

By W. S. L.

[Printed in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837,
and now reprinted exactly, without cor-
rection.]

Αἰλουρος ἡβαιος καλος τ' ἀπώλετο
Σοφος τε καρτερος τε νυν εἶδεις,
βροτε
Οὔ' ἐστὶ πασι καταδυειν εἰμαρμενη

TRANSLATION

BY THE SAME

MY cat, in youth's and beauty's
pride,
In wisdom's and in strength's, has
died!
O mortals! by his fate ye see
All suffer one catastrophe.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM

[Published in *The Examiner*, Septem-
ber 2, 1838.]

THERE is some truth in half the odd
Stories the magnetizers tell ye.
Fathers (as they are called) in God
Read ye the Scriptures thro' the
belly.

FROM THE GREEK

[Published in *The Keepsake for 1842*,
where inserted in "A Skolion . . . trans-
lated from the Greek".]

I never dare ask for an interpretation
of my dream. . . . The words I heard in it
. . . seemed to be the repetition of a choral
song. Thus it sounded:

"O Friendship! Friendship! the
shell of Aphrodite*
Lies always at the bottom of thy
warm and limpid waters."

* Venus. [L.]

IN WORKS, 1846

LXXVIII

WHEN we have panted past life's
 middle space,
 And stand and breathe a moment
 from the race,
 These graver thoughts the heav-
 ing breast annoy:
 "Of all our fields how very few are
 green!
 And ah! what brakes, moors, quag-
 mires, lie between
 Tired age and childhood ramping
 wild with joy."

CXXVIII

DID I then ask of you why one so
 wise
 Should often look on life with
 downcast eyes,
 And mar sometimes their bright-
 ness with a tear?
 The vainer and less gentle are more
 gay,
 Over the level wave they glide
 away,
 And little know what hidden
 rocks are near.

CLXI

REPREHEND, if thou wilt, the vain
 phantasm, O Reason!
 Of the breast we have lean'd on,
 the hand we have linkt,
 That dream is so vivid at no other
 season
 As when friendship is silent and
 love is extinct.

CLXXII

IN age the memory, as the eye
 itself,
 Sees near things indistinctly, far
 things well,
 And often that which happen'd
 years ago

Seems sprung from yesterday,
 while yesterday's
 Fair birth lies half-forgotten and
 deform'd.

CLXXIII

VARIOUS the roads of life; in one
 All terminate, one lonely way.
 We go; and "Is he gone?"
 Is all our best friends say.

CCIII

SUMMER has doft his latest green,
 And Autumn ranged the barley-
 mows.
 So long away then have you been?
 And are you coming back to
 close
 The year? It sadly wants repose.

CCXXVII

WRITTEN ON THE FIRST LEAF OF AN ALBUM

PASS me: I only am the rind
 To the rich fruit that you will
 find,
 My friends, at every leaf behind.

CCXXVIII

ON ANOTHER

WHY have the Graces chosen me
 To write what all they love must
 see?
 I can not tell you for my life.
 But why was Venus Vulcan's wife?
 The reason must be just the same;
 My verses are not much more lame.

CCXXXI

YOUTH but by help of memory can
 be sage:
 Wiser by losing some of it is Age.

BREVITIES

CCXXXVI

THE PERFIDIOUS

[Reprinted in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

Go on! go on! and love away!
Mine was, another's is, the day.
Go on, go on, thou false one! now
Upon his shoulder rest thy brow,
And look into his eyes until
Thy own, to find them colder, fill.

*Title. Only in 1858. Between ll. 2-3
1858 inserts four lines:*

Hear me awhile, and do not speak . .
I see the pressure on the cheek,
I know the very red it took
When its first posture it forsook
3, thou . . . one] ! perfidious 1858.

CCXXXVII

Egg strikes on egg and breaks it;
true;
But, striking, is not broken too.
Thus, while one smitten heart,
a-fire,
Gives way, the other is entire.

CCXXXVIII

TEN thousand flakes about my
windows blow,
Some falling and some rising, but
all snow.
Scribblers and statesmen! are ye
not just so?

CCXLVII

THE blackest of grapes, with a
footpath hard by,
Should scarcely be watcht with so
watchful an eye
As that kid of a girl whom old
Egon has made
His partner for life, nor ashamed,
nor afraid.

CCLI

COME Sleep! but mind ye! if you
come without
The little girl that struck me at the
rout,

By Jove! I would not give you
half-a-crown
For all your poppy-heads and all
your down.

CCLVIII

"I'm half in love," he who with
smiles hath said
In love will never be.
Who'er, "I'm not in love," and
shakes his head,
In love too sure is he.

CCLXXI

WHERE ARE SIGHS

[Reprinted with variants in *Dry Sticks*,
1858.]

SIGHS must be grown less plentiful,
Or else my senses are more dull.
Where are they all? These many
years
Only my own have reacht my ears.

*Where are sighs] Title. Not in 1846.
For ll. 1-2 1858 has:*

Unless my senses are more dull
Sighs are become less plentiful.

CCLXXII

PLANTS the most beauteous love
the water's brink,
Opening their bosoms at young
Zephyr's sighs.
Maidens, come hither: see with
your own eyes
How many are trod down, how
many sink.

CCLXXIII

TIME past I thought it worth my
while
To hunt all day to catch a smile:
Now ladies do not smile, but laugh,
I like it not so much by half;
And yet perhaps it might be shown
A laugh is but a smile full-blown.

IN WORKS, 1846

CCLXXIV

WHAT SIGHS DO

[Reprinted in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

EACH year bears something from
us as it flies,
We only blow it farther with our
sighs.

What sighs do] Title. Not in 1846.

CCLXXXI

I WOULD give something, O Apollo!
Thy radiant course o'er earth to
follow,
And fill it up with light and song,
But rather would be always young.
Since that perhaps thou canst not
give,
By me let those who love me live.

CCLXXXII

ON A PORTRAIT

DAUBER! if thou shouldst ever
stray
Along Idalia's mossy way,
Heedless what deities are there,
And whom they view with fondest
care,
At thee for this shall Venus pout,
And all three Graces push thee out.

CCLXXXIV

Is it not better at an early hour
In its calm cell to rest the weary
head,
While birds are singing and while
blooms the bower,
Than sit the fire out and go
starv'd to bed?

LOVE AND AGE

[Published in *Leigh Hunt's Journal*, December 7, 1850; reprinted 1853.]

LOVE flies with bow unstrung when Time appears,
And trembles at the approach of heavy years.
A few bright feathers leaves he in his flight,
Quite beyond call, but not forgotten quite.

Title. om. 1853.
bear him on 1853.

2 approach] assault 1853.

3 leaves . . . in]

TO A LYRIC POET

[Published in *Leigh Hunt's Journal*, February 1, 1851.]

If you go on with odes so trashy,
Cripples will seize the crutch and thrash ye.

BREVITIES

IN 'LAST FRUIT', 1853

UNDER the title of *Epigrams* some will be found here which the general reader may hardly recognise in that character. It will also easily be believed, from the subjects if not from the execution, that several of the lighter pieces were written in early youth. My thanks are now returned to those amiable friends who have thought them worthy of preservation so long. At the close of my seventy-ninth year I am amused in recollecting the occasions.

W. S. L.

I

TO ONE WHO QUOTES AND DETRACTS

ROB me and maim me! Why, man,
take such pains
On your bare heath to hang your-
self in chains?

II

WHO never borrow and who never
lend,
Whate'er their losses, will not lose
their friend.

III

POET! I like not mealy fruit; give
me
Freshness and crispness and solidity;
Apples are none the better over-
ripe,
And prime buck-venison I prefer
to tripe.

IV

THE Rector of Saint Peter's, I
know where,
Of erring ignorance takes special
care;
Preaching, "It much behoves us
that we pray
For these, our flock; none want it
more than they.
For such benighted creatures all
must feel . .
Scarce can they tell a lamprey from
an eel!"

VIII

THERE falls with every wedding
chime
A feather from the wing of Time.

You pick it up, and say "How fair
To look upon its colours are!"
Another drops day after day
Unheeded; not one word you say.
When bright and dusky are blown
past,
Upon the herse there nods the last.

IX

ACROSS, up, down, our fortunes go,
Like particles of feathery snow,
Never so certain or so sound
As when they're fallen to the
ground.

X

EREWHILE exulting in its power
Rose thy bright form o'er worlds
of sighs:
Graceful as then, at this late hour
Upon the scatter'd flowers it lies.

XVIII

JOY is the blossom, sorrow is the
fruit,
Of human life; and worms are at
the root.

XXII

YE who adore God's Vicar while
he saith,
Blessed be every lie that props the faith,
Draw ye from Peter's fish no purer
oil
To feed your *Lamp*? In vain then
do ye toil.

XXIII

THOUGHT fights with thought: out
springs a spark of truth
From the collision of the sword and
shield.

IN LAST FRUIT

XXVI

ALAS! 'tis very sad to hear,
Your and your Muse's end draws
near:

I only wish, if this be true,
To lie a little way from you.
The grave is cold enough for me
Without you and your poetry.

XXIX

MILD is Euphemius, mild as summer dew
Or Belgic lion poked to Waterloo.

[French troops marching to Antwerp
under Marshal Gérard in 1832 shortened
the tail of the monumental lion. W.]

XXX

A FRIENDSHIP never bears un-
canker'd fruit
Where one of ancient growth has
been blown down.

XXXIII

WHETHER the Furies lash the
criminal
Or weaker Passions lead him
powerless on,
I see the slave and scorn him
equally.

XXXIV

UNKINDNESS can be but where
kindness was;
Thence, and thence only, fly her
certain shafts
And carry fire and venom on the
point.

XXXV

TO POETS

MY children! speak not ill of one
another;
I do not ask you not to hate;
Cadets must envy every elder
brother,
The little poet must the great.

XLI

I, NEAR the back of Life's dim
stage
Feel thro' the slips the drafts of
age.
Fifty good years are gone: with
youth
The wind is always in the south.

XLII

IN the odor of sanctity Miriam
abounds,
Her husband's is nearer the odor
of hounds,
With a dash of the cess-pool, a dash
of the sty,
And the water of cabbages running
hard-by.

XLVIII

WHAT garden but glows
With at least its one rose
Whether sunny or showery be
June?
What heart so unblest
That it never possest
One treasure, tho' perishing soon?

XLIX

BE not in too great haste to dry
The tear that springs from sym-
pathy.

LV

NEITHER in idleness consume thy
days,
Nor bend thy back to mow the
weeds of praise.

LVI

WHILE thou wert by
With laughing eye,
I felt the glow and song of spring:
Now thou art gone
I sit alone,
Nor heed who smile nor hear who
sing.

BREVITIES

LVII

How many ages did the planets roll
O'er sapient heads that nightly
watcht their course,
Ere the most sapient betwixt pole
and pole
Believed them fleetier than the
dustman's horse!

LVIII

In quadruped or winged game
Gourmands there are who like
the *high*:
'Tis in society the same . .
A touch of taint is spicery.

LXII

Stop, stop, friend Cogan! would
you throw
That tooth away? You little know
Its future: that which now you see
A sinner's, an old saint's may be,
And popes may bless it in a ring
To charm the conscience of some
king.

[Mr. J. D. Cogan amongst other voca-
tions practised dentistry at Bath. His
photograph of Lendor taken in 1840 has
been engraved. W.]

LXVII

HERE stands a civil man, John
Hickes,
Waiting, he says, to cross the Styx.
Check that dog's treble-bass, O
Charon!
Take him, and lay the lightest fare on.

LXIX

A QUARRELSOME BISHOP
To hide her ordure, claws the cat;
You claw, but not to cover that.
Be decenter, and learn at least
One lesson from the cleanlier beast.

LXXXV

HASTEN, O hasten, poet mine!
To give the hoarsest of the Nine
Her usual syrop; let her go
To sleep, as she lets others do.

LXXXVI

WEAK minds return men hatred for
contempt,
Strong ones contempt for hatred.
Which is best?

LXXXIX

WHY do the Graces now desert the
Muse? [wooden shoes.
They hate bright ribbons tying

LXXX

WHEN a man truly loves he is at best
A frail thermometer to the beloved:
His spirits rise and fall but at her
breath,
And shower and sunshine are
divined from her.

LXXXI

BETTER to praise too largely small
deserts, [defects.
Than censure too severely great

XCVII

GOD scatters beauty as he scatters
flowers
O'er the wide earth, and tells us
all are ours. [burn,
A hundred lights in every temple
And at each shrine I bend my knee
in turn.

XCIX

THERE are certain blue eyes
Which insist on your sighs,
And the readiest to give them is
far the most wise;
An obstinate lout
Resolved to stand out
Cries at last like a criminal under
the knout.

CHII

A FLIRT was Belinda! the more she
reproved
Her lover for changing his mind.
"Say who," cried the youth, "O
my dearly beloved!
Can be steady that polks with
the wind?"

IN LAST FRUIT

CVII

COME forth, old lion, from thy den,
Come, be the gaze of idle men,
Old lion, shake thy mane and growl,
Or they will take thee for an owl.

CVIII

THREATEN the wretch who rashly
comes
To violate these tranquil tombs,
Eglantine! sweet protectress! you
Can threaten him and punish too.

CXII

OLD MAN

WHAT wouldst thou say,
Autumnal day,
Clothed in a mist akin to rain?

DARK DAY

Thus I appear,
Because next year,
Perhaps we may not meet again.

CXIV

LOVE, flying out of sight, o'er-
shadows me,
And leaves me cold as cold can be;
Farewell *alasses!* and *no-mores!* and
you,
Sweetest and saddest word, *adieu!*

CXVI

BLIND to the future, to what lies
before
The future, what our feet now
stand upon,
We see not, look not for, nor think
about.

CXVIII

MY yarn in verse is short: I sit among
Our few old women who ne'er
learnt to spin.

CXIX

TREASURES of greek has . . ? In vain
I seek 'em,
Is all the greek he has worth *album*
græcum?

CXXII

ALTHO my soberer ear disdains
The irksome din of tinkling chains,
I pat two steers more sleek than
strong
And yoke them to the car of Song.

CXXVIII

LEAF after leaf drops off, flower
after flower,
Some in the chill, some in the
warmer hour:
Alike they flourish and alike they
fall,
And Earth who nourisht them
receives them all.
Should we, her wiser sons, be less
content
To sink into her lap when life is
spent?

CXXXVI

No insect smells so fulsome as that
hard
Unseemly beetle which corrodes
the rose.
Bring forth your microscope; about
the bard
One very like it (only less) it
shows.

CL

WHEN the mad wolf hath bit the
scatter'd sheep,
The madden'd flock their penfold
overleap,
And, rushing blind with fury,
trample down
The kindest master with the
coarsest clown.

CLV

ON A HEAVY EPITAPH

HE who hath piled these verses
o'er thy head
Resolved, it seems, to bury thee in
lead.

BREVITIES

FROM A LETTER

[Published in Madden's *Countess of Blessington*, 1855. Also printed in Nicoll and Wise, *Literary Anecdotes*, 1895, from a manuscript.]

I am credibly informed that the sun has visited London twice in the month of December. Let us hope that such a phenomenon may portend no mischief to the nation. [*Londor to Lady Blessington, January 1, 1845.*]

To thee I call

O Sun! to tell thee how I love thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance the blue skies
Of Italy, so brightened by thy smile.

[A parody on Milton, *Par. Lost*, iv. 35 ff. W.]

[Sent in a letter to Lady Blessington, May 14, 1839. Published in Madden's *Countess of Blessington*, 1855.]

In early morn and radiant day
The merry lark may cheer;
But is there not a later lay
More grateful to the ear?

IN 'DRY STICKS', 1858

[Published in 1858.]

12

THE SHORTEST DAY

THE day of brightest dawn (day
soonest flown!)
Is that when we have met and you
have gone.

17

CASUISTRY

OUR brother we believe we must
not slay;
His blood we may not spill, his
tears we may.
Alas! in this wide world how few
abstain
From siezing pleasure thro' an-
other's pain.

20

TO A FAIR MAIDEN

FAIR maiden! When I look at thee
I wish I could be young and free;
But both at once, ah! Who could be?

23

OLIM

Do and permit whate'er you will
With others, I shall love you
stil.
Heaven grant we may not love the
most
When to each other we are lost!

27

THE HEART'S ABYSSES

TRIUMPHANT Demons stand, and
Angels start,
To see the abysses of the human
heart.

30

A LADY IN HASTE SAYS

I CAN not give much time to
you;
Will nothing else, I wonder, do?

IN DRY STICKS

35

FEAR

I FEAR a little girl I know;
Were I but younger I were bolder;
Diana! I would break thy bow
In twain across her ivory shoulder.

38

THE TEARS THAT RISE

THE tears that rise
Into my eyes
Shall not descend:
With you began
The course they ran,
With you shall end.

40

A SIGH CAUGHT

HAPPY the man for whom arose
that sigh,
And happy too, tho' less by
half, am I:
I am the first to catch it on its way,
The last that wingèd herald to
betray.

41

PLEASURE

WHAT bitter flowers surround the
fount of Pleasure,
And poison its bright waters as
they fall!

48

ON LOVE

WHAT right have I to hold back
Love so late,
When we should long have gone
to rest?
But we were pelted by the storms
of Fate
From where we rashly built our
nest.
One there is yet who drives us not
away,
But warms our hands in her's this
winter day.

50

ON LAW

WHAT thousands, Law, thy handy-
work deplore!
Thou hangest many, but thou
starvest more.

55

CONFESSION

CONFESSION soon would be dis-
carded
If all our priests were Abeilarded;
For Faith is hardly worth a pin
Without a few good works of sin.

59

INDIFFERENCE

WHETHER a span above ground or
below
'Tis best to lie, it boots me not to
know.

61

PARTIES

TORIES don't like me, Whigs
detest;
Then in what quarter can I rest?
Among the Liberals? most of all
The liberals are illiberal.

63

ADVICE

At every step of life expect
Flings from your *Ragged School*,
O bard!
Walk quietly, and recollect
That rotten apples hit not hard.

66

PLEASURE AND PAIN

PLEASURE and Pain,
Of equal reign,
I know not which is strongest;
But well I know,
(And grieve 'tis so),
Which domineers the longest.

BREVITIES

67

TO A LADY WHO DROPT A FEW YEARS

LIGHTLY you run thro' years; stop!
stop!
Let me pick up the gems you drop.
Five I perceive are on the ground . .
What! are you angry they are
found?

69

JUSTICE AND INJUSTICE

You think Injustice is a curse,
But Justice you will find the worse;
Its rotten bench is stuff with thorns,
And the road to it bad for corns.
You would ride back then: well,
but where
Is money left to pay the fare?

71

HONOR AND MODESTY

WHEN Honor once hath shut the
door
Behind him, he returns no more.
Modesty finds, once gone astray,
No forward and no backward way,
Gone every grace that most en-
dears!
Gone, beyond all, the grace of tears!

73

THE MIDDLE-SIZED

MIDDLE-SIZED men live longest,
but soon dies
The phthisic poet of a middle size.

74

VIRTUE AND VICE

VIRTUE and Vice look much the
same;
If Truth is naked, so is Shame.

80

CONSTANCY

CONSTANCY has one bright day,
Then like light it fades away.

82

TO TWO SPINSTERS

HOOKS AND EYES

FAIR spinsters! be ye timely wise,
Where men bring hooks do you
bring eyes.

83

THE STEPS OF AGE

I do remember when each stride
Toward your gate was swift and
wide:
Shorter and slower steps become
As they are bending to the tomb;
But when within your house I rest,
I am already with the blest.

94

A MARBLE DOG FOR PAPER-PRESSER

MARK! always, always watchful,
here I stand,
To guard the letters of a lover's
hand,
Tho' gems should glisten, and tho'
gold should shower,
I would defy, O Jupiter! thy power.

96

TO A FIELD-MARSHAL

Is it that Care
Has thinn'd thy hair,
Field-marshal! let us hope not;
Venus, they say,
Is apt to play
The Devil with the top-knot.

101

MY WIT SCANTY

I HAVE but little wit, all they
Whose brains are close and curdy
say,
They relish best the broadfaced
jokes
Of hearty, burly, country-folks,

IN DRY STICKS

And are quite certain those must
judge ill
Who for the rapier drop the cudgell.

103

BOYS AND MEN

LEAVE me alone! the pettish school-boy cries,
Leave me alone! say too the calm and wise.

111

THE TWO SATIRISTS

WHILE we are frolicking with
Flaccus
Comes Juvenal to slash and hack
us.

120

THE ROCKS OF LIFE

LIFE's rugged rocks burst thro' its
flowery plain;
Flashes of pleasure! thunderbolts
of pain!

123

WHO IS SAFE?

MEN always hate
The man that's great,
Nor cease to fall
On him that's small.

127

GAZELLE-SKIN

SOME dress in marten, some in vair,
Gazelle-skin is the softest wear.

129

PERTNESS REPROVED

"I SEE in you not greatly more
Than I once saw in one before."

"Then I know why: it is that
you
Are on the verge of eighty-two.
Go, get along; you may be wise,
But others have much better eyes."

130

DIFFERENT GRACES

AROUND the child bend all the
three
Sweet Graces: Faith, Hope, Cha-
rity.
Around the man bend other
faces;
Pride, Envy, Malice, are his Graces.

136

ASHES

UNDER the grate the ashes lie
Until the dustman passes by:
Does it occur to young or old
These ashes were not always
cold?
They are the same that shone so
bright
And warm'd so many but last
night;
They may even now some thought
suggest,
Some simily . . but let it rest.

138

WRITTEN IN ILLNESS

BEFORE another season comes
And frost the shrinking earth be-
numbs,
I think I shall be warm enough,
Like an old rat in sink or sough.
Allowing me a higher merit,
Keep off the terrier and the ferret.

148

FASHIONS IN POETRY

THE *Swain* and *Nymph* went out
together,
Now *Knight* and *Ladie* ride o'er
heather:
And who comes next? Perhaps
again
Will smirk and sidle *Nymph* and
Swain.

BREVITIES

149

ALTERNATIVE

IF your heart is warm, come hither,
Let me bask in its fine weather;
But if it is cold, my charmer,
Let me try to make it warmer.

152

LATE LOVE

SITTING up late, incautious Love
takes cold,
The wiser give him over ere grown
old.

155

WISE AND UNWISE

To love and to be loved the wise
would give
All that for which alone the unwise
strive.

156

FIRMNESS

FIRMER the tree when winter
whirls the leaves;
And should not we
Be like the tree?
Winter is sure, but often spring
deceives.

157

ROUTS

THE breath five hundred haggards
breathe
Kills every rose in Beauty's
wreath:
And thy flame, Genius! soon goes
out
Mid Fashion's pestilential rout.

159

REFLECTION FROM SEA AND SKY

WHEN I gaze upon the sky
And the sea below, I cry,
Thus be poetry and love,
Deep beneath and bright above.

162

A COMPLAINT OF INCONSTANCY

SILLY one! do you think it strange
That any woman's heart should
change,
That summer's hot, that winter's
cold,
That if you live you will grow old?

173

IDLENESS

O IDLENESS! enchanting Idleness!
The more we have of thee, the more
we love thee;
In this thou art supreme, thou art
alone.

175

FIST AND CUDGEL

In my opinion, rulers judge ill
Who interdict the fist and cudgel,
For in the ring an open *set-to*
Is honester than sly stiletto.

178

QUESTION AND ANSWER

WHY back to verse?

I love to play
With children at the close of day.

182

PITY AND COMPASSION

LET pity and compassion be out-
spread,
Early as prayer, above the boyish
head,
There take full swoop, there find
unbroken rest!
No blessing ever leaves the human
breast
Without returning to it, soon or
late,
And driving back the strides of
adverse fate.

IN DRY STICKS

184

LIFE'S ROMANCE

LIFE's torne Romance we thumb
throughout the day:
Cast it aside: 'tis better this be
done
Ere fall between its leaves the
dust that none
Can blow away.

197

HYPOCRICY WHY HATED

THERE's no hypocricy in being
civil
Even to one you wish were at the
devil.
It is not that you hate it, but you
hate
(Don't you?) the man for somewhat
good or great.
Half, more than half, the honest
I have known
Feel at the heart the truth they
dare not own.

198

A GIFT OF POEMS

SEND me such poems as a treat!
By Jupiter! I'd rather eat
A mangy fox or Cheshire cheese,
Or any ordure that you please.

200

THE BIBLE

THE Bible is the Earth; and we
begin
To learn a little of what lies within.

201

SYMPATHY

WHEN our eyes melt not with
another's woes
Methinks 'tis time they should for
ever close.

203

WHO ARE THE BEST LABORERS

You in good blinkers can see
nothing shocking,
I shy and start before a crimson
stocking;
I think what dippings and how
deep have died
Those courtly trappings of un-
christian pride;
Then, looking into the next field,
percieve
Men work the better for less width
of sleeve.

3 died] *mispr. rectius* dyed 1876.

205

TO ONE UNEQUALLY MATCHED

BEAR it, O matcht unequally, you
must,
And in your strength and virtue
firmly trust.
The Power that rules our destinies
decreed
One heart should harden and an-
other bleed.

206

FAULTS ACKNOWLEDGED

THE soft I own to; then of fun
I must acknowledge I have none,
And am the only man that ever
Doubted if he, in wit, was clever.

210

SCRAPES AND MALADIES

THE scrapes of youth and maladies
of age
In Life's account-book blur how
many a page.

205

BREVITIES

211

LIFE HURRIES BY

LIFE hurries by, and who can stay
One winged Hour upon her way?
The broken trellis then restore
And train the woodbine round the door.

214

ON FREEDOM

LET Freedom on thy breast descend,
O Earth! and love thy truest friend,
For wayward as his flights may be,
He never was unkind to thee.

[See poem in *Letters of an American*,
p. 190.]

224

WHAT IS DEPLORABLE

It is deplorable to fear an enemy,
But more deplorable to fear a friend,
As wicked men must do, and good men may.

227

THE IMMOVABLE POWER

THERE is a power, itself immovable,
Which makes the worlds around it move and shine,
O thou, of God's bright ministers most lovable,
Such power and station in this world are thine.

254

WHY NEVER SEEN

You ask me why I'm "never seen" . .
Except by you, perhaps you mean.
Without the gazes of the crowd
I can be (while you let me) proud.
Society props slender folk,
In the deep forest swells the oak.

256

CREEDS

WE have outlived low Creeds; the high remains.
One that *our God is good*, the soul sustains.
Revenge he leaves among the blind below,
Who miss the object when they aim the blow.
Far, not too far, it pleases Him to place
Hope for the humble, terror for the base.

257

PHILOSOPHER AND POET

PHILOSOPHER and poet you shall find
Each ever after his own kind:
'Tis well to watch them . . not too near perhaps . .
One snarls at you, the other snaps.

261

THE BANQUET OVER

I LEAVE the table: take my place,
Ye young, and, when ye rise, say grace.
Hence all unthankful ones, and go
Where neither vines nor myrtles grow.

262

A TRUTH

THERE may be scornfulness, there may be wrong
Which never rises to the proud man's tongue.

264

WISHES

WISHES are by-paths to unhappiness,
And in the vale of Tears they terminate.

IN DRY STICKS

265

THE FIRES OF LOVE

THE fires of love are pure in just
degree,
Like other fires, to their intensity.

269

FEW BUT BEND THEIR NECKS

How few there are who live content
To pass thro' life with neck unbent!
Yet the bent neck bears shame and
pain,
And never comes erect again.

274

THE BARK

UPON the bark of this old tree
You here and there your name will
see;
You caught the blossoms where
they fell,
And may you like the fruit as well.

276

TO ONE IN GRIEF

AH! do not drive off grief, but place
your hand
Upon it gently; it will then
subside.
A wish is often more than a com-
mand,
Either of yours would do; let
one be tried.

279

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM

SEE how this paper, pure no more,
By worthless hand is scribbled o'er!
'Tis easy Folly's mark to trace,
But not so easy to efface.

282

THE HONEY-MOON

THE honey-moon is very strange.
Unlike all other moons the change
She regularly undergoes.

She rises at the full; then loses
Much of her brightness; then re-
poses
Faintly; and then . . has nought
to lose.

286

MUSIC

INTERMINABLE undulating weeds
Cover sharp rocks along the sea's
abyss;
Thus buoyant music waves about
the breast
And lifts it up from what lies dark
below.

296

FLOWERS AND FRIENDSHIP

FLOWERS wounded may recover
breath,
But wounded friendship bleeds to
death.

304

REFLECTION

WITH ffitful step unsteddily the
soul
Wanders at parting o'er the scenes
it loved.

306

A CRITIC

WITH much ado you fail to tell
The requisites for writing well;
But, what bad writing is, you quite
Have proved by every line you
write.

311

REPENTANCE

REPENTANCE hastens if forbearance
halts.

312

TRUTH WILL PENETRATE

CLOSE as we may our eyes against
the truth,
Some light will penetrate the upper
lid.

BREVITIES

IN 'HEROIC IDYLS, ETC.', 1863

[P. 215.]

LET fools place Fortune with the
Gods on high,
Prudence, be thou my guardian
deity.
I have neglected thee, alas, too
long!
But listen now and hear life's even-
song.

[P. 267.]

MANY can rule and more can fight,
But few give myriad hearts delight.

[P. 228.]

THERE are sweet flowers that only
blow by night,
And sweet tears are there that
avoid the light;
No mortal sees them after day is
born,
They, like the dew, drop trembling
from their thorn.

1-2 with variants recur in *A Dreamer's Tale*, vol. iii, p. 405.

TO A MOTHER ON A CHILD'S DEATH

[P. 219.]

THE scythe of time, alas! alas!
Always cuts down the freshest
grass,
Nor scorns the flowers that would
adorn
The tranquil brow of blooming
morn:
He lets the corn grow ripe, then
why
Bids he the germ be knipt and die?

CONSOLATION ON A BABE'S DEATH

[P. 221.]

THAT mortal has imperfect trust
In God who thinks him only just.

God writes among his chosen few
Those who have loved and wept
like you.

He numbers every tear they shed
Upon his last-born children dead.

[P. 209.]

GRIEF is uneasy, and no less
Uneasy is man's happiness.
Change is for ever what he wants;
Dead is the heart that never pants.

[Published in 1863, p. 214; reprinted 1876.]

THE tears that on two faces meet
My Muse forbids to dry,
She keeps them ever fresh and
sweet
When hours and years run by.

[P. 233.]

DEATH indiscriminately gathers
The flowering children and rough-
rinded fathers:

His eyes are horny, thus he knows
No different color in the dock and
rose.

[P. 254.]

No truer word, save God's, was
ever spoken,
Than that the largest heart is
soonest broken.

TO A LITERARY CON- FRATERNITY

[P. 68.]

KEEP, honest sobersided men,
Across your mouths the impatient
pen,
I will supply you with a dozen
When your ink ceases to be frozen.

1, [honest] thus in 1876, mispr. honest, 1863.

IN HEROIC IDYLS

ON SOME OBSCURE POETRY

[P. 214.]

IN vain he beats his brow who
thinks
To get the better of a Sphynx.

[P. 182.]

WHY should the scribblers discom-
pose
Our temper? would we look like
those?
There are some curs in every
street
Who snarl and snap at all they
meet:
The taller mastif deems it aptest
To lift a leg and play the baptist.

[P. 189.]

SNAP at me, Malice! snap; thy
teeth are rotten
And hurt me not: all know thee
misbegotten!
The cureless evil runs throughout
thy race,
And from Cain downward thy
descent we trace.

[P. 240.]

IF you are not a poet you may live
With poets pleasantly: but if
you are,
A little piece of counsel let me
give . . .
Praise one you speak with . .
praise none else . . . beware!

[P. 214.]

BOTH men and poets of the Saxon
race
Excell in vigour, none excell in
grace.

[P. 180.]

"CALL me not forth," said one who
sate retired,
Whom Love had once, but Envy
never, fired.

"I scorn the crowd: no clap of
hands he seeks
Who walks among the stateliest of
the Greeks."

IRONY

[P. 131.]

IRONY is the imp of wit,
The truly witty banish it.
Where are the mountebank and
clown
Who can not turn things upside
down?
When one has fail'd in his en-
deavour
The other cries, *Zooks!* thou art
clever.

6 Zooks!] so in corrigenda. Looky! in
text.

[P. 182.]

RANCOUR is often the most bitter
Between two mongrels of one litter.
The old bitch Themis grins to
teach
Her whelps where lies the prey for
each.
They crack the hard, they tear the
tough,
And never think they gorge enough.
From Death alone would they
crouch back,
For Death shows bones they can
not crack.

[P. 207.]

THE Devils in the herd of swine
May madly run down hill,
Hallooed by never shout of mine,
Shall they be, shout who will.
Let them with grunts each other
shove,
Their grunts molest not me above.

[P. 208.]

LET a man once be down, and then
He will be fallen on by ten.

BREVITIES

[P. 236.]

GIVE me for life the honest name,
Then take my due arrears of fame.
I am grown deaf, and shall be-
come
A trifle deafer in the tomb.

[P. 254.]

WHEN from above the busy crowd
I see,
The great and little seem one-
sized to me.

[P. 260.]

THE scentless laurel a broad leaf
displays,
Few and by fewer gather'd are the
bays;
Yet these Apollo wore upon his
brow . .
The boughs are bare, the stem is
twisted now.

[P. 179.]

THE sea has depths no plummet-
line
Can reach, no science can divine;
And earth has poems so profound
No line can ever reach the ground;
They fly about in empty air
And boys catch at 'em here and
there.

[P. 261.]

I do not think that praises ever
Derange a sound and healthy liver,
Altho' they get into the head
Of some who are too highly fed;
A hungry mountain swain mean-
while
From bitter crust o'erflows with
bile.

[P. 235.]

OF early days, and promist hours,
And eyes that brightened shady
bowers,

Visions had floated round the
head
Of Sophrôn; he awoke and said,
"Ah! were but all things what they
seem
Then life were nearly worth a
dream."

[P. 207.]

LOVE-MAKING is like haymaking,
soon over,
And both are mutable through-
out their season.
Haymaker! hear me; thou too hear
me, lover,
Nor scorn experience nor be deaf
to reason.
Be quick at work; the sunny hours
won't last,
And storms may come before they
half are past.

[P. 273.]

A MAN there is who was believ'd
By many; all he has deceiv'd;
To one on earth may he prove
true,
O lady, and that one be you.

[P. 169.]

UNHAPPY he whom Love be-
guiles
With wavering and insidious smiles;
Unhappier, who has lived to prove
That Friendship is as frail as Love.

[P. 210.]

BY our last ledger-page we ascer-
tain
What friends have fail'd and fled,
and what remain.
Content, in summing up, to find
how few
Are scored for false, how many
starr'd for true.

IN HEROIC IDYLS

FRIENDS

[P. 173.]

THE heaviest curse that can on
mortal fall
Is "who has friends may he outlive
them all!"
This malediction has awaited me
Who had so many . . . I could once
count three.

[P. 224.]

WE may repair and fix again
A shatter'd or a broken pane,
Not friendship so: it lies beyond
Man's wit to piece a diamond.

[P. 205.]

WHEN a loose tooth and a loose
friend are lost,
Pray can you tell me which should
vex us most.

[P. 232.]

How often, when life's summer day
Is waning, and its sun descends,
Wisdom drives laughing wit away,
And lovers shrivel into friends!

[P. 205.]

THERE are who say we are but dust,
We may be soon, but are not yet,
Nor should be while in Lovewe trust
And never what he taught forget.

[P. 221.]

A GENEROUS action may atone
For many a less worthy one,
Yet take thou heed the generous be
In number as threescore to three.

[P. 229.]

ON days gone by us we look back
As on a last year's almanack.
We never think 'tis worth our while
To crowd with it the dusty file,
Yet might the cast-off sheet supply,
If studied, some true prophecy.

[P. 237.]

THERE are two rival foes for every
breast,
And both alike are enemies to rest.
Fear, of these combatants, is much
the strongest
Yet Hope upon the battle-ground
stays longest.

[P. 134.]

THEY smile on us by Time cut down
Who always while we lived lookt
sour,
So grass smells sweeter when it's
mown
Than fresh and waving in full
flower.

3 sweeter] so in *corrigenda*, sweetest in
text.

[P. 207.]

UPON the Pindan turf our horse
Beats other breeds in wind and
force:
He shows activity, and yet
No groom can teach him to curvet:
Young riders twitch him, but in
vain,
He plunges, and trots home again.

FASHIONABLE PHRASEOLOGY

[P. 199.]

THE day is *pluvius*; they will rue it
Who have great coat and wont
indue it.

[P. 177.]

FROM Youth's bright wing the
soonest fall
The brightest feathers of them all:
Few of the others that remain
Are there without some darker stain;
Youth, when at these old Age
looks grim,
Cries, "*Who the devil cares for him?*"

BREVITIES

TO A PRUDE

[P. 217.]

PRUDE! shall I whisper what you
are?
A catskin that would fain be vair.

GIRL AND DIOGENES

[P. 167.]

"MEN call you *dog*: now tell me
why,"
A little girl said: in reply
Diogenes said, smiling at her,
"My child! how wickedly men
flatter!"

[ALEXANDER THE GREAT]

[P. 168.]

"COME let us fight, my boy!" said
one,
Boldly enough, to Philip's son:
And coolly Philip's son replied
"I fight with kings, and none
beside."

Title. See Plutarch, *Alexander*. [W.]

JULIAN NO APOSTATE

[P. 199.]

JULIAN! thou virtuous, brave, and
wise,
Thou never didst apostatize,
Like those who one true God dis-
own,
O'erturn his seat and seize his
crown.

A FUNERAL

[P. 173.]

A HEARSE is passing by in solemn
state,
Within lies one whom people call
the great.
Its plumes seem nodding to the
girls below

As they gaze upward at the raree-
show,

Boys from the pavement snatch
their tops, and run

To know what in the world can be
the fun.

[P. 168.]

PARDON our enemies, we pray
Devoutly every sabbath-day;
Ere the next morn we change our
notes,
And blow them up or cut their
throats.
Above us and below meanwhile
The Angels weep, the Devils smile.

[P. 175.]

THE slender birds enjoy their cages,
Captivity the strong enrages.
While piping finches wag their tails
Before the catcher at Versailles,
Against the Czar the brave rebell
And hate the Kaisar worse than
hell.

[P. 261.]

WHY war against free brethren?
God forbid
Ye split asunder your own native
land?

Worst of barbarians, hear! . . the
pyramid
Built upon cannon-balls not long
can stand.

[P. 253.]

SUCH the protuberance that abuts
From pope's and king's enormous
guts,

That to shake hands should either
try,

A flock of geese between might
fly,

And any parley would require
Some fathoms of electric wire.

IN HEROIC IDYLS

[P. 264.]

WE send a thief a thief to catch
And Peter's bastard finds his
match.

[P. 204.]

It was late in the winter, and late
in the day
When there stealthily crept to the
house of Bett Gray
A Trinity tutor, a rigid divine,
Of a visage, and more than a
visage, equine.
Well, where is the hurt? . . . I don't
know where the hurt is,
I shrewdly suspect that's a ques-
tion for Curtis.*

* A surgeon in Oxford, 1793. [L.]

[P. 182.]

FIESOLE's bishop overlookt
A flock of lambkins, these he crookt
With crook that slightly hurt the
skin
Of those he tenderly drew in.
I would have seen the little flock,
But found the fold was under lock.
I heard some sighs and . . . *Oh my
lord!*
Then followed not another word.

[P. 219.]

PREACHERS of peace, with paunches
pursy,
(Not empty tho') on controversy,
Roar worse than children with the
gripes,
While Moslems smile and smoke
their pipes.

FROM OTHER SOURCES

[In her third article on "Last Days of
Walter Savage Landor", published in *The
Atlantic Monthly* (June 1866) Miss Kate
Field gave the following examples of the
metrical *impromptus* which now and then
broke into the prose of his discourse:]
. . . Advising me with regard to certain
rules in my Latin Grammar he ex-
claimed—

WHAT you'd fain know, you will
find;
What you want not leave behind.

. . . Attention being directed to several
well-meaning but intensely orthodox
friends, who were extremely anxious that
he should join the Church . . . he said:
"They are very kind, but I cannot be
redeemed in that way.

When I throw off this mortal coil,
I will not call on you, friend Hoil;
And I think that I shall do,
My good Tompkins without you.
But I pray you, charming Kate,
You will come, but not too late."

"How wicked you are, Mr. Landor!" I
replied laughingly. "It is well that I am
not orthodox."

"For if you were orthodox
I should be in the wrong box!"
was the ready response.

[Published in Forster's *Landor: a Bio-
graphy*, 1869.]

Landor. Kenyon, I've written
for your delectation,
A short Imaginary Conversation.

Kenyon. Landor, I much rejoice
at the report;
But only keep your promise—be it
short.

FATHER AND CHILD

Father. What, my boy, is the
rhyme to whig?
Child. Can it, papa, be whirli-
gig?

BREVITIES

[FROM LANDOR: A BIOGRAPHY, 1869]

[Published by Forster among extracts from letters, the next six fragments include three instances of intended prose running into metrical form. The first fragment is from a letter referring to the poem by Southey afterwards entitled *Roderick, the Last of the Goths*:]

[I]

I do not see what you can compress in this part of *Pelayo*. If you take away too many leaves you starve the blossoms.

THERE is a light luxuriant arborescence,
Which shows the vigour of the roots and stem,
And answers for the richness of the fruit.

As I live, I have written three verses! made so by a stroke of the pen. (*Landor to Southey.*)

[II]

A capital prologue [for *Andrea of Hungary*] has this instant come into my head . . .

No prologue will our author's pride allow;
If you can do without it, show it now.

(*Landor to Southey, November 1838.*)

[III]

Lately, from the want of sun and all things cheerful, my saddened and wearied mind has often roosted on the acacias and cypresses I planted.

THOUGHTS when they're weakest
take the longest flights,
And tempt the wintry seas in darkest nights.

How is it that when I am a little melancholy my words are apt to fall into verse? (*Landor to Forster, December 21, 1840.*)

[IV]

How is it possible that so serious a writer as Miss Barrett should not perceive

that the *two-word* rhyme is only fit for ludicrous subjects?

THESE rhymes appear to me but very so-so,
And fit but for our Lady del Toboso.

But we are so much in the habit of seeing the common law of the land in poetry infringed and violated, that nothing shocks us. (*Landor to Forster, 1843.*)

[V]

While writing the Tancredi and Constantia dialogue, I had the greatest difficulty to prevent my prose running away with me. Sundry verses indeed I could not keep down, nor could I afterwards break into prose. Here is a specimen, not in the conversation as it stands at present, which was written while I fancied I was writing Prose:

CAN certain words pronounced by
certain men

Perform an incantation which shall
hold

Two hearts together to the end of
time?

If these were wanting, yet instead
of these

There was my father's word, and
there was God.

(*Landor to Forster.*)

[VI]

[According to Forster, the following couplet, with other lines that spoke of the burden of life, were in a letter brought to him from Italy at the close of 1863:]

IMPLORED so long in vain at last
is come
The hour that leads me to a peaceful home.

[FOR AN EPITAPH]

[Published in *Wilhelm's Wandering* 1878.]

HERE lies Landor,
Whom they thought a goose,
But he proved a gander.

BREVITIES

[ANNE BOLEYN]

[Published in Nicoll and Wise, *Literary Anecdotes*, 1895, where printed from Lander's letter to Lady Blessington dated October 15, 1838.]

ANNE BOLEYN! tho I may be wrong
To think thee fit for tragic song,
Yet cannot I, to sing or sigh on,
Prefer a dock or dandelion.

Title. [Not in 1895. Lander's dramatic scene, *Anne Boleyn and the Constable of the Tower*, see above, vol. i, p. 275, was published late in 1838.]

CHARADE

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1899.]

I have been exerting the whole of my
genius in the composition of a charade.
[Lander to Miss Rose Paynter, July 18, 1843.] The three letters of my Charade
are A. P. N. [*ib.* August 19, 1843].

WHAT three letters make the word
Which expresses, first, a bird,
Then a thing for milk or cream,
Then what *all* do when they dream.

CHARADE

[Published in Nicoll and Wise, *Literary Anecdotes*, 1895.]

THE first is very near a tree;
The last my heart has done for thee.
Since thy first thoughts of me I
troubled
Thou'lt find that I am more than
doubled.

THE PHILOSOPHER

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, of W. S. Lander, 1897.]

HE who sits thoughtful in a twi-
light grot
Sees what in sunshine other men
see not.
I walk away from what they run to
see,
I know the world, but the world
knows not me.

INCONSISTENCY

SPRING smiles in Nature's face with
fresh delight,
With early flowers her mother's
brow adorning;
When morning comes, I wish again
for night,
And when night comes, I wish
again for morning.

Inconsistency. Cf. 'Brighton 1807'
(p. 27), ll. 4-8.

THE GOOD-NATURED FRIEND

SOME if they're forced to tell the
truth
Tell it you with a sad, wry mouth,
And make it plainly understood
Such never was their natural food.

EPIGRAMS

EPIGRAMS must be curt, nor seem
Tail-pieces to a poet's dream.
If they should anywhere be found
Serious, or musical in sound
Turn into prose the two worst pages
And you will rank among the sages.

FOND AND FOOLISH

IF ever there was man who loved
And wept for it, that man has
proved
Our earlier authors are less wrong
Than we are in our native tongue;
That *fond* and foolish, tho' in name
Unlike are in effect the same.

[Quoted by Sir M. E. Grant Duff in
"Notes from a Diary", 1900.]

AN angel from his Paradise drove
Adam;
From mine a devil drove me—
Thank you, Madam.

PISISTRATOS AND SOLON

[Published in the *Review of English Studies*, January 1932. This poem should properly have come at the end of the 'Hellenics' in Vol. II.]

Pisist. O Solon, heartily do I rejoice
To find thee in our city once again.

Solon. Say not *our* city *now*; Pisistratos,
'Tis thine, not mine.

Pisist. All Attic citizens
May claim it.

Solon. All *could* claim it, all alike.
How few now dare!

Pisist. No law I abrogate
Devised by thee, by thee promulgated.

Solon. These were enow, and more than were obey'd:
Others thou addest to support thy power.

Pisist. All things want changes; laws want supplements; 10
They must be fitted to the yearly growth
Of flourishing and rising commonwealths
As vestures are to children's and adults'.

Solon. To commonwealths! hast thou left commonwealth
Or aught in common here but servitude?

Pisist. Much, Solon, what I found I have enlarged,
Liberal arts and sciences and fanes
More stately, more adorn'd, and porticoes
More spacious and more shelter'd, wider streets
And smoother pavements, and such theatres 20
As Gods delight in with the Muses round.
Go into any of our shadier walks,
Where there is silence and few feet intrude,
And thou wilt find some studious youth bent o'er
Our Homer; let me dare to call him *ours*,
For I have been combining all the parts
By thee brought out of Crete.

Solon. Thy best employ.

Homer might make thee listen to the boys
Upon the benches, when they read aloud
What said Sarpedon to another prince. 30
"Why are we, Glaucos, honor'd above all
The rest about us in the Lycian plain?"
Odysseus is not praised for craftiness,
But for grave counsel and endurance hard.
Heroes are less of heroes by their strength
Than their forbearance, it far less required
To master others than unruly self.

Pisist. I listen, and will ponder well thy words.

A SATIRE ON SATIRISTS

[Published in 1836. Short extracts were reprinted as separate poems in 1846. For these and some additions in manuscript see notes at end of volume.]

TITLE-PAGE

A SATIRE on Satirists, and admonition to detractors. By Walter Savage Landor. *Tas γούν Ἀθῆνας οἶδα, τὸν δὲ χῶρον οὐ*. London: Saunders & Otley, Conduit Street. 1836.

PREFACE

It is only our intimate friends who like us best when we write well: the greater part of readers are complacent at imagining their superiority as they discover our aberrations. Every ball we send rolling before us is a stumble and strain to those who are impatient of standing to catch us out at the wicket. Such as cannot find employment in mischievous actions, look for consolation in mischievous thoughts, and solicit, and seldom fail in obtaining, a fit audience, and not few, to applaud them.

The Preface is growing too long for the Work, but the reader will find that it is not inappropriate.

For eaters of goose-liver there is
drest

This part alone; the cats divide
the rest;

The fire that plumps it, leaves the
creature dry,

So too with poets does the poetry:
This is their liver, truffled, tender,
sweet,

And all beside is sad unchristian
*meat.

Let thou the Muse's spangled
tissue play

About thy head and bosom, night
and day,

But throw the bone 'twas workt
upon, away.

Thinly by Nature is our honey
spread

On very coarse and very bitter
bread.

And from our corners we descry
asquint

A prettier book than ours, a
sharper print;

And in this school-room call the
cleverest lad

If sober, stupid, and if fiery, mad.

Who in hard stems and clotted
leaves would rout,

When the whole essence he may
have without?

Who to the husks of poets would
sit down,

When Murray sells the kernels for
a crown?

Grant me, propitious Fate! to meet
our best

Only on Pindus, and in heaven the
rest;

Leaving, to walk beside me while
I stay,

The kind companion of an earlier
day,

* *And all beside is sad unchristian meat.*—He who could partake of such an abominable luxury, knowing its process, ought not even to be buried where men are buried, but (in strict retributive justice) given to the kites and crows. [L.]

The Greek quotation with accents misprinted is from Sophocles, *Œdipus Col.* 24. [W.]

A SATIRE ON SATIRISTS

Whom genius, virtue, manly grief,
 endear,
 And bonds draw closer every
 circling year.

In fashionable squares and new-
 built streets
 Suburban Muses take their several
 beats;
 And whoso passes their select
 purlieus
 Is thief or strumpet, anything but
 Muse.
 Sooner shall Tuscan Vallombrosa
 lack wood 30
 Than Britain Grub-street, Billings-
 gate, and Blackwood.
 Slave-merchants, scalpers, canni-
 bals, agree . . .
 In *Letter-land* no brotherhood must
 be.

If there were living upon earth but
 twain,
 One would be Abel and the other
 Cain.

Here, be our cause the wrong one
 or the right,
 Better to pay than play, to run
 than fight.

Foul are the boxers, seconds, ring,
 and green . . .

And we wear gloves, and much
 prefer the clean.

The strife of letters will allow no
 peace, 40

No *Truce of God*, no sabbath's
 armistice.

"Down with your money! down
 with it, newcomer!

"And rise Sir Sotheby,* and stand
 by Homer.

"O'er Pope, o'er Cowper, lift thy
 licensed head,

"Beat all the living, challenge all
 the dead.

"He who refuses us our fare, for-
 gets

"Our junction-magazines and
 branch-gazettes;

"Our rail-ways running into every
 town,

"And our facilities for *selling down*.

"Precaution taken, each may find
 his friend, 50

"Who makes the limberest thread-
 case stand on end.

"Few are the authors here with
 lives uncharm'd,

"And thinnest ghosts march through
 their moonlight, arm'd."

There never squatted a more
 sordid brood

Beneath the battlements of Holy-
 rood,

Than that which now across the
 clotted perch

Crookens the claw and screams for
 court and church.

What is the church to them? or
 what the court?

Think ye they care one grain of
 millet for't?

But they have ken'd the swell of
 looser crop, 60

And round about the midden hop
 and hop.

The field they would have flown
 into, is clear,

Pickt every horse-fall, empty every
 ear.

To such the trembling verse-boy
 brings his task,

Of such the one-spurr'd critick
 begs to ask,

* Who can account for the eulogies of Blackwood on Sotheby's Homer, as compared with Pope's and Cowper's? Eulogy is not reported to be the side he lies upon, in general. [L. See *Blackwood's Magazine*, January and February 1834. Writing to his sister in 1831, when he had seen specimens of Sotheby's translation of the *Iliad*, Macaulay said it was a complete failure. W.]

A SATIRE ON SATIRISTS

Hath Sheffield's glorious son* the
genuine vein?
Did *Paracelsus*† spring from poet's
brain?
When all expect it, *yes* will never
do,
The cautious and the business-like
say *no*.
Criticks and maidens should not
smile too fast; 70
A *yes*, though drawl'd out faintly,
comes at last.

Well; you have seen our Pro-
speros, at whose beck
Our ship, with all her royalty, is
wreck.
From sire to son descends the
wizard book
That works such marvels.
Look behind you! look!
There issue from the Treasury,
dull and dry as
The leaves in winter, Gifford and
Matthias.

Brighter and braver Peter Pindar
started,
And ranged around him all the
lighter-hearted.
When Peter Pindar sank into decline,
Up from his hole sprang Peter
Porcupine. 81
Him W . . . son followed, of con-
genial quill,
As near the dirt,‡ and no less prone
to ill.
Walcot, of English heart, had
English pen,
Buffoon he might be, but for hire
was none;
Nor, plumed and mounted on
Professor's chair,
Offer'd to grin for wagers at a fair.
Who would not join the joke when
hands like these
Lead proudly forward Alcibiades,
Train'd up to fashion by the
Nymphs of Leith, 90
And whiffing his cigar through
cheesy teeth.

* The *Corn-law Rhymer*, as he condescends to style himself, has written sonnets, which may be ranked among the noblest in our language. [L. See *Corn-law Rhymes*, by Ebenezer Elliott, 1831. W.]

† *Paracelsus* has found a critick capable of appreciating him. It is not often that the generous are so judicious, nor always that the judicious are so generous. [L. Browning's *Paracelsus* was highly commended in *The Examiner*, September 6, 1835, and on November 21, 1835, in *Leigh Hunt's London Journal*. W.]

‡ "*As near the dirt*," &c.—The professor, if not Horatian in his art, is perfectly so in his opinion, express by the poet in the verse—

"*Nec latuit malè qui vivens moriensque fefellit.*" [Horace, *Epist.* i. 17. 10. For *latuit* read *vizit*, for *vivens* read *natus*. W.]

He surely is as wise as any
Who cheats the world and turns the penny;
And if he does it all life thro'
'Tis more than most wise men can do.

It must be acknowledged that some commentators have given the passage a different interpretation.

The learned professor is an important contributor to Blackwood, especially in those graces of delicate wit so attractive to his subscribers. Nevertheless, Lord Byron, who was not quite susceptible of it, declared that "a gentleman could not write in Blackwood". Has this assertion been ever disproved by experiment? If a gentleman could not write in it, why should a gentleman be accused of reading it? Could anything be more unjust or affronting?

78 Peter Pindar] *psd.* of John Wolcot (*ob.* 1819) [W.] 81 Peter Porcupine] *psd.*
of William Cobbett (*ob.* 1885) [W.] 82 W . . . son] *sc.* John Wilson (*ob.* 1819),
"Christopher North" of *Blackwood's Magazine*. [W.]

A SATIRE ON SATIRISTS

Honest men and wiser, you will
 say,
 Were satirists,
 Unhurt? for spite? for pay?
 Their courteous soldiership, out-
 shining ours,
 Mounted the engine, and took aim
 from tow'rs.
 From putrid ditches we more
 safely flight,
 And push our zig-zag parallels by
 night.
 Dryden's rich numbers rattle terse
 and round,
 Profuse, and nothing *plattery* in
 the sound.
 And, here almost his equal, if but
 here, 100
 Pope pleas'd alike the playful and
 severe.
 The slimmer cur at growler John-
 son snarls,
 But cowers beneath his bugle-blast
 for Charles.*
 From *Vanity* and *London* far re-
 moved,†
 With that pure Spirit his pure
 spirit loved,
 In thorny paths the pensive Cow-
 per trod,
 But angels prompted, and the word
 was God.

Churchmen have chaunted satire,
 and the pews
 Heard good sound doctrine from
 the sable Muse.
 Frost-bitten, and lumbaginous,
 when Donne, 110
 With verses gnarl'd and knotted,
 hobbled on,
 Thro listening palaces did rhyme-
 less South
 Pour sparkling waters from his
 golden mouth.
 Prim, in spruce party-colours
 Mason shone,
 His Muse lookt well in gall-dyed
 crape alone.
 Beneath the starry sky, mid gar-
 den glooms,
 In meditation deep, and dense
 perfumes,
 Young's cassock was flounced
 round with plaintive pun . .
 And pithier Churchill swore he
 would have none.
 He bared his own broad vices, but
 the knots 120
 Of the loud scourge fell sorest upon
 Scots.
 Yet, when the cassock he had
 thrown aside,
 No better man his godless lips
 belied:

* Many have ridiculed, and with no little justice, the pompous diction of Johnson on ordinary occasions; and some have attempted to depreciate his imitations of Juvenal. But among our clippers and sweaters of sterling coin, not one will ever write such vigorous verses as those on Charles the Twelfth, or such vigorous prose as the *Lives of Savage* and *Dryden*. [L.]

† Wide indeed is the difference between the manner of Cowper and Johnson. Cowper is often witty, light, and playful; Johnson never. Neither he nor Juvenal are to be called satirists, but acute rhetoricians and animated declaimers.

Although it cannot be said of Satire,

"Renidet usquequaque," [Catullus, xxxix. 2.]

yet the smile is habitual to her countenance. If her laces are now and then loosened, it is not that she may give vent to her anger, energy to her action, or display and grandiloquence to her moral sentences. She has little to do with Philosophy, less with Rhetorick, and nothing with the Furies. [L.]

112 South] Dr. Robert South, *ob.* 1716. [W.]

ob. 1797, friend and editor of Gray. [W.]

1765, author of *Night Thoughts*, &c. [W.]

119 Churchill] Charles Churchill, *ob.* 1764, author of *The Rosciad*. [W.]

114 Mason] Rev. William Mason,

118 Young] Rev. Edward Young, *ob.*

A SATIRE ON SATIRISTS

<p>He pelted no shy poet thro' the streets, No Lamb he vilified, he stabb'd no Keats:*</p> <p>His cleaner fingers in no combat close To scratch the pimples† upon Hazlit's nose:</p> <p>Hunt's Cold-bath-field may bloom with bowers, for him, And Coleridge‡ may be sound in wind and limb.</p> <p>On bell-hung drays all coarser parcels find 130</p> <p>The way to Blackwood; rings, and records kind,</p> <p>A thoughtless book-keeper detains behind.</p>	<p>The <i>Gentleman's</i>, the <i>Lady's</i>, we have seen, Now blusters forth the <i>Blackguard's</i> <i>Magazine</i>:</p> <p>And (Heaven from joint-stock companies protect us!)</p> <p>Dustman and nightman issue their <i>Prospectus</i>.</p> <p>If, as we pass, a splash is all we feel, Thanks to the blue brigade en- roll'd by Peel.</p> <p>While from the south such knaves are carted forth, Gildons and Curls stil flourish in the north; 140</p> <p>And others, baser in degree and mind,</p>
---	--

* Lamb, Keats, Hazlit, Coleridge, all in short who, recently dead, are now dividing amongst them the admiration of their country, were turned into ridicule by the worthy men employed by Mr. Blackwood. Whatever could lessen their estimation, whatever could injure their fortune, whatever could make their poverty more bitter, whatever could cast them down from their aspirations after fame, and whatever had a tendency to drive them into the grave, which now has opened to them, was incessantly brought into action against them by these zealots for our religion and laws. A more deliberate, a more torturing murder never was committed, than the murder of Keats; a young man adorned, it is said by those who knew him intimately, with everything graceful, generous, and manly. I have seen those thoughtful and melancholy at the mention of him, whom I never have seen so on any other occasion; and it was many years after his decease. The chief perpetrator of his murder knew beforehand he could not be hanged for it, and was occupying a station whence he might be called by his faction to hang others far less guilty. While he was rising to the highest rank in the profession and in the state, his victim sank under him, in long agonies, to an untimely grave.

When men strike at genius, they strike at the face of God in the only way wherein he ever manifests it to them. [L.]

† “*To scratch the pimples upon Hazlit's nose, &c.*”—Ridicule of these, together with a compendious list of similar vulgarities, is now lying before me. The author to whom I am indebted for the extracts, and for nearly all I ever knew or heard of the writers, is about to publish as much as suits his undertaking, in a *Life of Keats*. Such an exposure of impudence and falsehood is not likely to injure the character of the *Magazine*, or diminish the number of its subscribers. To those who are habituated to the gin-shop the dram is sustenance, and they feel themselves both uncomfortable and empty without the hot excitement. Blackwood's is really a gin-palace.

‡ The worst that can be said against Coleridge in his literary character, with which alone we have anything to do, is that he spoke as the poet says the lover loved,
“Not wisely, but too well,”

spouting forth whatever was shining, fit or unfit.

He was fond of beating his breast against the close-wired cage of Metaphysics, where he could only show how delicately his wings were formed, and how beautiful were the feathers he shedd at every effort.

140 Gildons . . . Curls] For Gildon's “venal quill” and “Curl's chaste press”, see Pope's *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, l. 151, and *Dunciad*, i. 40. [W.]

A SATIRE ON SATIRISTS

Tenant the outhouse Burke with
 life resign'd.
 See the shrewd carriers, knife in
 mouth, deride
 Now the flay'd victim, now the
 price divide . .
 No; rather see, while Satyrs dance
 around,
 Yon little man with vine and ivy
 crown'd,
 Raising his easy arm, secure to hit
 *The scope of pleasure with the
 shafts of wit.

Satire! I never call'd thee very
 fair,
 But if thou art inclined to hear my
 pray'r, 150
 Grant the bright surface that our
 form reflects,
 The healthy font that braces our
 defects:
 But O! to fulminate with forked
 line
 Another's fame or fortune, ne'er
 be mine!
 Against the wretch who dares it,
 high or low,
 Against him only, I direct my blow.

When Byron by the borderers
 was assail'd,
 Tho Byron then was only silken-
 mail'd,
 The squad of Brougham and
 Jeffrey fared but ill,
 And on the lordling's split the
 lawyer's quill. 160

This chief came smirking onward,
 that lookt arch,
 But both retreated to the old
Rogue's March:
 And if, with broken head and bag-
 pipe lost,
 It should be stil the tune they like
 the most,
 There is a reason, were it safe to
 tell . . .
 Some who flight poorly, plunder
 pretty well.
 Byron was not *all* Byron; one
 small part
 Bore the impression of a human heart.
 Guided by no clear love-star's
 panting light
 Thro the sharp surges of a northern
 night, 170
 In Satire's narrow strait he swam
 the best,
 Scattering the foam that hist about
 his breast.
 He, who might else have been
 more tender, first
 From Scottish saltness caught his
 rabid thirst.
 Praise Keats . .

"I think I've heard of him."

"With you
 Shelley stands foremost."

. . And his lip was blue.

"I hear with pleasure any one com-
 mend

So good a soul; for Shelley is my
 friend."

One leaf from Southey's laurel
 made explode

* Nothing can be lighter or pleasanter or more brilliant. Pope, before he composed his verses to Lady M. W. Montague, forgot his sacrifice to the Graces. Dryden often neglected them; in our others we rarely find those exquisite touches which characterise the poet of Ireland. Prior is among the best, where he ridicules the platitudes of Boileau; the worst lyrick poet upon record, not excepting Pope, not excepting Addison. One would have imagined that Johnson had at his disposal the means of rendering justice to Prior, tho he never had enough about him to satisfy the demands of Milton, or even of Thompson and Collins. [L.]

A SATIRE ON SATIRISTS

All his combustibles . .

"An ass! by God!" 180

Who yet surmounted in romantick
Spain

Highths our brisk courser never
could attain.

I lagged; he call'd me; urgent
to prolong

My matin chirpings into mellow
song.

Mournfuller tones came then . . O
ne'er be they

Drown'd in night howlings from
the Forth and Spey!

Twice is almighty Homer far
above

Troy and her towers, Olympus and
his Jove.

First, when the God-led Priam
bends before

Him sprung from Thetis, dark with
Hector's gore: 190

A second time, when both alike
have bled,

And Agamemnon speaks among
the dead.

Call'd up by Genius in an after-
age,

That awful spectre shook the
Athenian stage.

From eve to morn, from morn to
parting night,

Father and daughter stood before
my sight.

I felt the looks they gave, the words
they said,

And reconducted each screener
shade.

Ever shall these to me be well-
spent days,

Sweet fell the tears upon them,
sweet the praise. 200

Far from the footstool of the
tragick throne,

I am tragedian in this scene alone.
Station the Greek and Briton side
by side,*

And, if derision is deserv'd, de-
ride.

Shew me a genuine poet† of our
times

Unwrung with strictures or un-
gall'd with rhymes.

The strong are rowell'd, while the
dull stand still,

And those who feed on thistles
feed their fill.

On our wide downs there have
been, and there are,

Such as indignant Justice should
not spare. 210

Under my wrist ne'er shall her
whip be crackt

Where poet leaves a poet's fame
intact.

When from their rocks and moun-
tains they descend

To tear the stranger or to pluck
the friend,

I spring between them and their
hoped-for prey

And whoop them from the flendish
feast away.

Come, if you hate tame vultures, if
you shun

The hencoop daws that never see
the sun,

* "*Station the Greek and Briton side by side.*" Surely there can be no fairer method of overturning an offensive reputation, from which the scaffolding is not yet taken down, than by placing against it the best passages, and most nearly parallel in the subject, from *Eschylus* and *Sophocles*. To this labour the whole body of Scotch critics and poets are hereby invited, and moreover to add the ornaments of translation.

† It appears to be at *Edinburgh* as I remember it was at *Oxford*. The bargemen usually made choice of some well-drest gownsman for their attacks: scouts and servitors went *scot-free*: to quarrel with them did not answer.

A SATIRE ON SATIRISTS

Come into purer air, where lake and
hill

With wholesome breath the heav-
ing bosom fill. 220

Whom seek we there? alas! we
seek in vain

The gentle breast amid the gentle
strain.

Ion may knock where Self hath
most to do,

Knock at the freshman's in his
first Review,

At under-secretary Stanley's too . .

Ion came forth, the generous,
brave, and wise,

And tears stood tingling in un-
wonted eyes.

The proud policeman strain'd each
harden'd ball

Round as a fishes, lest a drop
should fall.

The exciseman from Gravesend,
the steamer's clerk, 230

The usurer, the benchman, cried out
"Hark!"

Dundas had fear'd his brazen brow
might melt,

Pitt almost fainted, Melbourne
almost felt . .

Amid the mighty storm that
swell'd around,

Wordsworth was calm, and bravely
stood his ground.

No more on daisies and on pilewort
fed,

By weary Duddon's ever tumbled
bed,

The Grasmere cuckoo leaves those
sylvan scenes,

And, perch'd on shovel hats and
dandy deans,

And prickt with spicy cheer, at
Philpot's nod 240

Devoutly fathers Slaughter upon
God.

Might we not wish some wiser seer
had said

Where lurks the mother of that
hopeful maid?

Now Wordsworth! lest we never
meet again,

Write, on the prose-side tablet of
thy brain,

A worldly counsel to a worldly
mind,

And grow less captious if thou
grow less kind.

Leave Moore, sad torturer of the
virgin breast,

One lyre for beauty, one for the
oppress:

Leave Campbell Wyoming's de-
serted farms 250

And Hohenlinden's trumpet-
tongued alarms.

Permit us to be pleas'd, or even to
please,

And try at other strains than such
as these . . .

"I do assert it boldly, 'tis a
shame

"To honor Dryden with a poet's
name.

"What in the name of goodness
can we hope

"When criticks praise the tinkling
tin of Pope?

"They are, no doubt, exceedingly
good men,

"Pity, they flirt so flippant with
the pen!

"In Scott there is, we must admit,
one line 260

"Far better than the rest, and
almost fine.

223 *Ion*. [Talfourd's tragedy. Landor, Wordsworth, and Crabb Robinson saw the first performance at Covent Garden, May 26, 1836. See notes at end of volume. W.]

241 Devoutly . . . Slaughter]. See Wordsworth's *Ode on Waterloo*—"Yes, Carnage is thy daughter". [W.]

A SATIRE ON SATIRISTS

"Hear what I wrote upon the
subject! now!

"This is the way to write, you will
allow.

"As for your Germans, petty pis-
mire hosts,

"Nathans, Iphigeneias, Meisters,
Fausts,

"Any two stanzas here are worth
'em all . .

"So let your Privy Council give
the wall.

"Göethe may be a baron or a graf,

"Call him a poet, and you make
me laugh:

"Either my judgement is entirely
lost or 270

"Never was there so cursed an
impostor."*

Peace to the soother of Orestes! peace
To the first Spirit that awoke on
Greece!

Spare even Byron, who spared none
himself,

And lay him gently on the lady's
shelf.

Ah surely 'tis enough if Lamartine
Sticks his crisp winter-cabbage
ever-green

To those gilt bays! and Chateau-
briant's sand,†

Hot, sterile, gusty, sweeps that
slimy land;

The land of squashy fruits, in
puddles set, 280

The land of poppies and of minion-
ette,

But massier things and loftier here
and there

Surprise us . . losing base and point
in air.

Tho' Southey's poetry to thee
should seem

Not worth five shillings (such thy
phrase) the ream,

Courage! good wary Wordsworth!
and disburse

The whole amount from that
prudential purse.

Here, take my word, 'tis neither
shame nor sin

To venture boldly, all thy own
thrown in,

With purest incense to the Eternal
Mind 290

That spacious urn, his heart, lights
half mankind.

Batter it, bruize it, blacken it at
will,

It hath its weight and precious
substance still.

We, who love order, yield our
betters place

With duteous zeal, and, if we can,
with grace.

Roderick, Kehama, Thalaba, be-
long

To mightier movers of majestick
song.

To such as these we give, by just
controul,

Not our five shillings, but our
heart and soul.

* "*Impostor*" was the expression.

Two thousand years and more had elapsed, and nothing like the pure Grecian had appeared in the world until the *Iphigeneia* of Goethe, excepting a few verses of Catullus and Horace. We English had indeed somewhat more than an equivalent in Shakspeare and Milton; the Italians in Dante but the *Iphigeneia* is fairly worth all the poetry of the Continent since the *Divina Commedia*.

† "*Chateaubriant's sand*."—Whenever we enter into another treaty with France, let a clause be inserted against the reduction of English poetry to French. Our occasional laugh, however hearty, is a poor compensation to the unhappy poets in *hot water*.

The most racy of the French is now living in the midst of them, Beranger: otherwise, for purity, simplicity, and pathos, they must turn over two whole centuries, full of mummies in periwigs, distortions, and distillations.

A SATIRE ON SATIRISTS

Try what it is to pierce the mails
of men 300
In their proud moods . . . kings,
patriots, heroes . . . then
Back wilt thou run as if on Kal-
garth-flat
A shower had caught thee in thy
Sunday hat.
Are there no duodecimos of mind
Stitcht to tear up? wherein 'tis
hard to find
One happy fancy, one affection
kind.
Why every author on thy hearth-
stone burn?
Why every neighbour twitcht and
shov'd in turn?
Rather than thus eternally cry
hang 'em,
I'd almost praise the workmanship
of Wrangham. 310
But, O true poet of the country!
why
With goatskin glove an ancient
friend defy?
Should Gifford lead thee? should
Matthias? they
Were only fit to flap the flies away,
Leave 'em their night, for they
have had their day.
What would they give to drive a
Collins wild,
Or taunt a Spenser on his burning
child!
What would they give to drag a
Milton back
From heaven, or cord a Shakspeare
to the rack.
These, and their corporal Canning,
are forgotten, 320

Since fruits soon perish when the
core is rotten.
Throw, throw the marching-guinea
back, 'tis solely
For poets under standard highth,
like Croly.
Alas! to strike with little chance to
hit
Proves how much longer-winded
wrath than wit.
The frequent stroke, the plunge,
the puffing, show
A hapless swimmer going fast
below.
Verses (and thine are such) un-
doom'd to die,
From gentle thoughts should raise
the willing sigh.
If youth had starts of jealousy, let
age 330
Rest with composure on another's
page.
Take by the hand the timid, rear
the young,
Shun the malignant, and respect
the strong.
Censure's coarse bar, corroded,
crusts away,
And the unwasted captive starts
on day.
Another date hath Praise's golden
key,
With that alone men reach
Eternity.
He who hath lent it, tho' awhile
he wait,
Yet Genius shall restore it at the
gate.
Think timely, for our coming years
are few, 340

302 Calgarth-flat] Calgarth on Lake Windermere. Bishop R. Watson dated his answer to Tom Paine from Calgarth Park where he had built his house. See *Windermere: a Poem* by Joseph Budworth, 1793:

In Calgarth's groves, in undisturbed retreat,
Learning and contemplation hold their seat. [W.]

310 Wrangham] *sc.* Rev. Francis Wrangham, *ob.* 1842, author of *The British Plutarch*. [W.] 323 Croly] Rev. George Croly, *ob.* 1800, author of *Salathiel, &c.*, wrote for *Blackwood's Magazine* from its commencement. [W.]

A SATIRE ON SATIRISTS

Their worst diseases mortals may
subdue;
Which, if they grow around the
loftier mind,
Death, when ourselves are gathered,
leaves behind.
Our frowardness, our malice, our
distrust,
Cling to our name and sink not
with our dust.
Like prince and pauper in our
flesh and blood,
Perish like them we cannot, if we
wou'd.
Is not our sofa softer when one
end

Sinks to the welcome pressure of
a friend?
If he hath rais'd us in our low
estate, 350
Are we not happier when they call
him great?
Some who sate round us while the
grass was green
Fear the chill air and quit the
duller scene:
Some, unreturning, thro' our doors
have past,
And haply we may live to see the
last.

END.

EARLY POEMS

THE POEMS OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

[Published in 1795.]

PREFACE

LITTLE will be said in the preface but what immediately concerns the poems. Of these, the first is the **"Birth of Poesy"*. It was designed to contain five cantos, and to comprehend the dramatic writers of Greece.

The *"Apology for Satire"*, which succeeds, was written about a year ago. It commemorates actions the most wicked that have ever disgraced human nature; actions which, far from being of a temporary moment, will consign to eternal infamy their authors and supporters.

The next in this volume is *"Pyramus and Thisbe"*. The principles of it were taken from Ovid, but it is considerably altered in the plan.

The last, to be noticed, is an *"Epistle from Abelard to Eloise"*. The author, here, must necessarily labor under many disadvantages. The very title calls to recollection that excellent epistle by Pope, which might have been better had it suffered a few retrenchments, but which, still, is unrivalled in the smaller provinces of Poetry. Without pretending to equal what he commends, the Author pauses over its beauties, and humbly pleads for candor. Relinquishing, altogether, the paths pursued by predecessors in this department—forbidding himself to enjoy, in common with them, the first ideas which arise from the subject—and turning away, however reluctantly, from the beautiful sketches delineated by the lover of Eloise—he contents himself not with what has been already *said*, but simply with what *might have been*.

The passions of Abelard once were violent, those of Eloise irresistible: but *his* had been long allayed; *hers* for that very reason had increased. Innumerable troubles of a different nature had counteracted or diverted *his*; she had no other anxieties: her love and her grief were derived from him; separation only enlarged them, and confinement doubled their violence. The letters of Eloise contain more of dissatisfied love, and inconsolable passion; those of Abelard more of unavailing grief and tedious anxiety. One cannot be at a loss to conjecture which of these affords the most copious theme, nor can one doubt but Pope, had he thought that a Reply from Abelard could admit an equal share of poetry, would have eagerly embraced the subject. His *"Eloise"* received so much encouragement, that nothing but obstacles almost invincible, could have deterred him from exerting himself on the present occasion.

* Last year, a copy of this was intended for the benefit of a distressed Clergyman; for this purpose it was sent to the Editor of the Morning Chronicle. It was not, however, printed. It has, since, received many corrections. [L.]

EARLY POEMS

But the Author is aware that this may be a reason for having failed in, rather than the least apology for having attempted so difficult a task. Suffice it, therefore, to observe that this "Epistle" may be dated from St. Ruis. Here it happened that poison was mixed for Abelard even in the consecrated wine. A dish was placed before him, at dinner, of which another person tasted and immediately expired. The scene of this has been altered, for the sake of giving an air of dignity to that horrible event.

After the Epistle are some little original pieces, and some Imitations from Catullus. A few Latin verses have, also, been subjoined. It was intended to have added more of these; but only the *shortest* of them are published, together with a cursory vindication of Latin poetry. Some of the latter pieces have been addressed to friends: their names, however, are not mentioned—for it remains with the Public to decide whether the materials are durable or splendid enough to enclose very valuable characters.

It may not be amiss to observe that the present volume is divided into three books: the first contains what have already been mentioned, and a few others—chiefly odes: the second, lighter pieces and notes: the third, Latin: Hendecasyllabi, &c.

BOOK I

BIRTH OF POESY

CANTO I

HASTE, heavenly Muse! to whom these arts belong, To trace the sources of eternal song. Say first, Omniscient! say what genial clime Bore beauteous Poesy; what happy time? Mid reeds umbrageous lay the babe conceal'd Where Nilus deluges the thirsty field? From caves invisible whose waters bring A golden harvest to the lap of Spring— Or lay she foster'd near where Indus laves His rocks of adamant with dusky waves: 10 Cool'd by whose breeze the glad- den'd Negro roves	Thro' wide savannahs form'd in palmy groves? Perplexing Doubt, with hazy veil denies The glorious retrospect to mortal eyes: Or, clad in varied, dazzling, thin, attire, Fiction persuades, then checks, our vain desire. Some, fondly following her aerial flight, Have dared to penetrate the realms of Night: Sublimely borne on Dream's de- lusive wing Have heard the angels chaunt around their king; 20 View'd their light hand fly o'er the golden chord
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ll. 1-8, 15-16 [see notes at end of the volume].

EARLY POEMS

Trembling, symphonious to th'
 Almighty word;
 View'd 'neath their feet immortal
 sunbeams play,
 Immortal sunbeams their fine
 forms array;
 Flowers ever-blooming, far as
 vision spread,
 Strew their soft seat, and veil their
 lovely head.
 Sweetly fallacious! Man's untutor'd
 voice
 Made first the Deity its grateful
 choice:
 Tho' some relate that birds, and
 rills, and trees
 Waving with whispers to the gentle
 Breeze, 30
 First taught his imitative voice to
 try
 Harmonious sounds, and raise
 them to the sky.
 Yes! *then* to God the reasoning
 being rais'd
 The strain divine, and wonder'd as
 he prais'd.
 By bounteous rivers, mid his flocks
 reclin'd,
 He heard the reed that rustled in
 the wind.
 Then, leaning onward, negligently
 tore
 The slender stem from off the
 fringed shore.
 With mimic breath the whisper
 soft assay'd—
 When, lo! the yielding reed his
 mimic breath obey'd. 40
 'Twas hence, ere long, the pleasing
 power he found
 Of noted numbers and of certain
 sound.
 Each morn and eve their fine effect
 he tried,
 Each morn and eve he blest the
 river's reedy side.

There, ages after, rival youths
 combin'd
 The simple pastoral—to calm the
 mind
 When Sol and Sirius dart their
 hateful fire
 On fainting herbs; and fill with
 fierce desire
 Whatever cleaves the wave, or
 flies, or treads
 The barren mountain, and the
 beauteous meads. 50
 Then would they, seated on the
 grassy sod,
 Extol the kindness of a parent
 God.
 Now, to relieve their amebian
 tales,
 The pipe resounds among the echo-
 ing vales:
 Now, while it pauses, lo! some Sage
 affords
 Divine morality in mystic words.
 The twinkling radiance of un-
 number'd stars,
 Primeval chaos, elemental wars—
 Were each the theme: how while
 th' Almighty said
 "Let there be light," the cheerful
 light obeyed. 60
 While massy matter rugged atoms
 urge,
 Streams fill each vast abyss and
 form the foaming surge.
 All else completed God at length
 began
 The lovely fabric of immortal
 Man.
 High, above all, his master-piece
 he placed,
 Pure image of himself, with youth
 and glory graced.
 Erect on earth, uplift, O Man!
 thine eye,
 And view and thank thy Maker in
 the sky.

[ll. 35-44 were quoted by Forster in *Landor: a Biography*, 1869, i. 38.]

BIRTH OF POESY: CANTO I

In flowery fields, unbounded,
 Adam trod,
 Where all was pleasure, for in all
 was God. 70
 When Sleep descended first, and
 placid Rest
 In balmy mantle hover'd o'er his
 breast,
 The Dreams around his soothed
 senses flew
 In scenes more lovely than till now
 he knew.
 A form like his, but fairer far, he
 spied—
 Too kind to vanish and too bright
 to hide:
 She breathes ambrosial; and her
 locks of gold
 Gales, airy-finger'd, negligently
 hold.
 Around her balsam - breathing
 florets scent
 The paths of Pleasure, Virtue, and
 Content. 80
 While this the Angels from their
 Lord impart,
 Love, yet unblinded, flutters round
 his heart.
 With soothing melody his wings
 resound,
 And calm the anguish of each play-
 ful wound.

Now Morn from urns of crystal
 sprinkled dew,
 Now heaven-born Sleep, and
 Dreams attendant, flew:
 Now from his leafy couch as-
 tonish'd rose
 The blissful Man, and saw his
 blooming spouse.

O peaceful Shepherdesses! happy
 they

Who thus in rapture pass the fleet-
 ing day. 90

His arm encircled, now, her
 polish'd waist,
 Hers, mantling higher, his glowing
 neck embraced.
 With lively violence new tremors
 seize
 Their leaping sinews and unsteady
 knees.
 Their weight combined each blush-
 ing flower receives
 And tender shrubs entangle them
 in leaves.

O peaceful Shepherdesses! happy
 they
 Who thus in rapture pass the
 fleeting day.

When now, at length, delighted
 Man arose
 Strait and elated as the poplar
 grows: 100
 Still proud and ardent as th'
 Arabian horse
 Now now exulting in his future
 course:
 Strong as a lion* on the mountain
 born,
 Free as the air and fresh as
 Nature's morn.

Lo! the Creator from his throne
 descends!
 Lo! 'neath his feet the azure welkin
 bends.
 Each darker cloud at his approach
 recedes
 With conscious haste—and nought
 the view impedes
 When, now, he visits first the new-
 form'd earth,

* "Ὡς τε Αἴων ἀπειρὸς [Homer, *Odyssey*, vi. 130] is the expression of some Greek poet, I believe of Homer. Naturalists very justly observe that animals which inhabit *mountains* have more strength and activity than those of the same species in a plain country. The same is equally applicable to men. A Swiss is more so than a Dutchman, &c. [L.]

EARLY POEMS

All beings hail the Author of their
birth. 110

But first the gratitude of happier
Man

Aloud adoring him his praise be-
gan.

Father of all the bounteous world
contains—

Sonorous rivers, and extended
plains;

Of founts that trickle down the
mossy hills,

Descending softly in divided rills;
Of winged warblers in the lofty
groves

Who chaunt to thee their animated
loves;

Shall I, more favor'd and more
great than they,

Conceal the gratitude that others
pay! 120

Pleas'd with the words which
willing Adam spoke,

The mighty Lord his awful silence
broke.

"Thine, Adam! thine be never-
fading life,

The world's dominion, and a tender
wife:

With due obedience equal thanks
combine,

Then, too, eternal happiness be
thine.

Each herb, each plant, each animal
that treads

The gloomy forest, crops the
flowery meads;

And those that swim beneath, and
those that fly

Along the surface of a boundless
sky— 130

All, all be thine: their uses will I
tell,

And thou shalt name them in yon
shady dell.

But first attend to what thy Lord
shall say,

In silence hear, and willingly obey.
Remote from others stands one

sacred tree; -
Of bitter fruit, but beautiful to see.

Death on each blossom sheds the
mist of Pain:

Death marks it for his own: then,
fear it, and refrain.

On this thy total happiness de-
pends,

With this it flourishes, with this it
ends." 140

Thus spake the God: obedient
Adam heard

The voice divine, but answer'd not
a word.

Confused, astonished, at the high
commands

He bowed his head, then rais'd to
heaven his hands.

O peaceful Shepherdesses! happy
they

Who thus in silence hear, thus
willingly obey.

But ah! twice only rosy Morn
appear'd

Ere, mid the grass, his head a
serpent rear'd.

Lo! on his crest the sparkling
colors glow

That streak th' autumnal sky, or
showery bow. 150

The florets round him, tho' they
seem to fade,

Yet lend the lightning scene a
milder shade.

His varied panoply frail Woman
sees,

Yet less his colors than persuasions
please.

"Dear to my soul! how lovely to
behold

U. 137-8 [Imitated from Ovid. See notes at end of the volume.]

BIRTH OF POESY: CANTO I

That blooming apple's vegetable
gold.
In vain thou livest on ambrosial
food,
In vain regalest where these flowers
are strew'd.
Believe me, Charmer! since I well
have known
Those globes exuberant are not
vainly shown. 160
To make thee happier, Eve! they
here are placed;
And canst thou view, yet never
wish to taste?"

How little thought she *then* at
what a price
She heard, and ah! obey'd—this
voluble advice.
Pleased with the luscious juice to
Man she gave
The only pleasure she was bid to
save.
O pleasure dearly bought with end-
less pain!
Indulgence weak! inexpiable stain!

O peaceful Shepherdesses! woe-
ful they
Who thus the dictates of their will
obey. 170

The tree whose apples, glitter-
ing thro' the shade,
With pride Euphrates in his cave
survey'd—
Now waving mournful in the dark-
en'd air,
Bent low its head in sorrow, in
despair.
That youthful tree, so early
widow'd, pines;
That lofty head its vernal pride
resigns.

Thou! to whom Pleasure leads
the laughing Hours,
Whose path she smoothens, and
bestrews with flow'rs:

O Man! thus quickly fades thy
blooming prime,
Thus drooping bends it o'er the
stream of Time. 180

Athwart the shady grove swift
lightning flies,
And thunder rattles from the low'r-
ing skies.

In place of Pleasure ghastly Fear
descends;

Convulsion dire Earth's feeble
fabric rends:

Black clouds of smoke the cerule
surface hide,

And on the wings of Winds lament-
ing Angels ride.

Who now can utter, or whose heart
conceive,

With pangs how strong our hap-
less parents grieve.

My voice, unable such distress to
name,

Echoes but faintly the report of
fame. 190

Lo! now the vallies sink, the moun-
tains nod,

Revolving spheres proclaim th'
approaching God.

Before him Anger's fiery eye-balls
glare,

And Terror rolls along the thun-
dering car.

Vindictive Angels wave a flaming
sword:

Then, thus resounds the soul-
appalling word.

"Fly from the mansions of eternal
peace:

Fly—death be thine, and all thy
pleasure cease.

What ills, O Woman, hast thou
brought on earth!

Hence, woe thy portion and afflic-
tive birth. 200

Each child, the fruit of thy prolific
womb,

EARLY POEMS

Shall soon inherit, hence, the narrow tomb."

He spake: and Eve, unknowing where she flew,

Far from the presence of her God withdrew.

Amid the flow'rs she flies: the flow'rs refuse

To soothe her anguish with their healing dews.

Each fragrant beauty fails to entertain;

A trifling loss! yet adds to female pain.

Now, bashful Modesty no more her guide,

She fell, she wept, her shame she could not hide. 210

But when the sun had shot his parting ray

Unhappy Adam pointed out the way.

No river, there, majestically flow'd,
Nor yet resembled aught their late abode.

For mossy bowers, and undulating rills,

Plains long-extended lay, and lofty hills.

Their eyes reverting oft, they slowly went,

Hand claspt in hand, to wander and repent.

Thus early shepherds, amebear, sung

The pleasing lesson to the pliant young. 220

Nor were they negligent the voice to raise,

Loud and symphonious, in their Maker's praise.

But why, my soul! should restless Mortal feign

Each joy existed in a former reign;
Deem all simplicity in former times,

ll. 207, 208 [see notes at end of the volume].

His own, a series of unequal'd crimes;

With tortur'd industry new grievance frame,

And strike his burning breast, and thus exclaim—

"No little Tyrant thro' the peaceful land

Once, blew the trumpet of unjust command: 230

Thro' the green glebe no scythed chariot wheel'd,

No stone divided the unfailing field.
For cruel Luxury no heifer died,

But herbs and honey guiltless want supplied.

No levees *then* would conscious Man await,

Nor Disappointment linger at the gate.

Worth, well-rewarded, never knew Complaint,

Nor Envy dared to scowl, nor Flattery to paint."

Weak Wretch! from Tyranny these ills arose;

Complain no more, but remedy thy woes. 240

Go, seize the sword, undaunted, and restore

Those blessings and those rights whose absence ye deplore.

Hast thou not known that Luxury and Pride

In gorgeous halls with Despotism abide:

That steadfast Liberty and Virtue dwell,

In prudent Temperance's hoary cell?

Wretch! from thy weakness was their early fall:

But rise—in pity they will hear thy call—

While I their reign in painful wand'rings trace,

BIRTH OF POESY: CANTO I

Their reign how short! now endless
our disgrace. 250

Once, for our peace, their balmy
wings they spread

O'er the wide globe; but saw, and
wept, and fled

Less pleasing ages in their turn
succeed,

When Man was captur'd, Man was
doom'd to bleed.

The mad'ning Victor strains of
glory sought;

Honor was forfeited, and praise
was bought.

Elate with triumph thus the chief
requires,

The various melody of captive
lyres:

"Sing, O ye minstrels! as I now
command,

The songs delightful to your native
land, 260

To God sublimely hymns of praises
sing,

Or tune your voices to your lord
and king."

Methinks I hear a noble bard
reply,

While scornful anger flashes from
his eye—

"O harp! be mute: shall I repeat
the strains

That sweetly sounded on my native
plains!

Can I, in song, those happy scenes
repeat

For which in vain my heart will
ever beat!

In foreign countries can I make my
theme

A God blasphemed, or Jordan's
winding stream! 270

Here as I sit, immerst in bitter woe,
For thee, O Sion, still the tear shall
flow.

Each rill that trickles in thy
flowery plain

With dear remembrance still aug-
ments my pain:

Each broad-leaf fig-tree comes
before mine eyes,

And thy fair fane and lofty walls
arise.

Shall I the dictates of a Chief
obey

In triumph proud, and absolute in
sway?

Forbid it, God! if ever I forget
Thy holy shrine—or think without

regret— 280

No more may music warble from
my tongue,

No more the harp assist my falter-
ing song."

Thus boldly vow'd the Solymean
chief,

Unaw'd by tyrants, unopprest by
grief—

When, vainly-boasting, Babylon
beheld

Her sons victorious and her foes
repel'd.

But was it *thus* that Vanity began,
Ere mild Content bow'd down from
Heaven to Man.

No—it was she who soothed the
human breast,

Banish'd each care, each empty
wish repress. 290

Content! how happy they who
know thy pow'r,

And daily meet thee in thy mossy
bow'r.

No strife is theirs, no obloquy, no
shame,

No disappointment, for they little
claim.

But welcome Sleep with evening
shades descends;

And no man envies them, if none
befriends.

Charm'd by thy placid mien, the
Passions cease,

EARLY POEMS

And Life and Death go hand in
hand with Peace.

Serene, and quiet as descending dews,
Thy lenient influence leads the
lovely Muse: 300

The Muse, like thee, to silent fields
resorts,

But flies abasht from princes and
from courts.

Tho' Man, deceived by Folly's
dazzling blaze,

Oft from thy path, complaining
rashly, strays;

Yet, since the World's immortal
fabric rose,

Equal has hung the scale of bliss
and woes.

But should a Nation Virtue's laws
offend,

Her violent Anarchy and Discord
rend:

With deep regret she sighs while
Pity pours

On lands adjoining unexhausted
stores: 310

Her purple vines remorseless war-
riors spoil,

Enjoy the produce, and inflict the
toil.

Among her crops deceitful Ceres
rears

Resplendent bucklers and resistless
spears—

The guiltless wives in captive woe
bemoan

Their tender infants dash'd against
a stone.

No sweet Astyanax a warrior
charms,

Nor moves by weeping, nor by
smiles disarms.

Methinks I view him, looking
down, deride

Its hopeful name, its fondling
parents' pride; 320

Its weeping city's mingled tears
and sighs,

Its father's helpless corse, its
mother's piercing cries.

But O forbear, indignant, to en-
quire

Why Vengeance scatters, thus,
promiscuous ire.

Her flaming torches round each
victim fly,

And mortals, innocent with guilty,
die.

Let me unquestion'd from this
scene depart,

Nor pour my numbers from an
aching heart.

The Muse, spontaneous, to a region
goes

Whose mountains sparkle with
perennial snows. 330

Where yellow Heber rolls his rapid
stream,

Orpheus! thy fate to pity tunes my
theme.

Thy youthful songs could charm
the Thracian woods,

Could stay the rushing of a thou-
sand floods.

Before thy feet her young the tiger
bore

And fiercest lions there forgot to
roar.

When from thy pipe mellifluous
numbers flow'd,

Each Muse admir'd the strain her-
self bestow'd.

Thus, on the bank of rock-
encircled Dove,

Where nimble Fairies in the moon-
shine rove, 340

Or, mid the silence of their sparry
cells,

Mix cruel herbs, and mutter mighty
spells—

339 Dove [The river Dove flows past Ashbourne, where Landor, after leaving Rugby, had spent two years under the tutelage of the Vicar, "good old fatherly Langley". W.]

BIRTH OF POESY: CANTO I

Oft have I heard, ere now, a shepherd boy
Sing loud; then listen with attentive joy—
While Echo's faithful voice returns the sound,
And kindly softens what more harsh she found.

O! could, like her, the voice of Fame afford,
Orpheus! thy songs whose silence is deplor'd!
In vain we now look back: each tender moan
Past ages hide; and Harmony is gone. 350
Yet, tho' of thine I hear no youthful strains,
I still behold thee on thy native plains.
Thee the fond Muses with ambrosia feed,
And steep in honey thine enchanting reed.
Around Eurydice her flocks at play
Ramble and frolic, in the close of day.
Unconscious flocks! *her* gloomy Dis awaits,
Her the dire powers, th' inexorable Fates.
While thus around her innocent ye bleat,
And herbs and flowers in plenty hide your feet; 360
She little thinks the faithless florets hide
The sting of Death, that must their loves divide.
Unhappy Pair! if aught my verse avail,
Each eye with pity shall attend the tale:
Each anxious lover beat his heaving breast

And change for sympathy the sweets of rest.
Oft as in pleasing solitude he strays,
Where waves or woods extend their murmuring maze—
The scenes, distinctly, of your woe shall rise,
Your tears, once more, flow trembling from his eyes. 370

Orpheus! thy dirge begins: the rolling spheres
Tune not so sweetly to celestial ears;
Feign'd, as they are, to run an endless round
In ether pure, mid floods of liquid sound.
On brazen hinges ope Hell's groaning doors
Vast; and stern Dis Eurydice restores.
Now lovelier far than first when virgins led
Her trembling form to bless thy nuptial bed.
Her polisht neck thine arms spontaneous clasp
With wild emotion, with insatiate grasp: 380
Thrice, to embrace her, blinded fondness flew,
Thrice, far away, the silent shade withdrew.
Yet, hurried helpless from her lover's sight,
"Adieu, she sighed, adieu; I sink in endless night."
Then, held to thee—no more to circle thine—
Down the dim vault her listless arms decline.
Again their torments the Infernal feel,
Again, for ever, whirls the giddy wheel.

EARLY POEMS

But what to thine is now Ixion's
 pain,
 Or his whom vultures gnaw, and
 Furies chain! 390
 Despair now racks—what Hope so
 late possesest—
 The tender fibres of thy love-lorn
 breast.
 Thee to my sight the weeping Muse
 presents
 While once again the God of Hell
 relents:
 But they, whose high behests to
 Man are hid,
 His pity check, and his resolves
 forbid.
 Now hollow murmurs, undissem-
 bled sighs,
 Thro' the black concave for thy
 woe arise.
 The Ghosts not only, but the
 Furies moan,
 All Hell, so silent late, breathes
 forth a dismal groan. 400

As when the Summer paints the
 laughing plains,
 Soft breezes sigh, and dews descend
 for rains:
 Translucent rivers o'er the pebbles
 play,
 And kiss the flowery margin on
 their way;
 And linger, anxious of a short
 reprieve,
 Amid the beauties they are doom'd
 to leave.
 But when fierce Winter vexes them
 with cold,
 Nor banks nor dams the violent
 surge can hold:
 The fearful Shepherd, at a distance,
 sees
 His flooded folds and insulated
 trees: 410
 His flocks, in haste, their wonted
 vallies fly,
 Or in the waters overwhelmed die.

'Twas thus, O Orpheus! thus thy
 fury rose
 Impetuous, flowing from unnum-
 ber'd woes.
 When pray'r, nor pity, melody, nor
 love,
 The cruel Destinies' decree could
 move
 Oft has the tender-hearted Naiad
 seen
 Thy steps imprinted on the lonely
 green.
 Oft have the Dryads, oft the Muses,
 heard
 Thy sighs for sever'd love, and
 pray'rs in pain prefer'd: 420
 Whether on passing gales thy
 words have flown
 To Heber, echoing back the tuneful
 moan;
 Or sedge-girt Strymon, sought by
 brooding cranes,
 Linger'd to hear thee on his lifeless
 plains.
 Thy soul admitted, now, no second
 flame
 To dissipate thy cares, and animate
 thy frame.
 When sweet Eurydice had left thy
 breast,
 Religious awe some God unknown
 imprest.
 Before his shrine thy reverend form
 appears,
 Tho' bent by sorrows, not infirm
 by years. 430
 Blithe youths, with myrtle and
 with roses crown'd,
 Mid virgins pure imbibe the sacred
 sound.
 There while the beam of vernal
 beauty glows,
 The heart more warm expands,
 more rich the music flows.
 The Prophet, most, to one ad-
 vanced in youth
 Address the tenor of th' eternal truth.

BIRTH OF POESY: CANTO I

He told what holy inspirations
 teach,
 And soft Persuasion toned his
 hallow'd speech.
 "This to the Just I sing: the bad
 debar:
 Attend, bright offspring of the
 morning-star! 440
 Attend Museus! hear a heavenly
 lay
 Unheard before, and notice what
 I say.
 Soar beyond mortal view, while I
 impart
 The grand conception to thy reason-
 ing heart:
 Truth undissembled here behold
 unfurl'd;
 Behold the mighty Monarch of the
 World.
 Self-born is he alone: his plastic
 hand
 Created all: all live by his com-
 mand.
 No mortal eye can see, no mind
 conceive,
 The God of Nature whence we
 breathe and live. 450
 'Tis he alone who good derives
 from ill;
 Bliss, sorrow, peace, and war,
 hang solely on his will.
 Him might you know, before on
 earth he came
 Void of a form, but clad in lambent
 flame.
 Him, O my son! his vestiges
 declare,
 Tho' high he sit, invisible in air.
 'Twixt God and Man ten orbits
 intervene,
 Yet one, one only, hath his visage
 seen:
 One of Chaldea, from an ancient
 race,

Who knew the planets, knew their
 name and place. 460
 How all the system moves around
 the poles,
 And how the sphere upon its axis
 rolls.
 God rules the tide, and winds
 that beat the skies;
 So pure, with him no purest ether
 vies.
 O'er all creation he commands
 alone,
 The world his footstool, and the
 sky his throne.
 Beyond the bounds of matter he
 extends
 His powerful arm, where Nature's
 empire ends.
 Within his hand the lofty moun-
 tains nod,
 Conscious and fearful of a present
 God. 470
 Thus the Chaldean graved, by
 Heav'n's command,
 On two stone-tablets for his native
 land.
 All further argument we may not
 seek—
 My limbs! my soul! ye fail me
 while I speak.
 But, O Museus! O my son! forbear
 To utter *this*: be silent, and revere."
 Thus Orpheus sang, when Time
 and pining Care
 Spread their white mantle o'er his
 golden hair.
 The Gods around him from their
 marble smile,
 And sacred silence reigns through-
 out the aisle. 480
 But him from cruel death, and
 watery grave,
 Nor birth divine, nor Harmony
 could save.

ll. 439 ff. [The Palinodia of Orpheus. See notes at end of the volume].

ll. 457 ff. [see notes at end of the volume].

EARLY POEMS

No mutual love he knew! yet,
Thracian rage
 In female breasts could Orpheus not
 assuage?
 Could not *his* voice—who staid a
 river's course—
 Who charm'd th' Internals—tem-
 per *female* force?
 Ah no! his end the Destinies
 decreed:
 The Muses were to weep, and
 Orpheus was to bleed.

END OF CANTO I

CANTO II

STILL was the night: the ill-por-
 tending Bear
 And earlier Lion cast a savage
 glare.
 By murmuring Heber pensive
 Orpheus stood,
 And now the sky survey'd, and now
 the flood.

This is the hour when hinds
 returning home
 With eager joy revolve their bliss
 to come.
 The youthful wife with unaffected
 charms,
 The children running with up-
 lifted arms;
 Each little rival fearful lest he miss
 Till early morning the parental
 kiss. 10
 This is the hour that such a light
 allows
 As lovers wish the witness of their
 vows.
 Such light, unfortunate Circassia!
 leads
 Thy blooming daughters to seques-
 ter'd meads
 Which verdant palms surround;
 and orange groves
 Admit the Moon alone to peep upon
 their loves.

But not thus blest the Thracian
 scene remain'd,
 Where long, till now, an equal
 Silence reign'd.
 Now, indistinctly, nearer murmurs
 creep
 Along the dimples of the placid
 deep. 20
 Now louder cries heav'n's azure
 surface rend—
 And lo! fierce female fiends the
 hills around descend.
 Had I—all sweet as his—a thou-
 sand tongues,
 An iron heart—like theirs—and
 brazen lungs;
 In equal numbers I could ne'er
 relate
Their brutal rage, *his* undeserved
 fate.
 His breast inspir'd the shameless
 murderers bare
 With flinty lances, and his limbs
 they tear.
 His streaming gore, each female
 hand imbues,
 Nor fears the vengeance of a parent
 Muse. 30
 In the clear waves his peerless lyre
 they throw;
 The clear waves sweep the strings,
 and warble as they flow.
 The Gods, observant from the
 starry sky,
 Bid fiercest Famine o'er the Thra-
 cians fly.
 Beside his lyre, in woe, Amphion
 sate,
 Alike in fame but happier far in fate:
 Bold heroes, too, the theme of
 every song,
 Seized their broad faulchions to
 avenge his wrong.
 While they, enraged, attest the
 ghastly sight,
 Apollo, mournful, hid his golden
 light. 40

BIRTH OF POESY: CANTO II

Aurora, hast'ning to her eastern gate,
Wept less for Memnon's than for
Orpheus' fate.

The tears that trickled from her
lucid eye

Swift on the wing of purple Zephyrs
fly:

These they, obedient, scatter o'er
the lawn,

Or sprinkle gently mid the waving
corn,

In vain! On Ceres traces Famine
treads,

Aloud she shrieks, and wide her
wing she spreads.

Fierce Desolation, with a flaming
sword,

Consumes the fields of each Cico-
nian lord. 50

No fruit luxurious for their banquet
grows,

No wine, to cheer them, sparkles as
it flows:

But all the Furies of accurst
Disease

Their aged sires and tender children
seize.

The birds remember not their
liquid lay

Nor loves, but pine upon the silent
spray.

Powerful no more the raging pest
to curb,

With noxious vapor fades each
healing herb.

The Shepherds, seated near their
wonted streams,

Eye the fierce sun, and sicken at
his beams. 60

There while they sigh, unsatisfied!
for breath,

Each gasp is anguish, but each gale
is death.

His native town while *one*, for
umbrage, flies

Mid purer Zephyrs and less angry
skies:

A pale desponding Countryman he
meets,

Who seeks protection in the mourn-
ing streets;

Flies from the sick'ning fold and
gloomy grot,

To change his desert his unpitied lot;
Deems none can suffer, none but

he can know,
That burning anguish that oppres-
sive woe; 70

Or hopes, unknowing why! to wit-
ness there

The social torments all are doom'd
to bear;

Then bows for mercy to th' august
abodes

Of heroes, blest in death! and
vengeful Gods.

Alas! the temples more protection
give

To those who perish than to those
who live:

Since here, in vain! for pity's sake
are led

Promiscuous join'd the dying and
the dead.

Destin'd itself, the guilty group
attends

Innocuous parents, brothers, chil-
dren, friends. 80

Ill-fated all! but doubly they! who
die

When closed around them sleeps
each kindred eye.

These ills awaited long the dire-
ful crew

In Orpheus' blood who dared their
hand imbrue.

But from Alcides, who with Ven-
geance came,

Reap'd with the sword what yet
escaped the flame.

Him ever kindly the coeval bard
Adorn'd with verse, and honor'd

with regard.

EARLY POEMS

With him in Argo sail'd from
 wond'ring Greece,
 With him from Colchis bore the
 golden fleece. 90
 Mindful of this, amid their tents
 he flew,
 Their damsels captured, and their
 centaurs slew.
 Mindful of this, all dangers he
 defied,
 Avenged his friend, subdued his
 foes, and died.
 The warrior fell not in the open fight,
 Fell not by Treachery brave alone
 by night:
 But wrapt in flames, on Eta's
 craggy heath
 The Centaur's blood avenged the
 Centaur's death.
 Thus, born and dying in one noble
 age,
 At once were mourn'd the hero and
 the Sage. 100
 The bones of Orpheus Naiad bands
 collect,
 Enwrap in flowers, and weep with
 fond respect.
 Yes! every Naiad, when their
 Orpheus fell,
 Beat her cold breast and blew her
 winding shell.
 No more could I the name of *each*
 repeat
 Than paint each herb that grew
 beneath their feet:
 Than count each star above, each
 amorous wave
 That bursts around them, murmur-
 ing, while they lave.
 Thoë, and Clymenè, and Ianthè,
 twin'd
 What florets little fear'd th'
 autumnal wind; 110
 The spreading arbutus, ere yet it
 blows,
 The hardy woodbine, and the
 cluster-rose;

Laurustine, ivy, and each beau-
 teous bell
 That lurked protected in the
 warmer dell:
 The dusky myrtle, dew'd by many
 a tear,
 With matted cypress strew'd the
 sacred bier.
 Then, bays they gather from the
 greenest grove
 To form the chaplet he was wont to
 love.
 Last, o'er his pallid limbs they
 softly spread
 A glossy mantle of inwoven weed.
 This duly done, beneath the
 silvery moon 121
 New rites perform they, trembling
 dirges tune.
 "Blest Bard! tho' elegance with
 strength combin'd
 To form an image of thy lofty
 mind;
 Yet brighter glory, in each future
 age,
 Will cast its radiance o'er thy spot-
 less page.
 A hundred languages thy name
 shall know,
 And pious bards in each com-
 miserate thy woe.
 While Heber scatters thro' the
 Thracian plains
 Abundant verdure to his thankful
 swains: 130
 While genial sunbeams bland his
 florets tinge,
 While vocal reeds his favor'd
 margin fringe:
 While trees adorn the land, or
 stars the pole,
 Springs gently trickle, Oceans
 roughly roll:
 While ebon-scepter'd Night to Day
 succeeds,
 Strikes dumb the birds, obscures
 the silent meads:

BIRTH OF POESY: CANTO II

While Poets sing, or while Im-
mortals reign,
Thy name with honor shall in verse
remain."

Then thou, O Linus! o'er thy
pupils gone
Didst pour melodious thy funereal
moan. 140

Within the temple's consecrate
abodes

Thou thus appealedst to the cruel
Gods.

"Ye Gods! directing all terrene
affairs

From pure Olympian domes, de-
void of cares!

Lo! to your shrine, opprest by
grief I come,

From strong Alcides' and sweet
Orpheus' tomb!

Where, heav'nly pow'rs! O where
were *ye* when died

My tender care, *your* progeny and
pride:

From thee, O Jove! the valiant
hero sprung,

The tuneful poet from the God of
Song. 150

Well I remember in my youthful years
The joys they gave, now equall'd
by my tears!

Well I remember, too, the warlike
dance,

The sounding bow-string, and the
quivering lance.

Thro' Time's dark mist and Sor-
row's baneful dew,

Our friendly strife for glory still in
view:

I view the dust around each chariot
roll

Whose heated wheels erase the
trembling goal.

But thee, my Orpheus! thee I hear
rehearse

Our Argonautic deeds in deathless
verse. 160

O cruel Muses! playing on what
hill,

Or dancing heedless near what
favor'd rill,

Were *ye*, O where, when Death's
dark cloud dispread

Around your child, your Orpheus'
hallow'd head!

Or whom now deem ye worthy to
succeed

With beauteous lip to blow th'
unequal reed!

For *that*, at least, in yonder grot
remains,

Tho' mute and joyless to the
drooping swains:

O may his lyre in Heav'n obtain a
place

To charm the Gods, and *their*
abodes to grace. 170

For thee, O bard! the tear shall
duly flow,

The nymphs around thee vernal
honors strow.

When my cold ashes shall forgotten
lie,

And all of Linus, but the name,
shall die—

In distant ages be it only said
*The last regards to Orpheus he has
paid.*

My ghost shall wander *then* from
troubles free,

Then gladly fly to Hercules and
thee.

While they who follow our pursuits
on earth,

Shall sing, bold Hero! thy stupend-
ous worth: 180

Thy fatal pow'r exultingly shall
sing

O'er every monster, every lawless
king,

Thus, thro' the vistic of ten thou-
sand years,

If once, perchance, thy dreaded
form appears;

EARLY POEMS

Their impious fury stands by
silence checkt,
Nor palaces, nor dens, can hide
them or protect.
Th' Augean stable shall thy wave
receive,
The lord shall perish, but the herd
shall live."

These were the words of Linus:
and, behold!
Soon were the deeds of great
Alcides told; 190
By strenuous Hesiod, when luxuri-
ous Peace
With Sloth, had mollified the sons
of Greece.
O days deplor'd! of dire domestic
jars,
When proud Injustice seiz'd the
spoil of wars:
When sleepless Avarice spread her
eagle wings,
And perch'd, protected, on the
throne of Kings.
Who—not contented, Wretches! to
refuse
Wealth to the bard, or honor to
the Muse—
From Ascrea's youth his happy
fields estranged
Where Labor smiled, and flocks
uncounted ranged. 200
One half they took: thrice foolish!
not to know
That half was more than all they
could bestow:
That haughty pride and over-
bearance cease
Where honest industry and arts
increase.

l. 189 [See notes at end of the volume. W.]

* When this was written Louis had only returned to Paris after his flight: he had not been condemned:

*χρὴν δ' εὐθὺς εἶναι τήνδε τοῖς πᾶσι δίκην,
ὅστις πέρα πράσσειν γε τῶν νόμων θέλει,
κτείνειν.*

Still sheds the Muse her sym-
pathetic tear
With Linus sorrowing o'er his
pupil's bier.
O! can she ever, leaving Orpheus'
tomb
Her wonted melody and joy
resume.
Or will she dare, in high Homeric
strain,
To sound the trump of war, and
tread the purpled plain! 210
Let others, bolder, happier, in their
plan
Unfurl the standard wide in Free-
dom's van:
At flying Brunswic's bloody edict
smile
With silence due, and only point
to Lisle.
Me nor the tours of Chivalry de-
light,
Nor trumpets eager to confound
the fight:
For Zeal no more this rapid pen
confines
Than just to picture what the Muse
designs.
Lo! now she frowns, severe, on
empty state,
*Now weeps, O Louis! o'er thy
hapless fate: 220
Thence, glances back on tales that
once were sung
To wond'ring Greece by Homer's
magic tongue.
Each scene revolves, with agoniz-
ing heart,
Where sweet Andromachè and
Hector part:

Sophoc. *Electra* [1505-7].
[L.]

BIRTH OF POESY: CANTO II

Beholds him follow'd by her
streaming eyes
Far o'er the plain, and hears her
heartfelt sighs.

But all thy tears, Andromachè!
how vain!
He lies disfigur'd on Scamander's
plain!
He, who consoled so late thy throbbing
breast,
Has clos'd his eyes in everlasting
rest. 230

O bid the damsels from their web
return,
To scatter flow'rs or twine them
round his urn.
Cypress, and cedar sweet, from Ida
bring,
Refreshing water from yon swelling
spring.
Tho' stern—Achilles will at length
restore
Him whom thy tears incessantly
deplore.
No forest-beast, or bird that skims
the air,
But men more fierce, his beauteous
form shall tear,
Tied to the Victor's car, along the
ground
O'er naked flints his unnerv'd arms
shall bound: 240
Those arms that, late, enclosed his
only joy,
Repuls'd the powerful, and pro-
tected Troy.
But, tho' the Gods, too cruel! have
decreed
That noble Hector should ignobly
bleed;
Yet shall the sunbeam, and incle-
ment air,
By Jove's command, his nectar'd
body spare:
Till soon his mother and his hoary
sire

Shall place him perfect on the
funeral pyre.

Methinks, for this, I witness Priam
rise

With pious pray'r, to supplicate
the skies; 250

Ascend with Mercury the silent car,
Escape the guard, and lift the
massy bar;

Then lowly falling at the hero's feet,
There all his dangers, all his woes
repeat;

Ilion with happier Thessaly compare,
But Thessaly may grieve, for sires
are also there.

At this, nor pity mingled much
with pain,

Nor kind reproaches can the Chief
restrain.

His struggling heart a thousand
passions rend—

A foe subdu'd, avenged a tender
friend. 260

This, this awhile excites a doubtful
rage;

Nay! threatens harmless and de-
crepit Age.

But when the Trojan tears his
locks of snow,

He thinks on Peleus, and forgets a
foe.

Now first the tear bedews Achilles'
eyes,

And soothing accents bid the
Monarch rise:

Now first relents the warlike
haughty mind

Which tears could soften more than
oaths could bind.

O Muses! doubt ye but Patroclus'
shade

Forgave the broken vows his friend
had made; 270

Forgot from Hector's eye how
vengeance shone,

Nor in the prostrate sire beheld the
vaunting son.

EARLY POEMS

But wipe away the tear, 'tis time
to leave
Each Dardan damsel o'er his tomb
to grieve:
Nor view Andromachè with an-
guish bring
The weight of waters from a
Spartan spring;
Or bound reluctant in connubial
chains
Sigh for her former lord and lost
domains;
Or weave on hostile loom, with
pensive joy,
The streams, the vallies, and the
woods of Troy. 280
As Mars, receding from the dusty
flight,
In Venus' arms deceiv'd the fleet-
ing night—
Thus we from war, and all its woes,
retire
To fascinating scenes of elegant
desire.
To those sensations which all arts
can pierce,
However blunted or however fierce.
Those which the sapient king, of
Judah's tribe,
And Lesbian Sappho could so well
describe.
May Lesbian Sappho pleasingly
prolong
The flow'ry province of my wand'r-
ing song. 290
Tho' sweet, yet mournful were the
dying strains
When love insatiate revel'd in her
veins.
Then, when unheard had flow'd the
liquid lay,
The fair to Venus bent her heedless
way;
Unheld by shame thro' wondering
cities ran,

Struck the responsive lute, and
thus began.
"Daughter of Jove! on whose un-
number'd shrines
Eternal fire with genial splendor
shines.
If ever pitying thou hast heard my
pray'r,
O make me *now* an object of thy
care. 300
Look from thy throne, and, list'n-
ing to my lay,
Bid the swift sparrows waft thee
on thy way.
Once, at my wish, the golden car
they drew,
Their dusky feathers quivering as
they flew.
Thou, sweetly smiling, camest to
enquire
Whence rose the fury of my mad
desire:
Wrong'd by what youth I call'd
thee to mine aid,
What arts I wish'd to conquer or
persuade.
*Say, Sappho! whom—averse thy
bliss to prove
Wouldst thou entangle in the toils of
love? 310
Tho' now he shun thee, wretched in
his turn,
For thee, my Sappho! shall he duly
burn.*
O mighty Goddess! to my vows
attend,
Come once again, one passion more
befriend."

She spake: but Venus quaff'd
the nectar'd bowl,
Nor calm'd the anguish of her
Sappho's soul.
The Lesbian, then, on joys de-
parted mused,

U. 287-92 [For Lander's remarks on the Song of Solomon and Odes of Sappho see notes at end of the volume. W.]

BIRTH OF POESY

Then wept her passion and her
 pray'r refused:
 But more the Goddess, than the
 youth she blamed—
 From him she *hoped* for what from
her she claim'd. 320
 Much tho' she lov'd, Ingratitude
 imprest
 More deeply still his arrow in her
 breast.
 Now, in despairing agonies, she cried
 "And am I scorn'd by her I
 deified?
 And am I scorn'd by her whose
 roseate fanes
 Smoke with my incense, echo with
 my strains:
 Framed by whose hand each beau-
 teous form I bless,
 Constant my care and deathless my
 caress?
 No more to Phaon shall my num-
 bers flow,
 Regardless of my love, regardless
 of my woe; 330
 But, while eternal youth to *him* I
 give,
 Without remorse *myself* desist to
 live.
 Thus 'twas decreed to Jove's
 Ledeian twins—
 When *this* has ceas'd his splendor
that begins.
 No more: your gifts, ye Muses! I
 resign;
 Place here your laurels, here the
 cypress twine:
 Nor life nor honor, now your
 Sappho craves,
 But bursts the bonds of woe, and
 dares the foaming waves."
 At this, swift-rushing from Leu-
 cate's height,
 She closed her weeping eyes in
 endless night. 340

END OF CANTO II

l. 11 [See notes at end of the volume. W.]

CANTO III

Arms are my theme! behold! how
 bright the sun
 Shines on the field that Virtue's
 force has won!
 How souls congenial, envy, as they
 weep,
 Those who, O Death! within thy
 chambers sleep;
 Who bravely fighting in their
 country's cause,
 Slew her oppressor and restor'd her
 laws.
 Yes! they who willingly pay
 Nature's debt
 Leave glory to themselves, but to
 the World regret!
 Nor small his praises who, in Free-
 dom's right,
 Sounds the loud trumpet and pro-
 vokes the fight. 10
 Hark! with what boldness great
 Alcæus strings
 His harp resounding in the ear of
 kings.
 'Twas he who first those heav'nly
 numbers found
 To waft to noblest thoughts in
 sweetest sound.
 But ah! tho' every Muse that harp
 has strung,
 Tho' Phœbus tunes aloud his
 martial song;
 He leaves in battle his compatriot
 bands,
 And hurls the buckler from ener-
 vate hands.
 A diff'rent strain th' apostate harp
 employs,
 Far from its country, far from
 battle's noise. 20
 Where oft aloud exclaim'd the
 wretched Bard
 "*Hard are the ills of war, of exile
 hard!*"

EARLY POEMS

*Hard in old age to ply the stubborn oar,
Yet ever wand'ring, find no friendly
shore."*

Thine, brave Tyrtæus! thine tho'
humbler lays
Acquir'd more glory, and deserve
more praise.
To thee, with Orpheus, did the
Gods impart
The hero's courage with the poet's art.
This Sparta once, in glad surprise,
beheld;
Her soldiers slaughter'd and her
chiefs repel'd. 30
A leader, now, of Cecrops' line she
calls,
To point her thunder at Ithome's
walls.
Hope, mutt'ring, flew—till thy
enchanting life
Arouz'd the broken bands, and
call'd to life
Valor opprest, and bade each
sword defend,
Each shield protect, the colleague
and the friend.

"Blest be the Man who when his
country calls,
Dies, bravely dies, before Ithome's
walls.
But oh! how base, how wretched!
he who flies
The tented field: him friends and
foes despise. 40
But those whom battles charm,
and dangers prove,
Their foes must honor and their
friends must love.

Ye Spartan youth! from brave
Alcides sprung,
Say, can ye tremble at a feeble *ithrong*:
A throng whom ramparts, tow'ring
high, immure—

Whom Valor palsies, Fears alone
secure?

Will ye—a prey to Slavery and to
Shame—

Fly from the foe your ancestors
o'ercame?

Spartans! advance: already have
ye known

Those who retreat are easily o'er-
thrown: 50

Alike unable to return or fly,
Far from their country and their
chief, they die.

But here, let each for Glory's palm
contend,

Each crush his enemy, relieve his
friend:

Dispute each footstep in the dusty field
Close-join'd, nor wish nor even
think to yield.

Freely your lives, where Glory
calls, bestow,

And strike destruction with your
dying blow.

But ah! thro' coward fear, or cold
neglect,

Desert not *him* whose age com-
mands respect: 60

Rush thro' the midst for *him*, and
nobly dare

To raise his stiff'ned limbs and
hoary hair:

But should *Death's* hand have cast
him on the ground,

Place the stain'd tunic 'neath his
honest wound;

Hence, unconfused, may modest
damsels view

The glorious gash, and with their
tears bedew.

Now, now prepare: * your lips in-
dignant bite,

Firm your stout knees, and brave
the bloody fight."

l. 25 [see notes at end of the volume. W.]

* There is in Aristophanes a similar thought:

στὰς ἀνὴρ παρ' ἀνδρ', ὑπ' ὀργῆς τὴν χελεύην ἐσθίων

ὑπὸ δὲ τῶν τοξευμάτων οὐκ ἦν ἰδεῖν τὸν οὐρανόν. Aristoph. *Σφήκες* [1083-4].

BIRTH OF POESY: CANTO III

Taught by Minerva, thus Tyr-
 tæus spoke
 Mid youths whose courage, late,
 Misfortune broke. 70
 Lo! every face is flush'd with
 martial fire,
 Each sinew trembles with re-
 strain'd desire.
 When now, oblique, athwart the
 darken'd sky
 Arrows and darts in dread con-
 fusion fly.
 As the swift arrow and the beamy
 dart
 Leave not their traces in the air
 they part;
 Thus when the low-descended
 Veteran dies,
 Oblivion shrouds him, and new
 heroes rise.
 Had Verse not led in adamantine
 chains
 The victims sacrific'd on Ilion's
 plains, 80
 Who would have heard of Hector?
 who have known
 The rage of Peleus's immortal
 son?

But now more near advance the
 Spartan bands,
 Silent and slow; broad faulchions
 in their hands:
 But some, impetuous, on the foam-
 ing horse,
 Their sharper sabre wield with
 dreadful force:
 These, instantaneous, the light-
 arm'd invade;
 The stronger shield awaits the
 heavier blade.
 For now, indignantly the Spartans
 rush,
 Their coned helmets, brazen bosses
 crush. 90
 While some provoke amid the
 daunted foes

Their bravest warrior singly to
 oppose.
 The dusty ground beneath their
 close-join'd feet
 Shakes, and their swords in deadly
 conflict meet.
 Mid the fierce blows th' enlivening
 life is heard,
 And Memory recalls each might-
 inspiring word.
 Is courage slacken'd, each receding
 row
 Tyrtæus heads, and rushes on the
 foe.
 Meanwhile his words encourage,
 soothe, and chide,
 Breathe ardent fury, cherish noble
 pride. 100
 Till, by his verse and his example
 led,
 The Spartans conquer'd, the Mes-
 senians fled.

Now Wars subside, the love-
 inspiring reed
 And flute mellifluous to the life
 succeed.
 Now sweet Mimnermus! for thy
 silvery hair
 The Loves, and Graces, with
 assiduous care
 Twine the fresh myrtle, happy to
 engage
 With *them* each moment of thy
 placid age.
 Then why, neglectful of their gift,
 complain
 Of fleeting youth, which none can
 long retain, 110
 Nor can Aurora, she who streaks
 the morn
 With loveliest hues, the aged cheek
 adorn.
 Thy Muse, alone, preserves im-
 mortal youth,
 Repeats thy sorrow and attests thy
 truth.

EARLY POEMS

"As genial spring calls forth the
tender leaves

When Sol unclouded darts his
bolder rays,

Alas! thus Youth with budding
hope deceives

And pleasing flowers! alas! thus
shortly stays.

Ever, from birth, the Fates around
us stand,

Whose gloomy provinces are Age
and Death: 120

The fruits of Youth all vanish when
the land

No longer teems with Sol's pro-
lific breath.

This scene o'ercast, 'tis surely best
to die

Ere greater evils crush the pas-
sive mind;

Domestic Pain and dreary Poverty
In chains of ice the best and
wisest bind.

One sighs for children,—and mid
all his sighs

For tender pledges or for wealthy
heirs—

Sinks to the grave; diseases'd *an-*
other dies;

Nor is there one, one mortal,
free from cares. 130

Ah! precious Youth is like a waver-
ing dream,

Which all our wishes at one
glance bestows:

We wake, no pleasures round our
couches gleam!

The faithless phantom leaves us
to our woes.

Deformed Age uprears his hoary
head,

The Passions banishes, the Sight
obscures;

All hate his roughness, and his
presence dread,

For all around partake what *he*
endures.

No evil else inflicted angry Jove
On proud Tithonus, who in form
excel'd, 140

Whom once a Goddess blest with
boundless love

While Gods, neglected, sorrow-
ing silence held.

But ah! when Age the beauteous
cheek invades

What lip will flatter, or what
knee will bend!

Those eyes—love-lighted once, now
dim with shades—

View never more a lover or a
friend.

Tremendous truth! and yet can
pangs belong

More dire, more fatal, to the sons
of song?

Round yonder Form behold the
Furies stand,

Wait for her nod, and pant for her
command. 150

'Tis pallid Envy! serpents round
her glare,

Bud from her breast and riot in
her hair.

Her whily arm dares only those
attack

Whose finer fibres she alone can
rack:

Whose hearts, inflamed with honest
rage, rebound

When Justice calls them where *her*
trumpets sound.

Yet Envy's shaft more piercingly
they feel

Than fate itself from poison or
from steel.

How seldom, hence, their budding
honors bloom

BIRTH OF POESY: CANTO III

To scatter fragrance o'er the
hallow'd tomb. 160

Nay! even *we* on Helicon rever'd,
—Above, and distant from, the
common herd—

Alas! too often, in our bosom hide
The deadly darts of Malice and of
Pride:

And, whom the Muses crown with
equal bays

In life we envy, tho' in death we
praise.

They how far happier! who their
days and nights

Inglorious, gladly yield to soft
delights.

Can Envy enter there where, free
from guile,

From courts, from cares, the Loves
and Graces smile? 170

And should she enter, let her not
assail,

But pass thee gently as the vernal
gale:

With steady silence, thou nor once
oppose,

Nor hearken once to, such un-
worthy foes.

So restless April, o'er the verdant
field

Blows with weak blast where herbs
declining yield.

But should the sapling, whom new
leaves surround,

Awhile resist—along the daisied
ground

Prostrate he falls; his stem (no
more to rise)

Grass overgrows, and kindred oaks
despise. 180

Thus, throughout nature every
part affords

More sound instruction than from
winged words.

By me more felt, more studied,
than the rules

Of Pedants strutting in sophistic
schools;

Who argumentative, with endless
strife,

In search of living lose the ends of
life.

Orwilling exiles from fair Pleasure's
train,

Howl at the happy from the dens
of Pain.

Not thus Anacreon: he, amid the
groves

Of echoing Teos, warbled wildest
loves. 190

But never there the fiend fierce
Envy shook

Her snakes voluminous, with
ghastly look.

His verse subdued her rage, his
verse disarm'd

Her horrid crest, nor dared she
thence be charm'd:

But, when afar she heard the lovely
youth,

She bit her lips with fiery venom'd
tooth.

While he, with pleasing wiles and
amorous lay,

Beheld his roses bloom, his doves
and Cupids play.

Anear, with radiant eye and dim-
pled smile,

Appear'd the Goddess of the
Cyprian isle: 200

Blest in immortal youth: her snowy
waist

Nectar bedew'd and myrtle wreaths
embraced.

Lo! 'neath her feet, and round her
shady court,

Graces unweild and glowing Loves
disport.

Some on her heaving breast, and
temples, twine

With apt device, the tendrils of the
vine.

EARLY POEMS

Some, tired by play, in pleasing
languor, seize
Her purple tunic or her polish'd
knees.

The violet thus, unconscious rival!
blows

Beneath, and woodbines cling
around the rose: 210

Insinuate, here and there, a thou-
sand arms,

Fill their pink horns with nectar
from her charms—

And fill again—the buzzing bee,
their guest,

Enjoys the present in the future
feast;

While they, inebriate by the lus-
cious gale,

Fall to the earth, and moralize a tale.

But hark! what music on the
zephyr floats

In sprightly cadences! in honey'd
notes.

Sounds such as these were heard
from Memnon's fane

When Sol first darted on the dewy
plain; 220

While mighty Thebes the boast of
Egypt stood,

Nor proud Cambyzes raged for gold
or blood.

I know the lay: divine Anacreon
sings,

And Cupids waft it, on applause
wings:

Thro' crystal cups, wherewith the
board is crown'd,

They urge the gently-undulating
sound.

His twofold tribute, there, Apollo
pays—

Fills with vibrations soft, and
tender-twinkling rays.

As moves the wine, the lucid beams
it buoys

With placid surge, and darts
delicious joys. 230

There Loves, on tiptoe, flutter
round the brim,
Or stand aside it, and with garlands
trim.

One, ever playful, 'cross the surface
blows

The lucid concave of a shedded
rose.

Another, bending deeper o'er the
side,

Sips up with rapture the receding
tide.

Thus liv'd Anacreon: hence the
spirits flow'd

That blest the damsel, or inspired
the ode.

Nor less delightful passed the
Hours away,

When envious Time had turn'd his
temples gray. 240

Strength still was *his*; tho' ne'er
his hands imbued

Aught but the purple vine's deli-
cious blood;

And Bacchus only e'er that
strength subdued.

Bacchus the Giants from Olympus
drove

Usurping impiously the throne of
Jove.

Bacchus victorious o'er the Lybian
bands

Broke their fierce rage, and stain'd
their reeking sands.

All cruel wars the Teian bard re-
sign'd

That tend to slaughter, and en-
slave mankind.

In willing fetters he his captives
chain'd, 250

Fear'd less than kings, more justly
firm he reign'd.

O lust of empire! brutal thirst
of war!

Which Fiends delight in, Gods and
Men abhor.

BIRTH OF POESY: CANTO III

Curst be the Tyrant, blotted be his
 name
 With blackest horror, by avenging
 Fame,
 Whose car impetuous dire Ambi-
 tion drove
 To burst the bonds of friendship
 and of love.
 What, tho' the creatures whom his
 bounty feeds
 Attend his councils, and approve
 his deeds:
 What! tho' the sword, unsheath'd
 at his command, 260
 Spread them and root them in the
 passive land.
 —Britons! at last will come the
 fated hour
 With ample vengeance for abuse of
 pow'r.
 Then shall those courtiers, far
 beyond his call,
 Hide their devoted heads and
 tremble at the fall.
 No wonted solace *then* shall calm
 his sighs,
 No hand obsequious close his hag-
 gard eyes!
 'Tis past: but millions whom he
 once oppress
 Shall bid the earth lie heavy on his
 breast.
 While yet his bays are green; while
 high-toned verse 270
 With drums and trumpets thunder
 o'er his herse;
 Beyond the confines of the gloomy
 grave,
 He feels the sigh he forced, the
 stab he gave.

The undeserving venal joys may
 cheer,
 Attendant ever on the circling year:
 But who from sweet Humanity
 have swerv'd,

Above are punish'd as they here
 deserv'd.
 While they who hear her voice,
 with due regard,
 Enjoy an endless and a just reward.

From the turf-tomb, where still
 thine ashes rest, 280
 This, O Anacreon! well canst *thou*
 attest.
 Thee thy delightful numbers ever
 prove
 Averse to Malice as allied to Love.
 Yet oh! a cruel, an ungrateful death
 Closed thy bright eyes, and stopt
 thy tuneful breath.
 The Grape—reluctant—but 'twas
 Fate's command—
 Proved mortal as the bolt in Jove's
 avenging hand.
 Alas! regardless of the joys it
 gave,
 It slew the patron that it ought to
 save.

So, when Medea, on her native
 strand, 290
 Beheld the Argo lessen from the
 land:
 The tender pledges of her love she
 bore,
 Frantic, and rais'd them high
 above the shore.
 “Thus, thus may Jason—faithless
 as he flies—
 Faithless—and heedless of Medea's
 cries—
 Behold his babes, oppose the ad-
 verse gales,
 And turn to Colchis those retiring
 sails.”
 She spake: in vain: then, mad-
 den'd with despair,
 Tore her pale cheeks and un-
 dulating hair.
 Then, oh! unmindful of all former
 joys, 300

EARLY POEMS

Threw from her breast her in-
offensive boys:
Their tender limbs and writhing
fibres tore,
And whirl'd around the coast th'
inexpiable gore.

Of thee, Anacreon! of thee
bereav'd,
How many youths, how many
damsels griev'd!
Tho' Pindar, glowing with im-
mortal fire,
Stuck with bold hand his energetic
lyre.

Tho' meek Simonides's venal throat
Whined the soft elegy in plaintive
note.—

With magic words Affliction he
disarm'd, 310
Adored the living, and the dead
embalm'd:

Strew'd the dark cypress on the
Tyrant's bier,

Or sold to Folly the fallacious tear:
Bade loftiest praise with loftiest
numbers meet,

Bade deathless ivy cringe at
Hiero's feet:

Hiero! 'twas well, 'twas noble, to
discard

The servile courtier and insatiate
bard.

O'er Alexander's or o'er Cesar's
tomb,

Enrich'd by blood, triumphal
laurels! bloom.

In cold Augustus let the poet hide
Unbrave ambition and unmanly
pride: 321

Masking his mind, the thin-wove
mantle spread

O'er every vice in *him*; but meanly
tread

On Brutus's bold breast, and
Tully's hallow'd head.

Hiero! in thee thy country, late
undone,
Hail'd a bold hero and a duteous
son.

For this, while Etna's flaming
cavern roars

With dread convulsion felt on
foreign shores:

When beauteous Syracuse no more
remains

Famed for her wealthy port or
fertile plains; 330

Virtue and Glory shall thy merits
crown

With everlasting and unbought
renown.

But now the Muse, that wan-
der'd in her way,

Returns, enforcing a severer lay.

Consign you not, she cries, to end-
less night

Princes and courtiers, when the
Loves invite?

Would you, like them, leave all
you used to praise,

Nay! even *flatter*, in their happier
days?

Ne'er was it thine, ingenuous
Youth! I know,

To leave the Loves in anguish and
in woe. 340

Sad vigils, long, has sweet Dionè
kept,

Long have the Graces, long has
Cupid wept.

Mid scatter'd roses often have I
seen

The beauteous boy his dewy eye-
lids screen;

When tears immoderate have o'er-
flown his cheek,

And frequent sobs forbidden him to
speak.

Three long long days, three restless
nights he mourn'd

l. 310 [see notes at end of the volume. W.]

BIRTH OF POESY: CANTO III

Ere thou, divine Anacreon! wert
inurn'd:

Then, with redoubled force, in
frantic woe,

Beat his bare breast and broke his
radiant bow; 350

Scatter'd his shafts, in unavailing
ire,

And hurl'd his torch upon thy
funeral pyre:

Hence ev'n thine ashes have the
pow'r to warm

The feeling heart, and still thy
loves can charm:

Still, at thy tomb the Graces oft he
meets,

And, still regretful, oft this strain
repeats.

"Oh! how shall I, Anacreon!
mourn thine end,

My priest! my sire! my idol! and
my friend!

How justly praise thee? when thy
magic verse

Smooth as this feather, like this
point can pierce. 360

Soft as the down upon my purple
wing,

Sweet as the Muses and Apollo sing.
Blithe as the sparrows shrill, or
cooing doves,

That bear Dionè to the shades she
loves.

Warm as the raptur'd damsels
bridal kiss,

When first she trembles on the
verge of bliss:

Bliss, such as none amid the
laureate tribe,

By me untutor'd, aptly can de-
scribe.

But oh! this ardent pleasure!
pleasing pain!

More sweet, more ardent, could thy
song explain. 370

For, round thee once pure streams
of rapture roll'd;

Ecstatic nights were thine, and suns
of gold.

With myrtle, roses, and narcissus,
crown'd

Thy brow the love inspiring cestus
bound.

This Venus lent thee, Venus wisely
knew

What *she* despair'd of doing thou
couldst do.

The Hours on downy pinions
lightly trod

The fragrant pavement of thy
bland abode.

Alas! no more the Hours before
thee fly—

The Cestus bursts; the sorrowing
garlands die." 380

Thus Cupid mourn'd: unable to
proceed

The Muse in anguish dropt her
vocal reed.

END OF CANTO III

APOLOGY FOR SATIRE

(F.) Too long, my friend! hath
Satire's camp confin'd

Each active effort of thy youthful
mind.

Were it not better to have calmly
roved

Along the paths that happier poets
loved:

Along the glade where pensive
Collins drew

Each fairest figure Fancy holds to
view.

Where modest Addison's immortal
lays

Proclaim'd a Stuart's and a
George's praise:

EARLY POEMS

While guardian Angels, at his
 Marlbro's hand
 Dealt swift destruction round a
 guilty land; 10
 As Frederic now— (P.) But I
 could ne'er relate
 A Frederic's virtues or a Dun-
 kirk's fate:
 A Prussian monarch's uncorrupted
 soul,
 Or her's whose valor crush'd the
 daring Pole.
 How drums and trumpets *bray, and*
horses prance,
 Rhine rolls in blood, and Famine
 reigns in France—
 So grand a theme, auspicious Muse!
 bestow
 On K—tt, or R—ch—rds,—not on
 me or Crowe—
 In Alexandrines they will aptly tell
 The *sacking of a town, or cracking*
 of a shell: 20
 Or quite in order, count each
 march, each mile,
 From conquer'd Condé to uncon-
 quer'd Lisle.
 Me Murder frightens, tho' a kingly
 vest
 Flow to her feet, or cassoc hide her
 breast.
 Alike I shudder if she tinge the
 plain
 Of black Mozambic or meand'ring
 Seine.
 Invidious Gods! why boasts the
 brave Dundas
 A heart of iron and a face of brass:
 Alike neglected hears immortal
 Pitt
 The Negro's wailing or the Poet's
 wit. 30

While we, alas! whose tears, whose
 numbers flow
 Soft as the vernal show'r, or melted
 snow,
 With piercing anguish view the
 dying Slave
 Chain'd from the blessings frugal
 Nature gave.
 Torn from his country, from his
 parents, torn,
 From Friendship far, from Pity far,
 to mourn.
 No sister's sigh, no faithful wife's
 to hear,
 To kiss away no balmy kindred
 tear.
 That tear I view! I view its silent
 pace
 From eyes that smiled upon his
 infant face: 40
 Constant it flows: while *he*, in
 distant lands,
 'Neath mid-days sun-beams, scorch'd
 and wounded, stands.
 Nor cease his toils, till Night, all-
 friendly, shrouds
 The fearful World with sable-
 spreading clouds.
 Then, on sharp rocks, or on the
 weedy shore,
 Waves dash around him, hollow
 whirlwinds roar.
 Returning eagles raise their dismal
 scream,
 Loud thunders roll, and livid light-
 nings gleam.
 He, happier now, in Sleep's en-
 chanting chains
 Is home again amid his native
 plains. 50
 Reclined at ease, in date-impurpled
 groves

12 Frederick's . . . Dunkirk's [Frederick Augustus, Duke of York (*ob.* 1827) was compelled to raise the siege of Dunkirk in September 1793. W.] 18 K—tt . . . R—ch—rds . . . Crowe [The Rev. Henry Kett (*see* iii. 213 n.); the Rev. George Richards (*see* p. 287 n.); William Crowe (d. 1829), wrote "Lewesdon Hill", &c. W.] 27 Dundas [Henry Dundas, afterwards Viscount Melville, was Secretary of War and President of the Board of Control in 1795. W.]

APOLOGY FOR SATIRE

Clasps in mad ecstasy his dusky
loves.

Tells how he flew from cruel Gods,
ador'd

By men whose will is law, whose
justice is the sword.

(F.) Hush! why complain? of
treason have a care;

*You heard of Holcroft and of
Tooke—beware—

(P.) I heard the whole; nor
deem it a disgrace—

(F.) Tho' danger surely— (P.)
—to lament their case.

Without their talents I have only
aim'd

Gently to *hint* what Pope aloud
proclaim'd. 60

Before a tyrant Juvenal display'd
Truth's hated form, and Satire's
flaming blade;

With hand unshaken bore her
mirror-shield—

Vice gazed, and trembled; shriek'd,
and left the field.

Shall I dissemble then? (F.) Dis-
semble? No.

Be silent only, and avoid the blow.
Are you, consider, well prepar'd to
die?

(P.) For Truth? (F.) Harsh
truths are worse than perjury.

To prove my paradox, I only quote
The S. T. evidence: learn this by
rote. 70

You, too, *impilloried* may chance
to stand,

Or weep long winters for your
absent land.

(P.) Good heav'ns! good kings!
your vengeance *now* I dread,

Fall on my knees, and hide my
abject head.

Sooner this breast of vital heat
deprive

Than I a Briton's liberty survive.
Will counter-praises, or will pray'rs,
atone

For all I said?—*Or all I might have
done—*

O! grant me favor, pardon grant,
and I

Apostate Wretch! will chatter like
a Pye. 80

So may the lightning of your rage
be hurl'd

Thro' all the people of the peaceful
world.

Marauding Washington be bound
in chains,

His name accursed, ravaged his
domains.

No more the palm, the palm he
planted, spread

Its grateful umbrage round his
rebel head:

Infants and mothers die upon his
tomb,

Or hang above, and warn the race
to come.

His people slaughter'd, and his
towns erased,

Then "*Church and King*" be cried
—and God be prais'd— 90

But, O ye mighty! ye whom
wrongs provoke!

Edge the keen sabre, aim the fatal
stroke:

Let Gallia's sons in hast'ning
autumn view

Their famin'd fields the staff of life
renew.

* This part has been added, and many others omitted where it stands. [L. Thomas Holcroft (*ob.* 1809) was sent to Newgate in 1794 on a charge of high treason, but released without trial. Horne Tooke was found Not Guilty of the same crime.]

60 Pope [see his "Windsor Forest", *ll.* 407 ff. (Bradley).]
Trial. W.]

80 Pye [*sc.* Henry James Pye, poet laureate, 1790. W.]

70 S. T. [*sc.* *State*

EARLY POEMS

Lest they again in lawless ease
 recline
 Beneath their fig, their olive, and
 their vine:
 Lest, on the flowery banks of gentle
 Loire,
 New notes of gladness call the
 village choir.
 "Lest Rhine proclaim aloud—
Brave Youths proceed,
Pichegru has bowed to Heaven, and
Heaven approves the deed. 100

O Prince illustrious! most to
thee belong
 The friendly precepts of our moral
 song.
 Thee to whom O—b—h, beloved
 of Heav'n!
 The holy cup and snowy stole hath
 giv'n:
 Thee whom Britannia fondly burns
 to own
 Friend to her laws, her liberty, her
 throne.
 Illustrious youth! to nobler acts
 proceed—
 Death thy delight, thy signal, and
 —thy meed.
 Thrice glorious meed! for tho' a
 fated day
 The prince and prelate in the dust
 will lay: 110
 Yet, who on thousands have im-
 posed their yoke,
 And slain *ten* thousands, can they
 fear the stroke?
 Fear? when such honor, and such
 love awaits
 The crown divine that crushes
 rising states:
 Fear? when aside them Discord
 takes her stand;
 When Conquest ratifies what Mur-
 der plan'd?

Thee too, blest brother! may the
 Muse address,
 Nor novel numbers thy nice ear
 oppress!
 Tho' Europe scorn thee, and tho'
 Afric weep,
 Drink: and thy dignity and silence
 keep. 120
 Drink: youth illustrious! what in-
 struction brings,
 The voice of Reason to the sons of
 kings.
 'Tis thine to drive her from thy
 father's reign,
 With Liberty and Truth, beyond
 the western main.
 Then live securely, till those eagle
 eyes
 Pierce the pure ether of unsullied
 skies.
 Dear, blissful seats! that nurture
 and improve
 The pow'r of passion, and the gust
 of love.
 —If thou art he—but O! per-
 chance my lays
 Have mixt with thine a brother's
 equal praise. 130
 Thus many Hercules's bards unite
 With him who drag'd the dog of
 hell to light,
 Who lions kill'd, and boars, and
 kings averse to right.
 Since him, I ween, and since these
monstrous times,
 Have monarchs reign'd immaculate
 by crimes.
 Die, then, who vainly dare your
 fate deplore,
 Die, slave! or kiss the chain your
 woe-worn parents bore;
 A British prince, all-merciful! de-
 mands
 Your future sweat to moisten
 foreign lands.

103 O—b—h [Prince Frederick Augustus, elected Bishop of Osnaburg, 1764, Duke of York, 1784, commanded British army in Flanders, 1793-5. W.]

APOLOGY FOR SATIRE

In foreign lands a God your cries
will hear, 140
And Death more early dry Afflic-
tion's tear.
Thou too, O Pole! with reverence
obey
The lawful dictates of a triple sway.
Fate has commanded it, and see
thou must,
The best of fathers humbled in the
dust.
O no—resent it! struggling passions
rise,
Honor calls loud and spurns the
thin disguise.
Oh! bear no longer! longer canst
thou bear
Three royal ruffians thus thy rights
to tear?
Rights that thy guardian Country-
man has sign'd, 150
Freedom's pure page, the lesson of
mankind.
(F.) Mistaken youth! the *milder*
plan pursue,
To love what statesmen and what
monarchs do.
Hence no political, no civil, strife
Thy death will hasten, or torment
thy life.
Why then so zealous, as of late,
abhor
The paths of glory and the seats of
war?
In the same steps the greatest men
have trod,
Far our superiors. (P.) I believe
in God.
This only reason, courtly priest! I
give; 160
Go, cease to moralize, learn first to
live.

Behold a Monarch—whom his
people lov'd,
Whom Justice, Peace, Humanity,
approv'd—

Weak, in unaided, hopeless, war
engaged,
War, lov'd by tyrants and by
tyrants waged.
Here, dauntless Briton! might thine
arms have shone;
Here mightest thou have rais'd one
tutetary throne.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE

NEAR where Euphrates hurls his
rapid tide,
The youthful Thisbe glow'd with
beauty's pride.
There too, O Pyramus! thy form
excel'd
In manly grace whate'er the East
beheld.

'Neath roofs contiguous long the
blooming pair
Pined with vain hope, and heart-
consuming care.
Long was the damsel, by her sire
immur'd,
By fondness tortur'd and by fear
secur'd.
But Love, tho' baffled, still for
triumph wept—
Watch'd them with care, and
flutter'd as they slept. 10

Now all was silence: o'er the
wings of Night
The stars, retiring, shed a pallid
light.
Wafted afar each vain delusion flies,
And scenes more faithful bless the
lover's eyes.
Lo! now the God, the quiver'd
God, appears,
Nor arm'd with vengeance nor
o'erwhelmed with tears:
Nor droop his wings, with chilly
fettters bound,
But bear him swift along, and buzz-
ing sweetly sound.

EARLY POEMS

To Thisbe's breast a lucid torch he
 holds,
 Leans soft, and, whispering, thus
 the tale unfolds. 20
 "Tho' woes have, long, thy languid
 eyes opprest,
 Long, ill-starr'd passion ruled thy
 ebbing breast—
 Yet on those eyes shall smiles
 divinely play,
 Insatiate passion cease that breast
 to sway.
 For, O my Thisbe, lately have I
 known
 Where not unpitied will be heard
 thy moan!
 Where carved cedar cloaths yon
 creviced wall,
 —Mark well the place,—thy Pyra-
 mus will call."
 He spake, he flew: the virgin with
 amaze
 Beheld his torch's visionary blaze:
 Rose from her couch to snatch the
 friendly light, 31
 Stood, shudder'd, gazed; but all
 was gloomy night.
 The timid silence trembling sighs
 pervade,
 Then, thus aloud the fond regretful
 maid.
 "O cruel God! and will it not
 suffice
 That tears eternal trickle from
 mine eyes!
 That never more his lovely form
 they meet!
 Must hope be tortur'd by accurst
 deceit?
 Must I, dear Pyramus! no more
 behold
 Thy polish'd car along the rampart
 roll'd?— 40
 'Twas there thy snowy purple-
 cinctured arms,
 Thy lofty brow, and all thine
 envied charms,

I view'd in rapture: Youth too
 lovely! there
 Subdued I fell; and hence these
 pangs I bear!
 Astonish'd, stern, severe, my father
 stood,
 Survey'd my heaving breast, wild
 eye, and fickle blood.
 Thy pitying aspect much my trans-
 port calm'd
 And much my fear, but more his
 vengeance arm'd,
 For while to him my listless eyes
 were turn'd,
 Again I blush'd, I fell; again his
 anger burn'd. 50
 Yes! from that hour these un-
 offending eyes
 With tears have stream'd, this
 heart hath swell'd with sighs."

Thus the sweet maid; and now
 her God adored,
 Now spurn'd his care, and now his
 aid implored:
 Now held the dagger to her
 dubious breast,
 Now closed her eyes again, and
 wept them into rest.
 Kind sleep ensued: but soon the
 shades of Night
 Haste from Aurora clad in liquid
 light.
 Silence yet reigns, delicious dreams
 compose
 The languid fair, tho' Pyramus
 arose. 60
 Arose, when Venus first to *him*
 display'd
 What Love had whisper'd to the
 weeping maid.
 Yet, Thisbe's slumber he forbore
 to break
 Till rosy morning blush'd upon her
 cheek:
 But, then invoked her—soon, the
 voice, the name,

PYRAMUS AND THISBE

Fair Thisbe knew, and own'd an
equal flame.

There, where the torch appear'd,
the sound she heard,

Kist the dear spot, and vows and
pray'r's prefer'd.

Pray'r's, too, and vows return'd the
lovely youth

Prest with the ardor of eternal
truth. 70

Here as they stood, the brightly-
beaming Sun

Of, unobserv'd, his daily course
hath run.

In Spring, in Summer, and in
Autumn's reign,

O Pyramus! thy steeds have
panted for the plain.

While other youths, embolden'd to
arise,

Have whirl'd the car; have won
the palmy prize,

Have won the tender heart and
love-illumined eyes.

The Virgins, sportive near Eu-
phrates' stream

—'Neath dates impervious to the
sultry beam—

"Where, where is Thisbe?" plain-
tively exclaim, 80

And weep, and envy that un-
answer'd name.

In winter, too, aside the social
fire,

They blame aloud the unrelenting
sire:

Unconscious they! nor deem a
lover's arms

So soon will liberate her captive
charms.

'Twas Eve: each sunbeam left
the silent plains,

But glow'd on Babylon's aspiring
fanés.

The blooming virgin with her pen-
sive spouse

Had pour'd complaint and tender-
ness and vows.

"But why, my Thisbe! why so long
complain? 90

Urged the fond youth, why vow we
thus in vain?

Why coldly deem we all our
promis'd bliss

The killing sigh and unconnected
kiss?

How oft, when Day her later light
withdrew,

We softly breath'd our mutual long
adieu:

Lest, if the sound had reach'd a
father's ears,

Some distant cell should drink thy
daily tears;

Where hapless Thisbe never more
might prove

The soothing sympathy of woe or
love.

Too cruel care! that us—whom
love and fate 100

Have render'd one—oursiress should
separate!

Sires give us life and life's un-
number'd woes,

Yet love forbid they, and its short
repose.

But fly we far from each accursed
roof,

Far let us fly, nor hear their mad
reproof."

Thus Pyramus: the lovely dam-
sel sigh'd,

And shed the tear of hope, and
blushing thus replied.

"With thee I go; no more my
sire shall rend

Me from my Pyramus, my con-
stant friend!

But where is refuge? tho' the
massy bar 110

Untouch'd should open, nor in
opening jar;

EARLY POEMS

Yet, O my Pyramus! how *much*
remains—
Surrounding ramparts, rivers, hills,
and plains
Where neither safety, *yet*, nor Dark-
ness reigns.
For lo! the moon, in yon un-
clouded sky,
Would tell our wand'ring and our
loves descry—
Still I resolve—but still I fear—
to fly."

Yet he, with tender and success-
ful tales
Of love—unargued, unadorn'd—
prevails.
Now, stratagems are form'd how
best to leave 120
The sleeping city, and the guard
deceive:
Then, lest they wander, each agrees
to come
Beneath the mulberry at Ninus'
tomb.

This ancient tree, adorn'd with
snowy fruit,
Spread broad its boughs around
the rising root.
Anear, the moonbeams on a foun-
tain play'd,
But glimmer'd faintly thro' this
awful shade.
Here beauteous Thisbe came: her
eager feet
Had borne her *first* beneath the
dark retreat:
When lo! from kids, and lambs,
and oxen, slain, 130
A thirsty lion bounded o'er the
plain.
His mouth still foaming, black with
blood and rage,
Swift to the fount he rush'd his
fury to assuage.
Ere he arriv'd, afar fair Thisbe
view'd

His form, o'ershadowing, lengthen
on the flood.
Quick to a cave the timid maid
withdrew,
But dropt her veil, neglectful, as
she flew.
The furious beast, returning to the
wood,
Seiz'd the thin veil and soil'd it
o'er with blood.
The youth approaching near the
destin'd place, 140
Fear struck his heart, and Paleness
seiz'd his face:
For, o'er the dewy deeply-printed
green
A lion's track too certain he had
seen.
But when the veil, the bloody veil,
he found
Disfigur'd, torn, deserted, on the
ground.
"O cruel Gods! and oh unhappy
maid!
Oh me accursed whom thy heart
obey'd!
Mine was thy flight thro' regions
full of fear,
Nor came I first, nor meet thee
earlier, here.
But, O ye lions!—savage as ye are
That sweetest form amid yon rocks
to tear— 151
Rush here, insatiate! No. Let
cowards wait
The kind, the liberating, blow of
Fate—
—I die." The vesture of the lovely
maid
Weeping he kist, and 'neath the
tree convey'd.
"Take now, he cried, the blood I
doom to flow
Thisbe! thy duel!" and aim'd the
deadly blow.
His blood, wide-streaming, reach'd
the passive root,

PYRAMUS AND THISBE

Gush'd thro' the boughs, and
purpled o'er the fruit.

When lo! fair Thisbe, glowing to
relate 160

Her dread adventure, and her
flight from Fate,

Hastes to her love: tho' fear and
labor tire

Her tender limbs, yet *him* her eyes
require.

But, when no wonted Pyramus
they see,

When purple berries hang around
the tree,

She doubts if *this* the destin'd spot
can be.

Then, looking stedfast, on the grass
she views

A pallid form, nor ceas'd the blood
to ooze.

She starts; she trembles as the
ebbing seas

Swept gently over by a rising breeze.
But when her love, her dying love,

she knew— 171

She shriek'd, and o'er his limbs her
arms in anguish threw:

The gaping wound she cherish'd
with her tears,

And prest his chilly cheek, and
quiv'ring lip, to hers.

Say, what misfortune snatch'd thee
from my sight?

Say, dearest youth! nor close these
eyes in night;

Raise them to me, my Pyramus!
'tis I—

'Tis Thisbe calls! Oh Pyramus!
reply.

At Thisbe's name his heavy eyes
arose,

Thisbe they saw; then sunk in
calm repose. 180

Last, when her veil she found, and
saw the sword

Drawn from the sheath aside the
breast it gor'd.

"Thee whom from Thisbe Death
alone, she cried,

Could tear asunder, Death shall
not divide.

Thou, hapless youth! too well these
omens prove,

By thine own hand hast fallen! and
by love!

I, too, have love, and I have
courage, too,

And I, who caus'd thy fate, thy
fate pursue!

But, O ye parents! parents child-
less now,

Foes to our first, perform our final,
vow. 190

Oh! since one hour hath seen two
lovers die,

Placed in one tomb for ever may
we lie.

And thou, whose branches his cold
corse o'ershade,

Beneath your umbrage take a
faithful maid."

Then to her breast the sword, yet
warm, she tried,

Fell on the point, and quivering
groan'd and died.

ABELARD TO ELOISE

STILL can thy heart, O Eloise!
regret

My painful absence; nor awhile
forget

Joys past for ever, nor await the
doom

Of lingering life and misery to
come?

I, O my Eloise! I too have
mourn'd

Our cruel fate, and sigh for sigh
return'd.

Yes! hapless Abelard will ever
prove

The dear, the dread, ubiquity of
love.

EARLY POEMS

Where neither friends console,
 nor kindly blame,
 When burns too fiercely the de-
 structive flame; 10
 Where, thro' the solitary gloomy
 aisle
 No fancied Seraph ever deign'd to
 smile;
 The sons of Luxury alike despise
 Religion's mandates and Afflic-
 tion's sighs:
 While I indulge my memory in my
 woes,
 Lost to the world, and lost to
 sweet repose.
 How oft, reflecting on departed
 years,
 Pensive I trace the fountain of my
 tears.
 Not undelighted: tho' the bitter
 stream
 Dart from its surface scarce one
 cheering gleam! 20
 Thro' the dim visto Paraclete I
 view
 Whose hallow'd cells unholy tears
 bedew.
 Whose walls of osiers and of turf
 I rais'd,
 Birds sang among them, lambs
 within them graz'd.
 The lowing ox, accusom'd there to
 roam,
 Cropt the wild floret off the humble
 dome.
 There plaintive turtles twined their
 shaggy nest,
 Consoled my love, and cooed my
 care to rest.
 Yet, ere I rested here my pilgrim
 feet,
 Did Zeal and Envy seek the calm
 retreat. 30
 They scoft at Meekness, Penitence
 abused,
 My flight insulted, and my faith
 accused.

Thence, on the quivering wing of
 Hope, I flew—
 Yet all my sorrows all my steps
 pursue.
 Before these altars as thy lover
 knelt
 Bethink thee, Eloise! what pangs
 he felt:
 What pangs, when bending o'er the
 sacred wine,
 Untouch'd! uninfluenced! shook
 the sculptur'd shrine.
 I rose, unconscious: ghastly pale I
 stood,
 Dim were mine eyes and chilly was
 my blood: 40
 When, lo! prophetic seem'd a voice
 to say
 "Drop the dire cup: they murder,
 they betray."
 A youth beside me, who too well
 had known
 My wretched passion—not unlike
 his own—
 Deems love the cause, and speech-
 less as I stand
 He bears the chalice from my fail-
 ing hand;
 With pious pity for my frailty
 grieves;
 Then trembling, for his own the
 deadly draught receives!
 I saw his eyes, in listless languor
 swim
 Before the Saviour who had died
 for him. 50

But here Affliction fills her bitter
 bowl,
 Whose poison pierces to my sick-
 ening soul.
 Should Sleep perchance but flutter
 o'er my head
 Weary with pain—should cares
 awhile have fled—
 Quick to mine eyes thy dearest
 form appears

ABELARD TO ELOISE

Fair as before, but overwhelm'd by
tears.

Thus, tho' her sweetness and her
bloom remain,

The languid lily droops with vernal
rain.

O! how I wish no more than *her* we
felt,

Nor pain could torture us nor love
could melt! 60

O! that like her, at gentle Spring's
command,

Our glowing bosoms might with
joy expand:

At Winter's blast ungenial, timely
close

In slumber soft and undisturb'd
repose.

Our lives, my Eloise! more justly
seem

Like matted weeds that float upon
the stream:

Divided once, each other ne'er they
reach,

Till dash'd disorder'd on the sandy
beach;

Then, every fibre shrivel'd by the
gale,

Storms discompose them not, nor
waves assail. 70

Pleas'd could I thus continue!
doubly pleas'd

To find my torment and my trans-
port eas'd!

For nought more potent than the
moral strain

Corrects exulting joy, or calms
oppressive pain.

But O! thy sorrows bid my soul
to hush

Reflection's voice; and tears, too
vainly! gush.

These when I knew—all godly
raptures fly,

All bright ideas of a promis'd
sky.

From my cold cheek the reflux
tides depart,

Forget their channels, and o'er-
whelm my heart. 80

Why then was Abelard from *thee*
removed?

Why sever'd cruelly from all he
loved.

Sure, not in vain these ills th'
Almighty gave,

Sure, from more dreadful erring
Man to save!

How favor'd, else, who soonest
after birth

Sleep in the cradle of their parent
Earth.

No anxious mother *them* thro'
childhood rears

With sad incertitude, with hopes
and fears:

Nor fickle Youth their willing feet
allures

To icy chains that shivering Age
endures. 90

Blest! doubly blest are they! they
never prove

The shafts of envy or the pangs of
love.

Them passions haunt not, them no
uncle slays,

No Eloise hails their morn, no
cloister dims their days.

Alas! unnumber'd are the scenes
of woe

That lovers only pity, only know.
Mild as the zephyr, soft as morn-

ing dew,
What can the lover unconcerned

view?
Led thro' the liquid air by Nature's

hand,
There purest ether makes his soul

expand. 100
There not an atom of Creation lies

Hid or neglected 'neath his godlike
eyes.

EARLY POEMS

Hence I recounted once the flow'rs
we prest

In glowing raptures or in calmer
rest.

The daisy pied, the yellow cup of
May

Whence sips the grasshopper at
dawn of day;

The modest violet, and the azure
bell,

That love, as we were wont, the
silent dell.

Oft I review them, oft adown their
bed

The sudden soul-subduing tear I
shed. 110

Here as we sate contemplative,
reclin'd

Safe from the parching sun or
searching wind,

Oft to thy view the noblest scenes
I brought

Where Science listen'd while her
Plato taught,

Oft traced the path that Socrates
had trod

Inspired, enraptured, with an un-
known God.

The stately Portico I lov'd to shew
Where young Philosophy and Vir-
tue grew.

But still my mind insensibly would
turn

Where Youth and Beauty deck'd
the lover's urn: 120

Where weeping Fancy every flower
supplied

In quick succession that but
bloom'd and died.

'Tis there, unclouded by the mist of
years,

The youthful form of Pyramus
appears:

Points to the parted dome where
Thisbe spent

Each lingering hour in lonely dis-
content:

Points to the mulberry that chang'd
its hue

Their ill-starr'd love and gushing
blood to view.

To you, fond Pair! your due the
fates allow;

The lover's myrtle blooms around
your brow: 130

Blooms, and will ever bloom, with
tears bedew'd,

With violets intertwin'd, and short-
lived roses strew'd.

Contending Passions hinder strug-
gling Fame

From e'er enrolling *my* unhonor'd
name.

To *me* what ease, what solace, now
remains?

Me from my Eloise my vow detains,
And Piety, in cold and adamantine
chains.

Blessed, thrice blessed! is the
harden'd mind

No God can terrify, no vow can
bind.

Love unrestricted and unbroken
rest 140

Inhabit only the untutor'd breast.
Happy the mortal in his natural
state!

No fears alarm him and no ills
await.

Unbounded honor swells his manly
heart,

Nor leaves to Bigotry her usual part.
When on the lonely loud-resound-
ing shores

The billow rises, and the ocean
roars,

He falls, he kneels, he trembles, he
adores.

No! wretched Abelard! thy rage
recall,

Start not from Reason, nor thyself
appall. 150

ABELARD TO ELOISE

Methinks around the marbled
saints begin
To chide thy plaint, and shudder
at thy sin.
O! teach thy heart that they alone
enjoy
The sum of happiness without alloy,
Who, blest by prudence, can con-
fine their love,
Or bear with patience if their God
reprove.

Alas! these dictates could I once
perform,
Then far from hence would fly the
gloomy storm.
Contending passions, then, would
calmly cease,
And leave their Abelard awhile to
peace. 160
But, vain the hope! can memory
depart
From this too faithful, too reten-
tive heart?
Oh! never, never—thro' the lucid
tear
The trembling Eloise ever must
appear:
Fair as when Nature early bade me
pay
To rising charms the tributary lay.
When not neglected, not unenvied,
flow'd
The liquid elegy or lively ode.
My former numbers oft I still
repeat,
Oft think our hands, our kisses,
nearly meet. 170
But O how quickly grief's collected
storm
Bursts—and repels the fondly-
fancied form.
Then to my mattins cold and wan
I go,
Blush at my folly, yet indulge my
woe,

The Virgin there I pray to intercede
For human weakness; but in vain
I plead;
While on my knees her pardon I
implore,
Thine image only can my heart
adore.
While pausing slow the solemn
organs peal,
Their strong vibration on my heart
I feel— 180
My beating heart no solemn sound
can move
To aught but deeper grief from
pining love.
Me love in vain and ceaseless cares
consume,
Youth glides away, and leaves me
at my tomb.
All hope for life—for comfort—I
resign,
All for my Eloise, and scarce repine.
The day arrives—Death's dewy
hand shall close
These tremulous lips, these aching
eyes compose.
O! in one tomb, when Eloise may
die,
Once more united let us ever lie.
Where'er it be, sweet slumber while
we sleep 191
May priests hard-hearted learn, for
once, to weep.
Of milder manners *one* perchance
will pay
The kind, unfeigned, tho' incondite
lay.
Of loves too bitter will explore the
source,
Nor blame the violence of their
steady course.

But thou, forgotten bid our
sorrow rest,
Nor dim that radiant eye, nor
wound that tender breast.

191 no point after sleep in 1795.

EARLY POEMS

Content, resign'd, with placid hope
 believe
 Short is the period we are doom'd
 to grieve. 200
 Our burning pangs the tranquil
 grave will calm,
 Our hearts each lover's nectar'd
 tear embalm.

Then, Sleep eternal! welcome
 wilt thou close
 The tedious annals of departing
 woes.
 Adieu, ye winding walks! ye
 gloomy groves!
 Ye echoes! vocal with unhappy
 loves.
 Adieu! ye pines that wave around
 my cell:
 Vain grief! and fond desire! and
 Eloise! farewell.

STANZAS WRITTEN BY THE WATER-SIDE

I.

SWAN! gently gliding on the silvery
 lake
 With plume unruffled, and elated
 crest,
 Majestic bird! O may I once par-
 take
 Thy silent pleasure and un-
 envied rest.

II.

So may this azure surface softly
 glide
 By winds untroubled, nor impure
 by rain,
 So evermore may'st thou be blest
 in love,
 The lord unrival'd of a fair
 domain:

III.

No boy premeditating playful
 harm,
 Hurl the rude pebble in thy
 circling wave; 10
 No! nor one moment spoil its
 dimpled calm,
 Nor near thy rest his snowy
 bosom lave.

IV.

Me Fate resistless, me Misfortune's
 frowns
 Have urged to sojourn in thy
 cool retreat:
 Still I regret not Pleasure's favor'd
 towns,
 Nor sigh that Solitude directs my
 feet.

V.

With thee, O Solitude! I love to
 trace
 The harmless actions of my
 youthful years!
 Oft with a pensive heart, and slow
 my pace,
 I shed, unseen, involuntary
 tears. 20

VI.

Not that on *me* thy mirror can
 reflect
 One form offensive to the mental
 sight:
 Nor have I glanced on Friendship
 with neglect,
 Nor mourns Religion her de-
 serted rite.

VII.

Yet, ere the sources of my grief I
 know,
 Behind thy veil, O Solitude! I
 sigh!
 Art may conceal it, but the tear
 will flow—
 Or gladness sparkle—from th'
 impassion'd eye.

EARLY POEMS

STANZAS WRITTEN ON A SUNDAY MORNING IN MAY

I.

O! PEACEFUL day of pious leisure!
O what will mark you as you
run!
Will Melancholy, or will Pleasure,
Will gloomy clouds, or golden
sun?

II.

O! shine serenely: let me wander
Along the willow-fringed way,
Where, lingering in each meander,
Charm'd Isis steals a short delay.

III.

There see I, never undelighted,
The lambs aside me frisk and
bound; 10
With pensive pity when, affrighted,
They hurry from the flowery
ground.

IV.

Fond to observe their trembling
paces,
I fly from pedantry and phlegm—
Leave all whom Luxury debases,
Learn peace and innocence of
them.

TO A LADY DURING ILLNESS

With drooping woe, and chilly
anguish,
Cease, lovely cheeks! O cease to
languish:
Nor let the cheering radiance die
Which sparkled from that azure
eye!
O dissipate, ye tears! nor let
Its vernal sun so early set.

Haste, Hebe! haste; and rosy
Health!

Fly from the Destinies by stealth:
A little longer bid them spare
To violate that auburn hair, 10
Where little Loves in ambush lay;
Or, not unartful, round it play.

But, O ye Loves! your lambent fire
Must vanish at the funeral pyre;
Ere Hymen tie the golden band
Of fondness round each willing
hand.

Then, Hebe! haste: and rosy
Health!

Fly from the Destinies by stealth:
Lest future ages never boast
Those charms the present will have
lost. 20

ODE ON THE DEPARTURE OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, FROM FRANCE

I.

HER pangs unnumber'd, Erato!
relate,
Whom *Love* attended with a
mournful fate,
Whom *Envy* brought untimely
to the grave!
Research the annals of Distress,
and tell
What storms of Life on helpless
Mary fell
Whom Beauty not avail'd, nor
Innocence could save.

II.

Methinks! I see the Orkney
Genius ride
A dusky cloud that shades the
shelving tide—

Ode on the departure of Mary, Queen of Scots, from France. [A poem beginning "*Adieu, pleasant pays de France*", was formerly supposed to have been written by the Queen when leaving Calais for Leith in August 1561. W.]

EARLY POEMS

And thus aloud while high on
 air he stands.
 O Mary! cease to mourn! the
 plaintive sighs 10
 Of murder'd Innocence to Heav'n
 arise,
 Provoking Vengeance due to blast
 those impious hands.

III.

Subdue those heavy groans,
 those gloomy fears,
 Nor soil the roses of thy cheek
 with tears;
 Repress the grief that I can
 ne'er repress:
 To me the pow'r, unhappy pow'r!
 is giv'n
 To know the fate of man, the will
 of Heav'n—
 And mortal pangs to see, unable to
 redress.

IV.

Thou sheddest pitying tears,
 while they distain
 With holy blood the desolated
 plain. 20
 There, there, behold the hoary
 martyrs die!
 Strike, Rizzio! strike the sweetly-
 swelling lyre,
 'Tis thine to bid the rising sob
 retire,
 'Tis thine to soothe the soul with
 trilling harmony.

V.

Let Joy, O Mary! warm the
 fleeting day
 Of Youth and Beauty with its
 cheerful ray,
 Nor, leaving Gallia's lovely
 land, repine!

Ill-fated damsel! calm thy beat-
 ing breast!
 By few is constant happiness
 possest,
 But oh! I groan to tell how small a
 share is thine! 30

VI.

Amid the gloomy avenues of
 Death
 Pale Envy sits, to blast with
 baneful breath
 The best, the wisest! and from
 yon abodes
 On thee she scowls: before her,
 frightened Loves
 Desert the dreary Caledonian
 groves!
 Ah Hymen! fabled wrong the
 happy God of Gods!

VII.

Thus said with many a sigh,
 while many a tear
 Swell'd the black cloud that
 slowly bore him there,
 The shadowy Phantom now
 prepares to go.
 Lo! now, in hazy vest sublime
 he soars 40
 To yonder rocks abrupt, and
 stormy shores,
 Where Melancholy dwells, the
 wrinkled nurse of Woe.

THE FRENCH VILLAGERS

I.

'Twas evening calm, when village-
 maids
 With Gallia's tuneful sons ad-
 vance
 To frolic in the jovial dance
 Mid purple vines and olive shades.

The French Villagers. [No one, not even George Saintsbury, seems ever to have noted this particular pre-Tennysonian use of the *In Memoriam* stanza. W.]

THE FRENCH VILLAGERS

II.

Their ancient sires that round them
sit,
Renew in thought their youthful
days.
Some try the tottering step, or
praise
Their former fame for gallant wit:

III.

Or, blushing with excess of joy,
Recount the loves that long have
fled; 10
The leering eye, the damask red,
The ringlets that enticed to toy.

IV.

Here, disengaged from thoughts of
war,
The soldier stands, with folded
arms
Contemplating the fair-one's
charms—
How free from tyrants and from
care!

V.

But some, whom discipline re-
strains,
—Aw'd by their General's just
command—
To view them, at a distance
stand,
And envy those enliven'd plains. 20

VI.

Tho' birds on theirs as sweetly sing,
Tho' Sol as gladly-glittering
smiles;
Yet Beauty nought their hour
beguiles,
Nor Grace's arms around them
cling.

VII.

O wait awhile, ye heroes! wait—
Those forms that Venus has
bedeck'd,
Your martial ardor shall protect,
Shall snatch from unexpected fate.

VIII.

Tho' Zephyrs, only, seem to play
In yonder dense sequester'd
shades 30
Which scarce the noonday beam
pervades,
Yet Vandals there in ambush lay.

IX.

Roaring tremendous for his food
The Lion, should he hap to
spy
A frightened damsel's radiant eye,
Forgets his thirst, and seeks the
wood.

X.

But oh! the rulers of mankind
Ruthless their fellow-creatures
seize;
Nor radiant eyes nor suppliant
knees
Of Beauty can their fury blind. 40

XI.

Great Gods! shall ardent youth
obey
The haughty and unjust behest
That bids them peaceful lands
molest
With iron scourge, and savage sway.

XII.

Hark! hark! the hostile trumpets
sound!
Lo! from yon overshadowed bow'r
Discord and fierce Bellona lour!
Sweet pipe! thy peaceful notes are
drown'd.

XIII.

Smoke fills the air, and dims the
day:
No more the vine of matted
green 50
Or thin-leaved olive now are
seen,
Or bird upon the trembling spray.

EARLY POEMS

XIV.

Nor long the hostile ranks remain,
Impassion'd but by Rage and
Fear
Who never shed the generous
tear,
Or join'd the joyful village train.

XV.

But o'er yon slope, a willing band
With smiles unfeign'd, and arms
unbound,
March to the pipe's enchanting
sound
From fierce Oppression's proud
command. 60

XVI.

Foes once, by force, now happy
friends!
Be welcome to the sprightly
dance,
To Peace, to Liberty, to France,
Where Pride's accursed empire
ends.

THE MARTEN

I.

SAY, little bird! whose tender
breast
Would quiver at another's wrong,
Say who could spoil thy fretted
nest,
Who take away thy callow
Young?

II.

Alas! for certain is the proof
How much thy love has under-
gone!
I see thee flutter 'neath the roof,
I hear thy shrilly slender moan.

III.

But thee, unfeeling, cruel hind!
What equal punishments await.
Inhospitable! thou shalt find 11
Such favor at another's gate.

IV.

Thy cottage which the woodbines
cloathe
With elegant and gay attire,
Some desolating Lord shall *loathe*;
And drive thee from thy cheerful
fire.

V.

No warmth the marten tribe
demands
When sleety tempest chills the
sky:
Nor daily food from friendly hands,
Like Robin—with retorted eye.

VI.

In piercing winter I have fed 21
The Robin: but in vain I threw
With watchful care the crumbled
bread;
The thankless wanderer peck'd,
and flew.

VII.

But faithful Martens never rove
While summer's tardy suns re-
main:
They fear to trust the social grove,
They fear the brake, they fear
the plain.

VIII.

Close-cluster'd, as the swarming
hive,
Till April wakens 'em, they
sleep; 30
Thro' coldest waves together dive,
Nor tremble at the dreary deep.

THE PATRIOT

I.

ILLUSTRIOUS Virtue calmly
braves
The roaring of the Stygian
waves:
Nor shall Oblivion's lurid lake
Immerse the hero bold, who
fights

THE PATRIOT

To rescue and avenge his country's
rights;
Nor fears her doubtful fortunes to
partake.

II.

Fate, Earth, and Heav'n, are his:
his final day
Glory, more radiant than the
fairest Morn,
Illumes—and leads him thro' the
starry way
Which Cato, Russel, Cavendish,
adorn. ¹⁰
There, there he joins the happy few
who fell
For thee, O Greece! when Per-
sian millions rose;
And them who, led by quiver-
bearing Tell,
Slew the proud ancestry of
Gallia's foes.

III.

Do beauties half so richly glow
Along the rain-reflected bow,
As the clear beams of Virtue,
falling
From our small sphere on that
abyss
To us unknown, to heroes unappal-
ling—
Tho' dreary is the way to endless
bliss: ²⁰

IV.

For all around its harshly-grating
gates
What fiends, what demons, un-
forbidden sit!
With haggard Hatred pallid Envy
waits,
Revenge insatiate, and insulting
Wit,
Yet nations round in pain expect
his doom,
And oft enquire, yes! trembling
oft enquire

IV

"O Philodemus! must thy hour,
then, come?
O who may execute thy last
desire?"

V.

Thus, when the short-lived sun-
beams leave
Far northern climes, are heard to
grieve ³⁰
Their damsels and enamour'd
boys,
Whom wand'ring o'er the dreary
plain
Fair Hope so lately smiled to enter-
tain,
Or Love invited on to nearer joys.

VI.

But now, convening round their
aged sires,
Them crystal cottages again re-
ceive:
Unblest their scanty meal, and
faint the fires
Which Winter stern forbids
them long to leave.
But they whom Age restricts, once
more behold
With dubious joy the Sun's re-
gressive rays; ⁴⁰
View on the icy cliffs his genial gold,
No more to brighten their de-
clining days!

THE GRAPE

I.

BACCHUS first taught the Grape to
swell
In clusters thro' the laughing land:
By him the Lybian monsters fell
Who ravaged it with hostile
hand.

II.

But, cruel Grape! for this regard
Which he so tenderly had shown,
O blush! and tell me what reward
Requited his Anacreon?

T

EARLY POEMS

III.

Divine Anacreon! whose lyre
 So fondly warbled in your
 praise— 10
 The son of elegant Desire,
 The father of immortal Lays.

IV.

See lovely Spring around him
 spread
 Her lily pale, her budded rose;
 Cool myrtles shade his silvery head,
 And wine from Cupid's goblet
 flows.

V.

Exhale, then, for the festive hour
 These blooming sweets? ah no!
 I view
 Anguish and Fate terrific lour,
 And, cruel Grape! he falls by
 you. 20

VI.

Now lilies! roses! cease to bloom!
 —Your dear Anacreon's spirit
 flies—
 Or, O! adorn th' untimely tomb
 Whence Love averts his weeping
 eyes.

VII.

Thus far the Muse; when thro' the
 plains
 Of Gallia sweeter sounds arose!
 Sounds to her liberated swains
 How sweet! how dreadful to her
 foes!

VIII.

Her vine-clad hills the Vandal bands
 Thro' dreary Autumn's reign had
 held, 30
 Had pluck'd with sacrilegious hands
 What fruit unripe the God would
 yield.

IX.

But pale Disease their camp in-
 vades:
 The Plunderer, prostrate in the
 dust,
 No more thro' floods of slaughter
 wades,
 But sighs to see his dagger rust.

X.

—Yes, Grape! for this let all for-
 give
 Anacreon's undeserved end.
 France bids the rude remainder live,
 She makes their Tyrant, only,
 bend. 40

TO A LADY LATELY MARRIED

I.

FROM Pride's embraces and from
 Fortune's smiles
 Few are the damsels that have
 power to fly:
 They, bound in Torpor's chilly
 toils,
 Struck by strong enchantment
 lie.

II.

O'er thee, Sophia! Love alone
 presides;
 O'er thee, I view his purple pinions
 play!
 Thus, fluttering on the vernal
 tides,
 Shines the lightsome rosy ray.

III.

Blest! who from Fortune and from
 Pride hast fled
 Where pure Affection's genial
 warmth persuades! 10

To a Lady lately married. [This poem was written, according to Forster, when Landor was at Rugby and not more than fourteen. The lady was Sophia, wife of John Shuckburgh of Bourton Hall to whom she was married in 1788. She was a daughter of John Venour and his wife Catherine, who was Dr. Walter Landor's sister. The "Address" is said to have been Landor's first original poem in English. W.]

TO A LADY LATELY MARRIED

Thy paths may tender Beauty
tread,
Paths where Pleasure never
fades.

IV.

Nor else the primrose, wet with
early dew,
Closes her bosom from approaching
Night:

But glad the joyful Morn to view,
Sips the lively stream of light.

ODE TO GENERAL WASHINGTON

*Quo nihil maius meliusve teris
Fata donavere bonique Divi.*

Hor. [Odes IV. 2. 37-8].

EXULTING on unwearied wings,
Above where incense clouds the
court of kings

Arise! immortal Muse! arise:
Beyond the confines of th'
Atlantic waves,
O'er cities free from despots, free
from slaves,
Go! hail the tepid calm of purer
skies.

Thence may thine eye with
transport view,
The fields resplendent with ce-
lestial dew

Where, crown'd by Plenty,
Labor smiles:

Woods dark with verdure, rivers,
lakes, and farms 10

Whose vallies, echoing with
fraternal arms,

Thy cruelty proclaim'd, revengeful
Queen of Isles!

Go! thither where the leafy palm
Abundant pours her nectar'd
balm;

Where purple-winged myriads
play

Murmuring in the vernal ray,
Or latent in the rose's fold
Bask under arches of transparent
pink,

Or dallying with the lily's locks of
gold

Subdued by fragrance on her
bosom sink. 20

How fair the scene! how kind
the hand

That shed these beauties o'er a
grateful land!

How curst! who dared to
blast their bloom.

Own every people *now*, nor fear
to own,

That all the dazzling splendor
of a throne

No more deceives you: 'tis a
gorgeous tomb.

But, hail thou hero! born to
prove

The Country's glory and thy
Country's love,

To break her regal iron rod—
Of justice certain, fearless of
success, 30

Her rights to vindicate, her
wrongs redress,

Her sceptre to transfer from
tyrants to her God.

Hence, when the Northern hive
shall pour

In millions on each *other* shore,
Thy sons shall flourish and
increase

'Neath the genial beams of
Peace:

The swain of Canada shall woo
With bland allurements the con-
senting maid

Whose name the pearl-paved
Rivers, of Peru

Or Chile, whisper in their citron
shade. 40

EARLY POEMS

But even *thou* to Nature's law
Wilt bend, with reverence and
majestic awe,

As now to thee thy Country
bends:

Yet, O my Washington! the fatal
hour

Deprives thee only of an *active*
pow'r,

Nor with thy victories thy
triumph ends.

In Isles where fierce Achilles
reigns,

Immortal coursers, panting o'er
the plains,

Still urge him on to scenes of
woe!

Patroclus wonders what the
Hero views—

50

—He cries—'*tis Hector*—and
again pursues

The heaven-abandon'd Chief, and
aims the vengeful blow.

The days of playful Youth
engage

The pleasing memory of Age:
Thus, when we fly from toil and
pain

Thither when the Just re-
main;

No clouds, that float beneath,
can screen

Our former Country from our
wistful sight!

O Man! how happy to review the
scene

Thyself hast blest! how godlike a
delight!

60

BOOK II

MISCELLANIES

INVOCATION TO THE MUSE

THO' Helicon! I seldom dream
Aside thy lovely limpid stream,
Nor glory that to me belong
Or elegance, or nerve of Song,
Or Hayley's easy-ambling horse,
Or Peter Pindar's comic force,
Or Mason's fine majestic flow,
Or aught that pleases one in Crowe—
Yet thus a *saucy-suppliant* bard!

I court the Muse's kind regard. 10
"O! whether, Muse! thou please to
give

My humble verses long to live;

Or tell me *The decrees of Fate*

Have order'd them a shorter date—

I bow: yet O! may every word

Survive, however, George III.

ON POPE GOING TO SLEEP IN THE PRESENCE OF THE LATE PRINCE OF WALES

ONCE, Jove! in presence of thy
godhead

The thunder-bearing Eagle nodded:
Enchanted by the vocal strings

He nodded—and he flapt his wings.
His vigorous pounces, arm'd by

Fate,

Dropt listless their avenging freight;
While the Dundasses of the times

Reap'd the rich harvest of their
crimes.

Than slumber what should Pope
do rather

O George! in presence of thy father?

Invocation to the Muse. 5 Hayley's [William Hayley (*ob.* 1820), author of "Triumphs of Temper", 1781, &c.].

On Pope going to sleep in the presence of the late Prince of Wales. [See Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*: *Pope*: "When he wanted to sleep he 'nodded in company'; and once slumbered at his own table while the Prince of Wales was talking of poetry."]

ON POPE GOING TO SLEEP

When, sending his supreme en-
gagement, 11
Great Frederic to the Twitnam
Sage meant

An honor great as princes can
Submit to do to any man.
For had he been engaged in parley
With him instead of honest Harley,
No wholesome satire could have
clear'd

The stables of the courtly herd:
While the Dundasses of the times
Reap'd the rich harvest of their
crimes. 20

ON THE WINDOW-TAX

'Tis well our courtly patriots have
No window in their breast:
How d-mn-bly these dogs would
rave
To find themselves *assest*.

DEBATE BETWEEN AN OXONIAN AND CANTAB

'Twas market-day: the farmers
met:
Brown jugs along the board were
set:
And milk-white pipes in long array,
Foretold a comfortable day.
A pair of parsons, loose from
college,
Come in: their *theme* our seats of
knowledge.
But, àpropos, the Muse premises
One was from Cam and one from
Isis.
When thus the former, "I confess
Bays hide Oxonia's nakedness. 10
I grant her due; for who would
hinder

From West the very wreaths of
Pindar?

The Wartons, too, in yonder grove,
Like the Ledeian Twins of Jove,
Prove daily their superior worth
O'er poets militant on earth.
Yet, what is Poetry? a noise
That captivates the ear of *boys*.
But, Sir! the nobler praise is
Cam's

Of riddles, puns, and epigrams. 20
Lord help you, Sir, and *his* divines
Can make a circle of strait lines:
While yours employ their sordid
cares

On bible-reading and on pray'rs.
This truth severe too well I know!
Oxonia's pupil long ago:
But now, embracing Alma Mater,
I learn to pity more than hate
her.

However, Sir! since both I tried,
My statement cannot be denied."

He spoke: the rival smiles and
bows; 31
Then tells "*a tale of calves and
cows*."

Two cows had each a calf, but
one

—Nay stop, Sir! till my tale is
done—

Soon after died: without com-
plaining

The Farmer kept the one remain-
ing.

Nurst by *one* mother, fed by *two*,
Surprisingly the creature grew.

Well! and what then? Why *then*,
I ween,

A greater calf was never seen. 40

On the Window-Tax. [In 1784 Pitt "met the deficiency of revenue . . . by an increase of the window-tax". Lord Rosebery's *Pitt*, p. 68.]

Debate between an Oxonian and Cantab. 12 West [Gilbert West (1703–56) was at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford. His translation of Pindar's Odes was published in 1749; "The Institution of the Garter, a dramatic poem", in 1742.]

EARLY POEMS

EXPLANATION OF A GREEK PROVERB

"*Gods play at ball with us poor men.*"

—Thus an outrageous Sophist ran on—

Kings, who do *now*, what Gods did *then*,

To save their fingers call for cannon.

ON A QUAKER'S TANKARD

YE lie, friend Pindar! and friend Thales!—

Nothing so good as water? Ale is.

STORY OF THE FARMERS, THE DOG, AND THE KENNEL

SOME farmers bought a dog, to keep
From neighbouring wolves their
folded sheep.

But ah! the farmers little thought
How dearly was their bargain
bought:

Tho' very famous is the breed
For loud *alarm*, or *flying* speed.
Some, they will sell you, bravely
stand

Against the fiercest beast on land:
While others make the water foam
Sometimes, but *mostly* growl at
home. 10

The sire, one morn, in kennel lay
Which once belong'd to faithful
Tray.

Its ancient sides with dirt were
clotted;

Its fabric here and there had rotted:
But still the farmers thought they
cou'd

A little mend the crumbling
wood—

So, brought a hammer—but the
dog

Shook with a growl his *little* log.

They ran away: their kind en-
deavour

Fail'd; and the kennel rots for
ever. 20

STORY OF MIDAS

WITH bards of old a story passes
That royal ears were once like
asses'.

The Minister of Midas found

His Majesty's in such a plight:
Obliged to speak, he made the
ground

His confident, one summer's
night.

Next morn, some countryfolks
aver'd

That they a wond'rous tale had
heard,

How *sundry traitor rushes* said

"What ails king Midas's poor
head? 10

Is it from folly or from fear

That like an ass he pricks his ear?

Is it his own or country's good

That makes him swill his guts with
blood?"

All this they said, and other
things

About a *love of gold* in kings.

But Midas, not content to hush his
Misfortune, told a trusty
mower—

"Go, Minister, cut down the
rushes,

I'll put their *oracles* i' th' *tower*."

'Twas done: and who enquires the
good 21

Of swilling royal guts with blood?

Explanation of a Greek Proverb. [See Plato, *Legg.* 803, ἀνθρωπον θεου τι παλινιον εἶναι, and Plautus, *Captivi*, prol. 22 *Dii nos quasi pilas homines habent.* Montaigne and Cowley quoted the Latin version. W.]

EARLY POEMS

WRITTEN ON WARTON'S ESSAY ON POPE

By Warton's order, Pope behind
the screen
Sits hid, and trembles lest he ne'er
be seen:
Meanwhile how fast another's
numbers flow!
How loud is Aristotle, Bayle, Du
Bos!

TO THE MUSE, CONCERNING THE ABOVE EPIGRAM

If aught of epigram I wrote
Which stuck in Dr. Warton's
throat:
Say, Muse! you wish you had for-
got it—
Or say, you told the bard to blot it.
Go! go directly: you may say
"Good Doctor, 'tis a charming
day."
What? spurn a Briton's last re-
mark?
Well! tell him, then, of *K—
and C—
Suppose, his Reverence to appease,
We recollect such lines as these. 10

TO DR. WARTON

O HEAR our suit, good Doctor
Warton!
And grant us what we set our heart
on.

Forgive us if in *dishabille*
The plaintive Muse hath seiz'd the
quill.
Sit down, good Sir! and we will
try
To give the reason, by and by.

We scarce need mention, for you
know,
How deep her sighs, how wild her
woe,
E'er since thy brother, our de-
light!

Left us in anguish and in night. 10
E'er since that glorious star hath
set,

What now remains but C— and
K—?

Alas! chaotic is the dark
'Twixt C— and K—, and K—
and C—

O! would thy kindness but re-
store

The precious idols we adore;
No longer *then*, in Wisdom's spite,
Would loungers read what block-
heads write.

Deign from thy brother's works to
cull us

What bold Lucretius, sharp Catul-
lus, 20

Divinely-elegant Tibullus,
—And all the grand Aonian quire—

Would envy, or at least admire.
Then Oxford shall no more regret
The twofold night 'twixt C— and
K—

Written on Warton's Essay on Pope. [See *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope*, by Joseph Warton (1722–1800); the first volume came out in 1757, the second in 1782. Warton calls Aristotle "first and best of critics". Pierre Bayle's *Dictionary*, and *Reflexions critiques sur la Poésie* by Jean Baptiste Du Bos, are also quoted pretty often in the *Essay on Pope*. W.]

* The first of these gentlemen published "Juvenile Poems" at the age of forty, the latter "Ædipus" in prose. Ouvrez, Messieurs! c'est mon Œdipe en prose. [L. "Juvenile Poems", by the Rev. Henry Kett, Fellow of Trinity College, had been published at Oxford in 1793. The Rev. George Somers Clark, also a Fellow of Trinity, wrote "Ædipus, King of Thebes, a tragedy from the Greek of Sophocles, translated into prose, with notes", London, 1791. W.]

To Dr. Warton. 9 thy brother [Thomas Warton II, Professor of Poetry, Oxford, in 1757 and author of *History of English Poetry*, died May 20, 1790.]

EARLY POEMS

TO THE AUTHOR OF BAMP- TON LECTURES AND JUVE- NILE POEMS

WHAT tho' Religion laugh thy
prose to scorn,
Yet o'er thy verses all the Muses
mourn.
In comic, then, and tragic, thou
canst claim
A *Shakespear's* merits and a
Shakespear's fame!
Our sides with laughter at thy
sermons shake,
Thy piteous numbers gripe them
till they ache.

ON TUCKER'S TREATISE CONCERNING CIVIL GOV- ERNMENT, IN OPPOSITION TO LOCKE

THEE, meek Episcopcy! shall kings
unfrook
Ere Tucker triumph over sense
and Locke.

IMITATIONS FROM CATULLUS

I.

TO THE SPARROW OF LESBIA

[CARMEN II]

SPARROW! *Lesbia's* lively guest,
Cherish'd ever in her breast!
Whom with tantalizing jokes
Oft to peck her she provokes:
Thus in pretty playful wiles
Love and absence she beguiles.

Oft, like her, to ease my pain,
I thy little fondness gain.
Dear to me as, bards have told,

Was the apple's orb of gold 10
To the Nymph whose long-tied zone
That could loose, and *that* alone.

II.

ON THE DEATH OF LESBIA'S SPARROW

[CARMEN III]

VENUS! Cupid! *Beaux!* deplore—
Lesbia's sparrow is no more!
That which she was wont to prize
Dearer than her lovely eyes.
Like a child, her voice it knew,
'Twittering here and there it flew:
Cunningly her breast it loved,
Whence it very seldom moved.
Now, alas! 'tis in the bourn
Whence it never may return. 10
Cruel shades! that round it lour!
All that's pretty ye devour.
Lesbia's sparrow ye have ta'en!—
Cause of unabating pain!
Little bird! now thou art fled,
Lesbia's weeping eyes are red.

III.

TO LESBIA

[CARMEN V]

YES! my *Lesbia!* let us prove
All the sweets of life in love.
Let us laugh at envious sneers;
Envy is the fault of years.
Vague report let us despise;
Suns may set and suns may rise:
We, when sets *our* twinkling light,
Sleep a long-continued night.
Make we then, the most of this—
Let us kiss, and kiss, and kiss. 10
While we thus the night employ,
Envy cannot know our joy.
So, my *Lesbia!* let us prove
All the sweets of life in love.

To the author of Bampton Lectures and Juvenile Poems. [The Rev. Henry Kett was Bampton lecturer at Oxford in 1790. W.]

On Tucker's Treatise concerning Civil Government. [See *Treatise Concerning Civil Government*, by Josiah Tucker (1711–99), Dean of Gloucester. W.]

IMITATIONS FROM CATULLUS

IV.

TO LESBIA

[CARMEN VII]

AND canst *thou*, my love! enquire
Just the kisses I desire?
—Many as the sands that lie
'Neath the torrid Lybian sky:
From—along the benzoin plain—
Battus' tomb to Ammon's fane.
Many as the stars that ken
—Calm the night—the loves of
men.

These Catullus, then, requires
Equal to his vast desires, 10
Which nor man can over-rate,
Nor Enchantress fascinate.

V.

EPITHALAMIUM OF MANLIUS AND JULIA

[CARMEN LXI]

YOUTH of Helicon! whose race
Poets from Urania trace:
By whose hand the modest maid
To her loved spouse is laid.
Round your brow, O Hymen!
wreath
Amaranths that sweetly breathe:
Take the veil of fiery dye,
On your feet the sandals tie—
Sandals pink that lustre throw
O'er an ancle white as snow. 10
Waken'd by the cheerful day,
Tune the tinkling nuptial lay;
Wave the pineal torch, and beat
Music's note with nimble feet.

Beauteous as Idalia's Queen
Tript along the Phrygian green,
Ida's youthful judge to prove
Faithful in the cause of love:
Julia, blest with equal charms,
Hastes, O Manlius! to thine arms.
She awaits her happy spouse, 21
Blooming as the myrtle boughs
Which, along the Asian plain,

Blossoms all the year retain:
Whence the Hamadryads sip
Nectar sweet with sportive lip.

Now no longer, Hymen! dwell
Loitering in the Thespian dell.
Nor where Aganippe's rill
Cools Aonia's craggy hill. 30
But invite the fair to come
To her husband's happy home.
So with love her fancy bind
As the ivy-tendrils wind
Round an oak their wandering
course,
Pressing with instinctive force.

Virgins! pure from amorous
play,

Listen to the lively lay.
Time to you your hour will bring:
Sing to Hymen, Hymen sing. 40
So, more willing he will hear,
Sweetly cited to appear.
Whom should lovers more require
Than the friend of fond desire?
Than the God whose hands unite
Every bond of pure delight?

Hymen! 'tis to you alone
Virgins loose the silken zone:
Fearful all the while of you,
Oft they ask what husbands do. 50
You consign the modest bride
To her ardent lover's side:
Sever'd from her mother's breast,
Sever'd only to be blest.
There where Hymen never came,
What is Venus! where is Fame!
But at your supreme command
They are ever hand in hand.

Open wide, ye doors! behold
Torches shake their hair of gold. 60
Why then, bashful bride! delay
Longer than declining day?
Is it that ingenuous shame
Shuns to hear its honor'd name?
Weeping that at evening's close
All is rapture and repose.

EARLY POEMS

Ne'er from thee will Manlius
 range,
 Ne'er from thee his heart estrange:
 Ne'er, neglectful, sink to rest
 Distant from thy tender breast. 70
 But, as loves the vigorous Vine
 Its enamour'd arms to twine
 Round and round a friendly tree,
 Thus thy Manlius will to thee.

Glimmering now the day-light
 flies—
 Julia! bashful bride! arise!

Lo! upon the Tyrian bed,
 O'er thee bends thy lover's head!

Manlius! happy youth! thine
 arms 79
 Now may wander o'er her charms:
 O'er the cheeks of roseate glow,
 Slender neck and breast of snow.

Thou art also Venus' care!
 Thou art young, and thou art fair.
 Prosper'd by her genial aid,
 Soon hast thou her laws obey'd.
 May, within the circling year,
 A Torquatus hence appear:
 Stretch to thee the arm that prest
 Close, before, its mother's breast:
 Turn to thee the welcome smile, 91
 Sweetly pouting all the while.
 May the Stranger's eye admire
 In the son the noble sire:
 May his rosy boyish face
 Bloom with each maternal grace.

Now, ye Virgins! close the door;
 Dance and sing and play no more.

Now, ye amicable Pair!
 Active lover! envied fair! 100
 Spend in transport, while ye may,
 Youth and Beauty's fleeting day.*

* This imitation contains only about half the original. [L.]

PART II

MORAL EPISTLE, RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO EARL STANHOPE

[Published in 1795. The author's name was revealed in l. 192. Three short passages = 25 ll. were quoted in Forster's *Landor: a Biography*, 1869.]

DEDICATION

It has been said, and your Lordship must often have heard it, that titles add grace to Virtue. One might as well have argued that splendor is given to a diamond by setting it in gold: because, if unset, very probably it would not be exposed to view.—False jewels only thus receive their lustre. Nobility gives a person opportunities of displaying his worth, but his worth is not derived from his nobility. Hence I am willing to imagine that the observation which I have reprehended arose from gratitude. Perhaps it was the effusion of a sanguine author to a generous patron: however, this is not intended as any hint to your Lordship; for *patron* sounds to *me* so terrible that I would rather have an executioner than one. I only prefix what you are reading, by way of direction to my letter, and for the sake of declaring myself not the admirer of your titles

[Charles, third Earl Stanhope (1753–1816) had in January 1794 moved in the House of Lords that the French Republic should be recognized by the British Government. He had opposed the war with the American Colonies.]

MORAL EPISTLE

but of your virtues. I am even bold enough to assert, that Fortune must either have been more blind or more insulting than usual, when she placed on the brow of Stanhope the tinsel coronet for the civic wreath.

Feb. 25.

PREFACE

I know not by what fatality it happens, that those have been lately reckoned among the enemies of their country, who were before considered as her friends. But, without attaching myself to any party whatever, I think it proper to make a few very short observations. It strikes me, first, that people, when they talk on political subjects, often pretend to a kind of delicacy in forbearing to mention names; and authors very often have a similar scruple for a different reason. The former, because truth has been declared a libel, and because spies intrude themselves into every conversation: the latter fancy that even the *names* of certain men corrupt the paper with which they come in contact.

The data are just; but I disdain the conclusions. For, why should we hesitate to unmask the crimes? Is it because they are frightful? and are we, then, such children? Ought we not rather to shew the World that they are so, and expose by what magic they assume so imposing an appearance? I had said in the present Epistle, after mentioning a few characters which ancient and modern Times have produced,

'Twould tire the Muse, and awkward were the sight,
To drag into the radiant realms of light
Whatever monsters wretched England has,
Or Scotland—thrice accurst for each Dundas.¹

Though I am very sensible how long and how laborious a work it would be, yet, having begun it here, I shall continue it at my leisure. As I hate the form of a Satire, I shall continue the more agreeable contrast between excellent and execrable characters. A thousand of the latter may be thrown into the *shade* occasioned by one like Stanhope: while those who, regarding a Wyndham and a Portland,² can trace honesty in one and wisdom in the other, must have more penetration than the Physiognomist, or more fancy than the Poet. But, while there are in the cabinet, men who lament the misfortune of keeping six or seven servants, merely because two or three of them will cost an additional guinea; while there are men who, possessing immense riches, barter away the liberties of their country for a little more; while there are men who, rather than contribute from their own superfluities to a war which their madness has kindled, take the morsel from the widow and fatherless whom they have rendered so—but to call such beings *men* is a libel on the human race—yet while there are such existing, there will always be a subject for *Moral Epistles*; and though they are the Jailors of Britain, their names shall be written in a calendar quite as legible and quite as durable as theirs.

¹ These verses are not in the *Epistle*. [W.]

² Wyndham and a Portland. [William Windham (1750–1810) and the third Duke of Portland (1738–1809), both members of the younger Pitt's first Cabinet. W.]

EARLY POEMS

MORAL EPISTLE

'Twas when, awaken'd by their
just alarms,
Our distant brothers call'd aloud
to arms—
That Reason, darting thro' the
clouds of Night,
O'er every Nation waved her
heavenly light.
Then shook the palaces, in ages
built
When Superstition lent her aid to
Guilt.
I, unawakened, in my cradle slept,
Nor wept, unconscious I, while
millions wept.
Blind to the moral and historic
page,
Deaf to the Poet sweet, the solemn
Sage—10
In lisping accents hardly could I
tell
Beneath what Hero proud Minorca
fell:
What Hero, crown'd by Conquest
each campaign,
Crush'd with Herculean strength
gigantic Spain.
Now *France* has murmur'd to
receive her laws
From Kings and Cossacs, Frederic's
and Artois's:
Now only Liberty supremely reigns
O'er those extended and extending
plains:
With thee, O Stanhope! gazing
round the scene,
I judge futurity from what has
been.20
To anxious sailors, distant still
from land,
A thousand visionary ports ex-
pand.

Thus, tho' the storms surround us,
and the blast
On rugged rocks our helpless bark
hath cast—
Hope from the summit smiles, and
Halcyons play
Along the glimmering pale re-
flected ray.
But turn we round: behold how
swiftly flies
The mist illusive that obscured our
eyes!
Throned on a mountain, down
whose side is roll'd
A rapid torrent tinged with sands
of gold:30
Whose barren height projects a
chilly shade
O'er every cottage in the nether
glade:
Where sleepless hellebore and bit-
ter rue
Forbid the beetosip their vernal dew:
Where nightshade twines the bower,
and hemlock grows
With proud luxuriance round the
wither'd rose—
Sits haggard Avarice! with bloody
hand
She grasps the sceptre of supreme
command.
An iron sceptre! o'er whose rugged
head
A Stygian vulture's waving wings
dispread.40
But him the Goddess—if the dews
of Sleep
His eyes so piercing chance awhile
to steep—
Still guards protective, still in
empty dreams
With hooked beak his harpy hun-
ger screams.

12 Minorca] General James Murray, Governor of Minorca, surrendered the island to the Spanish in February 1782. 16 [The Count of Artois came to London in July 1795, and afterwards found a place of refuge at Holyrood. In 1824 he succeeded to the French throne as Charles X.]

MORAL EPISTLE

Those eyes, half opening, roll with
 livid fire,
 Those flagging feathers rustle with
 desire.
 But roused from slumber, ever
 prompt to rove,
 He grasps the thunders of the bird
 of Jove.
 These far and wide he brandishes,
 nor cares
 For widow wailings nor for orphan
 prayers. 50
 The cruel Goddess hears the mur-
 muring main
 From sacred Indus to her Thames
 complain:
 And sees thy children, Oh indig-
 nant Rhine!
 Crushed by her votaries their lives
 resign.
 They die—but vengeance is their
 latest breath—
 Majestic in their pangs, and hum-
 bled but by Death.
 Alas, O Stanhope! in her hateful
 train
 What Fiends innumerable still re-
 main!
 Some, not contented rashly to have
 hurl'd
 The torch of Discord on a rising
 World; 60
 At home disguise themselves in
 snowy vest,

Nor fear to thrust it in a mother's
 breast.
 'Tis hence Religion from her shrine
 retires,
 Hence Faith no longer fans her
 vestal fires;
 Hence naked Commerce begs along
 the streets,
 While mute Suspicion flies from all
 she meets.
 Nay, even Friendship, bursts her
 golden band!
 Kens one with caution ere she
 shakes one's hand.
 No longer gives she that accus-
 tom'd zest
 Which made luxurious e'en the
 frugal feast: 70
 Nor hold we converse, in these fear-
 ful days,
 More than the horses in your Lord-
 ship's chaise.
 Yet wine was once almighty!
 silent Care
 Fill'd high the bowl, and laugh'd
 at poor Despair.
 Wine threw the guinea from the
 Miser's hand,
 Wine made his wond'ring heart
 with alien warmth expand.
 Made hope enjoyment, made the
 coward pant
 For battle, *parsons preach, and
 †poets rant.

* It is entertaining enough to hear the Clergy grumble at being driven from their *vine and fig-tree*, and calling upon us in the name of Religion to *strengthen the hand of Government against the enemies of Church and State*. In their lamentations over the *Martyr Charles*, there was a deal of extraneous matter to supply their divisions and subdivisions; but among all their execrations, and all their sighs, the fate of our slaughtered Countrymen seemed totally forgotten. The Poet Cowley was the apologist of Charles, and he thinks it very hard that a monarch should be put to death for *cropping off a few ears*. This was the ordinary punishment inflicted by the Star-Chamber; and so common was it, that the people appeared like so many *terriers*. The Puritans chiefly suffered under Charles. The hair of these people generally took a strait direction down the side of the head, as if it were fearful of discovering so ignominious a mutilation. [L.] [See Abraham Cowley's *Discourse concerning . . . Cromwell*: "What can be more extraordinarily wicked than . . . to quarrel for the loss of three or four ears, and strike off three or four hundred heads?" W.]

† The Writer of a Tragedy, the name of which I have forgotten, tells us that it is

EARLY POEMS

But O the pleasures! when mid
none but friends
The trusty secret where it rises
ends. 80
At which no hireling politician
storms,
No snoring rector catches, and
informs.

But Bacchus! Bacchus!—round
whose thyrsus twined
Tendrils and ivy playing uncon-
fined—
How art thou alter'd! *I?* yes *thou*,
by Jove,
Thou second Wyndham; what I
say I prove.
Tooke was on trial: Pitt was cited:
came:
Discovered treason raging; towers
on flame;
Daggers and pikes enormous, and
a dart
To fly *self-acted* at the Monarch's
heart: 90
But, questioned on his *own* ac-
count, each jot
Of all he once had written he
forgot.
That which is real we forget with
ease,
But feign what never happen'd,
when we please.
The faults of others magnified are
shown;
We children turn the glass, and
smile upon our own.

But—honest Minister, or sound
Divine—
He lies who tells us there is truth
in wine.
For George's Premier, never known
to reel,
Drinks his two bottles, Bacchus!
at a meal. 100
If ever, wand'ring from the hand of
Truth,
I join'd the Follies that encircle
Youth—
O may I perish ere of me be
said,
Those were my victims whom I
first betray'd.
But some there are who, *raving for*
our good,
Would tear the very hand that
holds them food.

Go, get to kennel, New-found-
land-dog* Reeves!
Your loud alarum not a soul
believes.
Without or teeth to bite, or sense
to hunt,
You only wake the *Swine*, and
make them grunt. 110
Others there are who, spurning
honest Fame,
From foul Corruption wealth and
titles claim.
'Tis thus the chaplain, secretary,
drudge,
Rise into Bishop, Chancellor, and
Judge.

the duty of every one to write against the French; but if every one wrote so bad as he, their wrists might ache before the effect were equal to the intention. [L.]

* I shall not enlarge on the present worthy character, nor observe with what alacrity he performs the duties of his New-found-land office. It would be equally unnecessary to remark, that the disunion which lately prevailed in England was chiefly occasioned by the associated Terrorists, Alarmists, & Co. But people begin, at last, to distinguish their real benefactors from their pretended ones. [L.] [John Reeves (*ob.* 1829), first Chief Justice of Newfoundland, author of *Thoughts on English Government*, a pamphlet pronounced by the House of Commons to be a breach of privilege. W.]

87 [Landor again referred to Pitt's evidence at the trial of Horne Tooke in his *Commentary on Memoirs of Mr. Fox*, 1907 ed., p. 72. W.]

MORAL EPISTLE

<p>'Tis thus the Poet who has <i>art</i> to praise What <i>we</i> must execrate, may wear the bays. Anger and Sorrow prey upon the Muse, While some neglect her and while some abuse. Simon—for Simon is the golden calf— Feeds at his shrine one *poet and a half. 120 Whate'er to <i>others</i> Pindus can produce Would hardly satisfy a hungry goose. Since <i>self</i> however has unbounded reign, By Plenty prosper'd I no more complain: Together daily tête à tête we dine, And frugal <i>Temperance</i> decants the wine. One afternoon I saw her, not in sport, Sip with her mouth awry the muddy port: Nay further, could you credit it, my Lord, She dropt, I recollect, a <i>naughty</i> word: 130 "Damn it, if Ministers would not debar it, For half the money we might drink our claret." Now what I answered guess: you say you know: "Art <i>thou</i> then <i>Temperance</i>?" ex- actly so.</p>	<p>Well! and I added if she dar'd defame Her <i>foes</i> so grossly she should lose her name. Thus fly the Wretches who should lose their ears, From house of — into house of —; Nor, when the matters are so well arranged, Doubt but their characters are also changed. 140 But think not, Stanhope! there were <i>never</i> those, Who dared Corruption bravely to oppose. Parham,—contented with his house and grounds That brought him annual scarce four <i>hundred</i> pounds— Whenever Duty call'd him, took his cane And walk'd to London whether fair or rain. Sometimes with Ministers he deign'd to chat, Sometimes would <i>vote</i> for them, but seldom <i>that</i>. Yet still—as Parham was a man revered, As people loved him even while they feared— 150 They thought, by giving him a place, to raise The voice of Britain louder in their praise. They gave it. Parham in his <i>chariot</i> goes, Not alter'd—only wearing cleaner shoes.</p>
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* The Poet M. and Mr. R. [L.]

119 Simon. [George Simon, 2nd Earl Harcourt (*ob.* 1797); his prize for an English poem was won in 1791 by the Rev. George Richards (see *l.* 120) with "The Aboriginal Britons". William Whitehead, Poet Laureate, and William Mason (see *l.* 120) "were among those whom he distinguished by his early regard, and it accompanied them to the end of their lives". (*Gentleman's Magazine*, May 1809.)]

143 Parham] George, 17th Lord Willoughby of Parham (*ob.* 1779), "always gave his vote in the House of Peers according to his Conscience" (Banks, *Extinct Baronage*). [W.]

EARLY POEMS

But once it happen'd some affairs
of state

Required a little *ready-made* de-
bate.

"Let's go to Parham's." They
arrive. "My Lord!

I come this morning just to speak
a word.

An awkward subject starts to-day,
we want

Your vote; you know it." *Yes!*
but vote I can't. 160

High words arose on this, and
threats were used;

In vain: they threaten'd still, he
still refused.

"My Lord! however hurt at your
disgrace,

I hate dissembling—you must lose
your place."

Well! Sir! you cannot take my
legs; thank God

These still are left me, and I know
my road.

This was a Noble: should you
like to hear

How acted Shippon, Parham's
true compeer?

You know 'twas Walpole's well-
inform'd advice,

*Shake but the money, all men have
their price.* 170

To thee, O Stanhope! odd as it may
sound,

But one exception to the rule he
found.

'Twas Shippon. *Walpole, tho' the
Scoundrel Court

Were brib'd already, hoped for *his*
support.

Came to his villa, mixt in his
request

Some hints of favour, soon more
closely prest.

Now Shippon rang the bell. Sir
Robert's hips

Tingled with strong presentiment
of *whips*.

* The Court of Walpole was infamous even to a proverb. Comparisons are odious: but a time undoubtedly has appeared, though the period shall not be instanced, when almost the whole of our worthy Representatives might join the Chorus in Sophocles—and say—

"Ὅδ' ἐστὶν ἡμῶν ναυκράτωρ ὁ παῖς· ὅσ' ἂν
οὗτος λέγῃ σοι, ταῦτά σοι χήμεις φάμεν.

[*Philoctetes* 1072-3.]

"This youth here is our pilot; whatever he tells you we also say."

Sophocles often is a Satirist. If he had lived in England, he certainly would have had his windows broken for freedom of speech. It is a pity, that in so immense a web of Scholia, as that which is entangled round this Author, one is not able to distinguish the Characters which he seems to have attacked. The Critics never observed that Sophocles joined Politics to Poesy; otherwise they certainly would have taken the pains to illustrate, as they went, the most *striking* characters of a most eventful age. This reflection led me to another—which is, that nothing would be more proper than that to every town, which had Representatives, there should every month be sent an account how they act. This account should be deposited in some place of safety, where they might refer to it whenever they please. They could *then* be no longer deceived; and if there existed any undue influence it would be their own fault. Even this, however, would be nugatory, unless the Bill passes for a more general Reform. [L. Lord Houghton pointed out, in the *Edinburgh Review*, July 1849, that Landor in his application of lines quoted from Sophocles almost anticipated Canning's song about "the pilot who weathered the storm".]

168 Shippon [*sc.* William Shippen (*ob.* 1743), "downright Shippen", Pope, *Imitations of Horace*, *Sat.* ii. 1. 52. W.]

MORAL EPISTLE

A servant enter'd. "Boy, quoth
 Shippon, pray
 "What will thy Master dine upon
 to-day? 180
 "Sir? *mutton, Sir!* Speak boldly;
 why abasht?
 "Drest in what manner? *Please*
your Honor! hasht.
 "Go. See, Sir Robert! faultering
 as he speaks
 "How honest blushes flash along
 his cheeks.
 "But he who, happy in a snug
 retreat,
 "Twice makes his dinner on a joint
 of meat—
 "May scorn the '*hear him*' of
 your servile tribe,
 "Nor sell his ruin'd Country for a
 bribe."

Parham! and Shippon! if each
 honor'd name
 Be not eternally preserv'd by
 Fame— 190
 Lie tranquil in your tombs; and say
 "*Ye Powers*
Of darkness! It is Lander's fault,
not ours."

We, Stanhope! born in gloomier
 days than theirs,
 Leave still a drearier prospect to
 our heirs.
 We weep; we can no more; but
 thanks to God!
 He never bound us to our native
 clod.
 Led by the Deity, our souls
 embrace
 With love fraternal all the human
 race.
 Love, to our Country warmest,
 must expand
 Its kindly fervor over *every* land.
 Yet Slaves or Despots may, we
 know, destroy 201
 The fruits of Plenty, blast the
 flowers of Joy.
 True! but enchain they *Zephyrs* in
 the tower,
 Or rebel *Oceans?* no: they have not
 power.
 Fly we, then, thither, where their
 power must cease,
 Where triumphs are prepared for
 Liberty and Peace.

FINIS.

FROM POETRY PRINTED IN 1800

[A few copies of a volume of verse and prose which Lander meant to publish in 1800 are still in existence. He appears to have shown the whole or portions of it to Isaac Mocatta and the Rev. Walter Birch, if not to other friends. Mocatta was annoyed by an impolite allusion to Isaac D'Israeli in a prose "Postscript to *Gebir*". Birch disliked a poetic "Address to Fellows of Trinity". In deference to their opinion Lander agreed to withhold these pieces, and either then or later he also cancelled six shorter poems and some notes in prose. The remaining portion with a new title-page and minor variants was published in 1802, and will be found in earlier sections of the present volume. Of the cancelled verses one short poem and fourteen lines of the longer "Address" were reprinted by Forster in 1869. The "Address" in full and all the other poems, together with Lander's introduction, are now given as printed in 1800. The title-page was then: Poetry/by the author of *Gebir*,/and/a Postscript/to that poem/with remarks on some critics/Sharpe /Printer, High Street, Warwick/Sold by/ Rivingtons, St. Paul's Churchyard/London.]

[INTRODUCTION]

FOR the entertainment of those *gentle readers*, on whose account and for whose use I have principally written the Post-script, I add also some

EARLY POEMS

poems, in great part of a satirical nature, as more accordant to their spirit and more accommodated to their understanding. They are of a lighter kind than the others, with which it will be prudent not to concern themselves, and are entirely devoted to their service. I will also mention to them in confidence, that the *Address* was written long before the armament took place, tho' much has been altered, and somewhat added, since—and at the risk of being thought deficient in foresight, I confess that I had very little expectation of any such thing taking place, even under the administration of so sagacious a Chancellor. Such people as he will suffer nothing to be a joke. Imagine the most ridiculous thing, and they will realise it. [L.]

AN ADDRESS TO THE FELLOWS OF TRINITY COLLEGE OXFORD, ON THE ALARM OF INVASION

Tho' I seldom have writ since
my Muse was beset
By the hue-and-cry runners of
Richards and Kett;¹
Still, bred in your college, tho' no
longer in it, I
Send ye health and fraternity,
fellows of Trinity!
Thro' haste to salute you, the feet
of my doggerel
Like a drunken or down-hill and
devil-drove hog reel.

Notwithstanding your prayers,
and your fasts notwithstanding,
The wicked french atheists threaten
a landing:
And how can you wonder should
any thing hap ill
When ² Sir Thomas has lain with
his wife in the chapel? 10
Supine as you are, wont you think
it defiled
Until you are certain he's got her
with child?

But let me assure you—prayers,
lessons, nor psalter,
Nor the two silver candlesticks
over the altar,
Nor the cross nor the soldiers, the
thieves nor the virgin,
Can keep—devil take 'em—their
plaguey new scourge in,
They delight in it still, tho' so
many have bled,
Like children in *their* little whips
painted red:
Like children they too, and with
hug as endearing,
Flog brother or sister to try the
new *fairing*. 20
And as for your³ Angels with palms
in their hands,
“These come,” they will say, “for
our resolute bands.”
But rise, sable heroes, oppose force
to force,
Man to man, foot to foot, shield to
shield, horse to horse,
Hear first one injunction, nor gibe
it nor mock it,
Be sure that Kett's poems are not
in your pocket.
While so bent on reforming the
whole present race is,
The Muses themselves are old
friends with new faces,

² ¹ The British Criticks [L. For George Richards and Henry Kett see “Moral Epistle”, p. 287, and “To the Muse”, p. 279. W.] 10 ² Sir Thomas Pope, buried there. [L. He founded Trinity College in 1554 and died 1558. W.] 21 ³ Paintings on the ceiling [L.]

TO THE FELLOWS OF TRINITY COLLEGE

His verses are attic, and every paper
Serves equally well both for *salts*
and for *wrapper*. 30

'Tis true, spring approaches—but
there's no occasion

For physic like this when you fear
an invasion.

Take *me* for your leader:—you
have not forgot

That your most humble servant
was once a good *shot*:

Tho' ye dreaded, but dreaded with-
out rhyme or reason,

He haply might turn his fine
talents to treason.

Now, since a good leader is very
much wanted,

That ye take my advice let me take
it for granted.

So get yourselves ready, and bid
Harry Kett

Strip off his book-bindings and
make a rosette: 40

Nor let him suppose this the dress
of a sinner is

When he wore a bag-wig at his
dance in the 'Minories.

But why on a sudden so saucy and
skittish?—

If he *be* made a *critic*, 'tis only a
British.

Now, whatever regiment his name
be enroll'd in,

A tight little drummer is Jeffry
von M * * *

I know not his courage, but this
I'll be bold in

Few beat in fair *humdrum* our
Jeffry von M * * *

Besides we can make, should
Death happen to come,

Of this tight little drummer, a tight
little drum: 50

And after, should any mishap come
to pass,

Our clever smith Sandy can furnish
the brass.

We'd a tympanum once too, that
made such a rattle

You'd fancy the Titans were rush-
ing to battle.

The beater ran barking like one
that would worry hell,

But has quietly laid it at last down
at Oriel.

Had Orpheus held *that*, his affair
had been done.—

The devil a devil that would not
have run:

Fair Tempé had heard it, and
peep'd thro' the trees,

And seen Aristeus once more with-
out bees. 60

To defend ourselves well, let us
leave the quadrangle,

Where Frenchmen,—tho' shoot us
they might not,—might
strangle.

For tho' they are lately grown
wondrous humane,

Our lamp-irons might draw out
their fierceness again.

Yet to hang us thereon would
be mere wanton spite in
'em,

For certain I am that we could not
enlighten 'em.

But let us raise forces, and then
let 'em know

What the fellows of Trinity
College can do.

To Brazen-nose first—I know
Brazen-nose scholars

Will fight for religion like sailors
for dollars. 70

42 ¹ Where, assuming the name of Frederick, he practised with more application than success. [L.] 46 M * * * [sc. John Bankes Moulding, Fellow of Trinity in 1781.] 56 Oriel [The Rev. George Richards of Trinity was elected to a fellowship at Oriel in 1790.]

EARLY POEMS

With his *Students*, arm'd all cap
à pié, like Knights errant,
The Bishop will give 'em brisk
charges, I warrant.
The charge the most gentle e'er
issuing from Chester
Would shrug up an infidel's back,
like a blister;
Some sweat the rank sinner, some
scour thro' and thro',
And others do all that a metic can do.
The bed-makers, now there come
oysters nor eggs,
Perhaps may more easily keep on
their legs:
For, by oysters and eggs—un-
accountable things—
Heels either trip up, or are put
upon springs. 80
But the mitre's high prop and the
church's prime ornament
Is such a redoubtable hand at a
tournament,
That the French (tho' his physics
be treated with sneers,)
Will find it not easy to keep upon
theirs.

Stop a while—for so swiftly my
Pegasus ran on,
I, Frederick-like, have forgotten
my cannon.
Come, tight little drum, beat away
if you please,
We must make a short visit at
Christ-church for these.
That college is famed for it's wit
and invention,
One only example of which let me
mention: 90
'Tis pat to our purpose, and what
I can say
Without going one single inch
from the way.

Each cannon there carries it's own
magazin,
But the powder without, the lead
only within.
Our regiment, I trow, were a short
time in manning
If Christ-church would send her
prime-minister C——
Convincing each gaping and won-
der-struck gaffer
That no one to follow is surer or
safer.
If, rather than handle the musket,
he handles
The cash of a gaming-house snuffer
of candles, 100
She need only shew them his
visage in print
And bid them *do likewise*, and
marry a mint.
Velvet coat, velvet breeches, silk
stockings, appear
Like somebody born to five hun-
dred a year.
Yet, O velvet breeches! and, O
velvet coat!
The haunches you cover had jump't
at a groat.
Those curtains around dying Vil-
liers's bed
Would have blush'd, as in youth,
to have hung o'er his head:
Now satin o'er-hangs it; and that
very top's
The counsel of kings and the envy
of crops. 110
Cross legs, lounging stoop, shew an
easy disdain
For patriots like Fox and poor
devils like Paine;
And accurate lips and significant
nose
Shew vastly more wisdom than
people suppose.

72 Bishop [Dr. William Cleaver, Principal of Brasenose, 1785; Bishop of Chester, 1787.] 86 Frederick-like] sc. like Frederick Augustus, Duke of York. [W.] 96 C—— [George Canning, M.P., had married [l. 100] one of the daughters of General John Scott of Balcomie who left them fortunes won at play. W.]

TO THE FELLOWS OF TRINITY COLLEGE

But come—in this quarter we
leave him alone—

If his *verses* are stolen, his *face* is
his own.

Here the Dean is polite, but *his*
verses are such

As would choke any mortal not
sprung from the Dutch.

Thank heaven, my Muse, that we
never have spent ink

On generals like Frederick and
statesmen like Bentink. 120

Yet, tho thou despisest the blue-
ribbon'd rabble,

Dont lean with thy elbows so pert
on the table;

Nor cock up the chin so, with both
hands put under it—

But, rant it, and rave it, and roar
it, and thunder it.

And our latin-laced mother, good
dame Rhedycina,

Cries *euge poeta!* and *Musa divina!*
Old *Cam*, in his dotage, ranks no

one so high as

A scribe of Stobeus, one Billy
Matthias.

He plucks and beslimes the poetical
plain—

And is there no pygmy to combat
that crane? 130

O yes—but the foreigners first we
pursue—

A Jackson, a Holmes, or a Hurdis
will do.

Give ear then, ye forces assem-
bled, give ear!

Be loyal and brave, banish treason
and fear.

Be sergeants and corporals, readers
and tutors!

Proproctors and proctors! prowling
out—be sharp-shooters.

And I will stay by you as long as
I can stay—

A bayonet joins me with Swift and
with Anstey.

Our wish is for glory—ah! who can
full-fill it

Till Fate grant the furlough and
Time take the billet. 140

ON A CERTAIN PRINT

THAT cockt-up nose there, shining
like the knob

Of greasy plow-boy's hazle
switch,

Is a vile woman's.—tho' upon
this globe

Few are so high, and none so
rich,

A tinker of tin-shavings she would
rob,

Or ointment from Scotch ped-
lar's breech.

Who that comes filching farthings
from one's fob

Need ever feel a fouler itch?

ON MY WEAKNESS

I.

AM I weak, Richards, am I weak?

Because my verses thunder not,
And frighten from the Aonian

grot

The girls with whom I want to
freak.

On a Certain Print. [Suggested, perhaps, by a caricature published in November 1791, in which George III and Queen Charlotte were portrayed "going to market".]

120 Bentink [the Duke of Portland, installed as Chancellor of the University, July 1793.] 125 Rhedycina [Latinized form of Rhyd-yehen, a pseudo-British name given

to Oxford; used by two poets laureate, Pye and Southey.] 128 Matthias [T. J.

Matthias, author of *The Pursuits of Literature*.] 132 [Cyril Jackson, Dean of Christ

Church, 1783-1809; Robert Holmes, Professor of Poetry, Oxford, 1783, Dean of

Westminster, 1804; James Hurdis, Professor of Poetry, 1793.]

EARLY POEMS

II.

Am ^{*}I weak, Richards, am I
weak?
Because, to make that silly man
An *Oscar*,^{*} I become no *Bran*,—†
And bark, but neither sing nor
speak.

WHEN Jove had given o'er the
frogs to reign
A lifeless log and murderous
crane,
You think the thunderer sent such
kings in sport—
He sent them one of every sort.

III.

Am I weak, Richards, am I
weak?
Be it so,—but the nose I've
drawn ¹⁰
What poet would, tho' hungry,
pawn
To buy thy *Oscar's* whole pig's
cheek?

LET him whose leaden pencil
scratches Gibbon,
Besmear yon tawdry wretch with
lacker'd lays,
Sprung from a Dutchman's
minion, the world says,
And petty-larcen of Howe's well-
earn'd ribbon.

[CARLTON HOUSE]

FIRST Carleton-house, my country
friend,
And then the play-house you
should see;
Here comedies in marriage end,
There marriages in tragedy.

[ON A WEDDING]

BLEST idiot! with thy vicarage and
thy wife,
Why dost thou chuckle so?
come prythee say?
Then I will tell thee—thou hast
gain'd for life,
To be awake all night, asleep all
day.

* Into whom, of all people in the world, dost thou suppose, gentle reader, that the spirit of Oscar, according to Mr. Richards, has transmigrated? Guess! [L. In a note to "Songs of the aboriginal Bards of Briton", 1792, George Richards suggested that "His present Majesty" was inspired by the spirit of Oscar, Ossian's son. W.]

† The name of a dog in Ossian. [L. See "Temora, an epic Poem" in Macpherson's "Ossian". The white-breasted Bran was one of Fingal's dogs.]

On a Wedding. [The marriage at Oxford, on October 6, 1796, of the Rev. George Richards to Miss Parker, may have accounted for this spiteful quatrain.]

Let him whose leaden pencil. [The Rev. James Hurd published *A word or two in vindication of the University of Oxford*. . . from the posthumous aspersions of Mr. Gibbon. That he was under some obligations to the Earl of Albemarle might be inferred from the fact that the Earl and Countess were among the subscribers for his poems; but no further elucidation of Landor's quatrain can be offered.]

THE DUN COW

AN HYPER-SATIRICAL DIALOGUE IN VERSE WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES

Auditor et ultor. *Hor.*

[Published in 1808. See notes at end of the volume.]

[After the motto (from Horace, *Epist.* i. 19, 39) the title-page has: London:/Printed by W. and T. Darton,/40, Holborn-Hill./1808./Price Eighteen-Pence.]

PREFACE

[By the Author]

FROM the avidity and interest with which personal satire is too generally received, we must not be surprised that the Man of Letters will, sometimes, sacrifice the praise of good nature,—which is equivocal; and the general esteem of the world, which is never duly appreciated till it is lost;—to invidious distinction, and the reputation of a wit. Ridicule, to be sure, is a light and elastic weapon; which may, in skilful hands, be made instrumental to truth, and auxiliary to virtue. But, in proportion to the facility with which it is handled, is the danger of its abuse. Man is from nature, and too often from education and habit, interested and selfish; and disposed, where he can do it with safety, to gratify the malevolent and vindictive passions. If, with such propensities, he possesses observation, fancy, and descriptive powers, the habits and opinions of his neighbours, and perhaps their studies and amusements, will furnish abundant materials for pleasantry, and some for defamation. Innocence of life, and sanctity of manners, will be without respect, or efficacy to rescue their obnoxious possessors;—they will be derided and proscribed and may not even * *couple their hounds, or thumb their Euclid*, with impunity, or without animadversion.

Supposing, too, that the Satirist were, at no time, influenced by sinister motives; still it would be consequent on literary enterprise, that, in his solicitude for the display of mental superiority, he should be observant only of what might advance the projects or the pride of talent, in exclusion or contempt of reciprocal good offices, and the courtesies of life.

But some of the vices of individuals are subversive of private confidence, inimical to social order, and incompatible with the peace and happiness of those about them!

When this is indeed the case, it is incumbent on the Satirist to expose and censure them. This he should do with impartiality and candour; but unequivocally and without fear. In such conduct he discharges an imperious duty to society, and the applause of good men will compensate him for the resentment of the bad,—for neglect, and scorn, and insult.

These reflections are occasioned by a Poem, which recently made its appearance in this Borough. I do not wish to depreciate the talents of its author, however meanly, I, in common with many others, may think

* See Guy's "Porridge Pot". [L. Which see, p. 36 n.]

EARLY POEMS

of his literary labours. Mr. * * * may be a scholar and a gentleman. His conversation may be enlivened by wit, and recommended by learning. His conduct, too, may have been uniformly correct, notwithstanding that he has already incurred severe and merited reprehension for profaneness and indecency. (See Reviews.) But how shall we excuse his irreverend, and wanton, and furious, and malicious attack upon a neighbour, and a brother Clergyman? We can only suppose,—as the law orthodoxly apprehends of all flagrant offences,—that it must have been engaged in “at the instigation of the Devil”.

Ingenuous, friendly, and sincere; of inoffensive and simple habits; the worthy man, whom he has so virulently abused, is not only respectable from his profession, but as irreproachable in his life, as discreet and diligent in his calling.

And he has attacked authors also, and aldermen. The former indeed are every where treated like animals “*feræ naturæ*”—no *qualification* is thought necessary *to bring down* a Poet! They, however, as well as a “Rev. Orator”, likewise disingenuously arraigned, must be supposed to possess competent talent to their own vindication.

For the latter he has confined himself to “a good man universally regretted”. This is a truth, and a valuable one; for it is the reluctant admission of an adversary. As to the charge itself, it is preposterous; and the mind that suggested so base an imputation, could alone be capable of being influenced by the sordid motives it ascribes. Not only has the independent and generous, and respectable person alluded to, with great public spirit, and on various occasions, promoted the true interests of the Borough, which others had postponed to individual advantage, but, as we apprehend, while amongst us, *oftener given than accepted* invitations. The other charge is a gross and infamous falsehood. It is a Teacher of the purest of Religions pressing forward, not ignorantly or under misconception, but voluntarily and officiously, to “bear false witness against his neighbour!”

As the following pages avowedly contain a brief, but adequate, reply to that exquisite performance, and make it, in all its filth and pruriency,

“Their great exemplar as it is their theme;”

it may be asked, why to a light and ludicrous pamphlet so grave an introduction is prefixed? I can only say, that an attack upon the feelings of individuals seemed to me so unprovoked and cruel, and the infractions of truth, and all decent respect for the stations and character of men, so frequent and offensive; that to speak of it with criminal levity, with my estimation of its importance, would, I submit, have been wholly inexcusable.

With Guy my “strife is mortal!” I detest the badness of heart and profligacy of principle his work betrays.—With him, therefore, I have no compromise. From invading the reputation of others, I will drive him back to defend his own. But there are points in relation to the other

* * * [The “Rev. Peter Pindar” (John Wolcot) is named in the note to l. 1 of the poem. W.]

THE DUN COW

"Dramatis Personæ", where I may have advanced incorrect statements on erroneous information. If I shall find that I have been any where guilty of injustice, I will acknowledge and correct it "with the candour and in the spirit of a gentleman".* Indeed an officious intermeddling disposition, or importunate delinquency, compelled me to introduce some, who, bad as they are, are too good company for Mr. * * *. If they feel awkward in making their debut, let them console themselves with the virtuous shame which shews they are not in their proper place.—*Erubuit: res salva est!*†

THE DUN COW

A.

(a) He, who,—unwarn'd of dysentery,
Hath largely quaff'd immortal Perry,
And 'ere the birth of rosy day
To Cloacina groped his way:
There bending low, downcast and pale,
Barely preferr'd his naked tale—
He, only, who hath made wry faces,
Can tell how sad the Rhymester's case is;
Whose flippant fancy, rankly loose,
(b) Must, will squirt filth and void abuse!

10

B.

ΦΕΥ (c) who such dirty strains
will buy?
The (d) same may love thy ordure,
Guy!

A.

Lay though I be,—to keep the farce on,
I'll be as nasty as the Parson;
Like him relate the tale obscene,
And, (e) tho' I lie, indulge my spleen.
Should censor C—I-I never smirk, (f)
Nor R—g—r read and praise my work,

Nor (g) the ram Deacon call it fine,
Nor Joey shrug and say—divine!

B.

Are there not those whose abject souls
21
No virtue awes—no shame controuls?
Who, foes to love, and peace, and joy,
The bliss, they cannot share, destroy?
Sure if there be, who purge and prate,
Or sycophantic Magistrate;
Or friends obsequious and civil
Who hug, and wish you at the Devil,
And stay among you, tho' they hate you,
To quiz, and, when they can, to cheat you;
30
Or miching, living-seeking sinner,
Who bagg'd a corporation dinner,
And sent twain litigants away,
And kept their (h) duck—his own good prey;
Such if there be,—and such there are,—
Why smoke the wig of Doctor P—rr?
And not at once these rogues exhibit,
Dangling on literary gibbet?

* ["with . . . gentleman" quoted from "Porridge Pot", Second edition, p. xxi. W.]

† [See Terence, *Adelphi*, iv. 5. 9. W.]

(a) [For the author's foot-notes a, b, &c., see notes at end of the volume.]

EARLY POEMS

A.

Nay! had he chosen themes like these.
 I had not warr'd with Sotades! 40
 Not that he rose, with critic rage,
 To tear the Della Cruscan page;
 Nor though he chose to "mow and mock"
 The servile, imitating flock.
 Or should he paint the birds and hares
 That line his worship's hall and stairs,
 Which giv'n or cheaply sold,
 Lout's trust is—
 'Twill curry favour with the Justice,
 Or thou who, "*fœnum*" hast "*in cornu*," (i)
 Meek child of grace, should he adorn you, 50
 Your pious toil, as red as life,
 To satisfy the Taylor's wife, (k)
 And with what holy warmth you strove
 To fill her full of heavenly love;
 If such his quarry,—pen of mine,
 Thou hadst not urg'd the rapid line!
 Then if he would, in Nature's spite,
 For dull discourse, dull satire write,
 He might, for me, unreck'd, pro-long,
 Thro' many a page, his vapid song; 60
 And shew us, when his toil was done,
 The loathsome fœtus of a pun.

B.

What would you have?—a doubtful flow
 Of gentle censure, soft as snow?—
 Sweets—that the lips of beauty lent
 To balm the breath of compliment?

A.

Pshaw!—let us leave this fiddle faddle
 To tongues that lisp, and brains that addle!
 To praise, or censure, give a tone
 Distinct, emphatic, and its own.
 Oh! inter Scythas Anarcharsis! 71
 For, W-th-p, other sage there scarce is—
 The courtly thought—the polish'd line—
 And grace, and ease, and strength be thine!
 Then, where yon towers, in stately pride,
 O'erhang broad Avon's silver tide,
 In taste and liberal feeling trace
 The lineal worth of W-rw-ck's race!
 For him the painter's art display'd
 Light, softly true, and mingled shade, 80
 And many a harp's mysterious swell
 Confess'd who felt the tuneful spell.
 Oh! of too rich and warm a heart,
 To tamely play a prudent part!
 Where'er (l) you turn—how deep a mine,
 What wealth, in Nature's joys, is thine!
 Grandeur for thee on mountains lone
 Has fixed his dim and dreary throne;
 For thee majestic forests wave,
 And damp-drops glisten in the cave; 90
 The gully thine and thine the linn,
 And its hoar water's deaf'ning din,
 And summer gales that, fresh'ning, blow,
 And streams that warble as they flow.—

72 W-th-p [sc. Dr. Winthrop a physician at Warwick. W.]

THE DUN COW

B.

So! you *can* praise!

A.

And love to pay
To slighted worth the tribute lay,
With generous zeal to vindicate
Well-natur'd W-bb from Poet's
hate!

There, where yon branching
elms are seen,
And the neat cottage peeps be-
tween, 100

He lived—and, innocent of ill,
No (*m*) satire wrote—prescribed
no pill:—

Calm was his soul, and free from
strife,
One sabbath morn his whole of life.
No tear but tears of joy he drew,
No sigh but sighs of blessing knew.
Such was the man:—and such a
heart

Is worth all Archimedes' art!
Take then,—the nine atonements
owe—

My votive lays spontaneous flow!—
To virtue just, wherever seen; 111
—In R-d-ng, though a “mob-
bled Queen,”

Or cheering B-lch-r's dark decline,
Or, D-n-l, gilding age like thine!

B.

But Guy's explicit sure, and close;
Methinks he's giv'n some a dose!—

And now I take leave of Guy and his ephemeral writings for ever.
And should this little work, in one single instance, counteract the mis-
chief he laboured to produce; should it soothe one feeling he disturbed,
or relieve one pang he inflicted; the time and attention I have been able,
perfunctorily, and at intervals, to give to it, will not have been mis-
applied.

98 W-bb [The Rev. Elias Webb, Dr. Parr's “much esteemed neighbour”. *Biblio-
theca Parriana*. W.] 113 B-lch-r's [Belcher, a Birmingham printer, worked for Dr.
Parr. W.] 114 D-n-l [The Rev. Daniel Gache, Vicar of Wootton Wawen, died in
1806. Dr. Parr's Latin epitaph bears witness to their close friendship. W.] 118 W-ls's
[The Rev. Edward Willes of Newbold Comyn, son of a chief Baron of the Exchequer. W.]

A.

Aye! he has planted—'tis a nailer!
A blow i' th' eye o' W-ls's taylor,
And here and there, in's mending
fit,

Giv'n Nature's self a back-hand
hit. 120

But be ye squab or be ye gawky,
Mathias (*n*) will not tomahawk
ye,

And manly Gifford's (*n*) biting pen
If (*o*) not the writings, spared the
men.

B.

Their's was no petty borough
squibbling,
Spurting, and spattering, and fib-
bling.

Their basis truth, sublime their
cause,
And high their guerdon of applause.

A.

Right! and, heroic Guy, for thee,
That seatless stool *thy* mitre be;
That seatless stool which thou hast
sung 131

Henceforth drop manna on thy
tongue

Within 't all hollow!—Spleen and
Hate

And Envy on thy slumbers wait;—
Still rail,—but fix't is now thy
lot—

Thy Pegasus is gone to *Pol*.

SENILIA

THE pieces included in this section were among the deplorable writings the publication of which led to the aged poet being heavily fined for libel and breach of agreement. The case, tried before Mr. Baron Channel and a jury in 1858, was reported in *The Times* of August 26, in that year.

THE MOTHER

[Published in *The National Magazine*,
1852.]

UNNATURAL mother,
Who've hastened to smother
Whatever is fairest and fondest in
child;
In Hell's bitter water
You've plunged your own
daughter,
Nor have wept when she wept nor
have smiled when she smiled.

When sorrows assail you
Who then will bewail you?
The true and the tender for ever
is gone.
Unnatural mother! 10
Ah, never another
Will love you or mourn you as she
would have done.

DEDICATION OF A MODERN IDYL

TO CAINA

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

OF Hell and Heaven we Poets hold
the keys,
Admitting or excluding whom we
please.
Thou puzzlest me: I know not what
to do,
Or which the safer gate to let thee
thro'.
Here from the Angels thou wouldst
pluck the wings,
There would the Devils wail their
broken stings;
The Prince would abdicate his
ancient throne

Defiled by thee, and leave the
realm thy own;
Between thy roomy teeth the
scorpion breed,
And revel on thy tongue the
centipede. 10
Live, Caina, live! go, bear the
mark of Cain,
But never raise thy branded brow
again.

THE MODERN IDYL

THE KERCHIEF CARRIED OFF

LADY: OLD WOMAN: POLICEMAN

[Published in 1858.]

OLD WOMAN. These, madam, may
perhaps be jokes
Innocent in you gentlefolks;
But tradesmen take it very ill
If we from counter or from till
Sweep inadvertently away
Some shillings: there's the devil to
pay!

LADY. What means the woman?

OLD WOMAN. Nothing more
Than what you've heard about
before.

LADY. Speak plainly.

OLD WOMAN. Well, if speak I
must,
Words sour as verjuice, hard as
crust, 10
Have at you! Be upon your guard!
Seldom I strike, but then strike
hard.

You're, who're a lady, should
despise
Such very petty larcenies,
When somehow your wide sleeves
might catch
A diamond pin, a seal, a watch,

SENILIA

And gentlemen are never hard on
Ladies who curtsy and beg pardon.
But, if it is the same to you,
I would have back my *pink-and-*
blue. 20

LADY. I never set my eyes upon't.

OLD WOMAN *to* POLICEMAN. The
Lord ha' mercy! what a front!
That shilling which she tried to pass
At the next baker's show'd less
brass.

LADY *to* OLD WOMAN. I'll bring
you to the County Court,
You wretch! you shall be ruin'd
for 't.

LADY *to* POLICEMAN. She threat-
ens me. Police! police!

POLICEMAN. Madam, I charge
you, keep the peace.

LADY. I am half mad with rage
and grief
That you should lend her your
belief. 30
Thieve! O my stars! thieve! sir!
what! I?

And if I tried, I could not lie.

OLD WOMAN. Hark!

POLICEMAN. Keep your tongue
within your teeth,

If you have any.

OLD WOMAN. Few, i' faith!
A single one of hers would do,
To set me up a score or two.

POLICEMAN. I know you both.
My good old crone!

What, in God's name, can *you*
have done?

OLD WOMAN. Ask her what *she*
has.

LADY. Will you hear
What *she* would say? what *she*
would swear? 40

POLICEMAN. Why are you grin-
ning like a cat,
Mother?

OLD WOMAN. And can you ask at
what?

Those are the very words the
Jury

Applied to *her* (I do assure ye)
Last winter, when she fenced a
lie

With files of well-drill'd infantry,
Where some were belted, some
were sasht,

But not a soul of them abasht.

LADY. Now I declare to God . .

POLICEMAN. Pray don't!

Or He may think it an affront. 50
Ten times you've made that
declaration

Since I have been upon the station.
At our most gracious Queen's
expence,

Thousand and thousand miles
from hence

Some have been sent for change of
air

By swearing; so mind what you
swear.

In my home practise there are
some

The better for diaculum

Across the solids; there I mean
Where ladies loom through crino-
line. 60

I've known it call'd for by postil-
lions,

Never by such as ride on pillions.

LADY *to* POLICEMAN. I wonder
what all this can mean.

I am quite ashamed of you.

OLD WOMAN *to* POLICEMAN *aside*.
Between

Ourselves, it may in part refer
To many, but comes home to *her*.

POLICEMAN *to* LADY. Shame,
madam, might (and well be-
come)

Like charity, begin at home.

OLD WOMAN, *after pondering*.
Well now! I really could believe
She then swore . . but one's ears
deceive. 70

SENILIA

POLICEMAN. Now can not you
arrange the matter
Without this devil of a clatter?
Mother! you know as well as I
Ladies require apology.

OLD WOMAN. Well; I am willing.

POLICEMAN. Make it then,
And never break the peace agen.

OLD WOMAN. I would not steal,
were I a thief,
One's fifteen-penny neck-kerchief.

POLICEMAN. Hold hard!

OLD WOMAN. I will; but I must
say

She is a blessed thief . . . 80

POLICEMAN. Heighday!

OLD WOMAN *to* LADY. Madam, the
worse might not be meant;
So you are partly innocent.
You little thought it was but
cotton,
And not worth half the one you've
got on.

But, if it is the same to you,
I should like back my *pink-and-
blue*.

LADY. Hard usage! Once you
call'd me good.

OLD WOMAN. I would stil do it if
I cou'd.

Large once, and bright too, was
the moon,
She dwindled and got dimmer
soon. 90

LADY. Nonsense! Let us make up
the matter.

POLICEMAN *to* OLD WOMAN. Don't
look so desperate doubtful at
her.

OLD WOMAN. A drop . .

LADY *to* POLICEMAN. Now tell me
what she said.

OLD WOMAN. Flour without wet-
ting won't make bread.

LADY. I'll think upon it.

OLD WOMAN. But don't think
I'll go without my *blue-and-pink*.

TO CAINA

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

At the cart's tail, some years ago,
The female thief was dragg'd on
slow,

And the stern beadel's eager whip
Followed, the naked haunch to clip.
If no such custom now prevails,
Is it that carts have lost their tails?
Rejoice, O Caina! raise thy voice,
Not where it should be, but rejoice!

PORTRAIT

[Published in 1858.]

THY skin is like an unwasht
carrot's,
Thy tongue is blacker than a
parrot's,
Thy teeth are crooked, but belong
Inherently to such a tongue.

ADVICE RECEIVED

[Published in 1858.]

ON perjurer and plunderer turn no
more,
But leave the carrion on the ken-
nel-door.

THE PILFERED TO THE PILFERER

[Published in 1858.]

MOTHER PESTCOME! none denies
You were ever true . . to Lies.
So the Father of them all
Helps you up at every fall,
Putting money in your pocket,
Showing armlet, showing locket,
Showing where you lately found
That poor nurse's lost five-pound.
Pay me down the debt you owe
For such praise as few bestow. 10
I can never take for this
Tottering teeth and slobbering
kiss;

SENILIA

Teeth, to say the least, as long
As another woman's tongue;
Some athwart like wind-mill sails,
Others flitter for park-pales:
Kiss as foul as muskets are
After the Crimean war.

I will tell you briefly what
I just now am driving at. 20
Tho' you've made her pale and
thin

As the child of Death by Sin,
When you've done with Caroline
Bid her for a night be mine;
You shall have her all the day
Following, to repeat our play.

Whether you do this or not,
What is done is unforgot;
Fate for you shall sheathe her
shears,
You shall live some hundred years.

CADMUS

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

CADMUS! if you should want again
Some dragons teeth to sow the
plain,
Haste hither: one old woman has
A bushel in a pan of brass.
Mind! do not throw the foam
away,
Keep it to kill the birds of prey.
Its virulence excels the might
Of hellebore and aconite.

ONE LIBIDINOUS AND SPITEFUL

[Published in 1858.]

So fierce and vengeful who was
ever known?
The very Scorpion of the Torrid
Zone.
Spite had reduced her long ago to
dust
But the best half was found dis-
solved in dust.

CANIDIA AND CAINA

[Published in 1858.]

CANIDIA shared her prey with owls
and foxes,
The daintier Caina feeds from
letter-boxes.

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 206.]

A SAGE of old hath gravely said
Man's life is hung upon a thread
***! the cheated tradesmen hope
That thine may hang upon a rope.

[Published in 1863, p. 222.]

DARE ye, malicious rogues, deny
My reverend friend's rare piety?
He on his knees implored his Maker
To grant success against the baker,
And force him, should he be un-
willing,

To change (as given him) a bad
shilling.

Wrath makes the wisest indiscreet.
The baker threw it in the street,
And, what his neighbours thought
was mad,

Gave a good shilling for a bad. 10
When throughout Bath this tale
was told,

Many more spectacles were sold,
And touchstones were in such
request,

Tradespeople fought to get the best.
That shilling (for pure brass sounds
clear)

Sounds hourly in the Reverend's
ear,

And people, as they pass, remark
The scene of action at Green-park.

[Published in 1863, p. 222.]

IF to the public eye we show
In Tribsa half the crimes we know,
Her lawyer by the purse will seize
us
And make his client rich as Croesus.

NOTES

OCCASIONAL POEMS

P. 27. BRIGHTON 1807. Verses something like these may be found in "Inconsistency", p. 215.

Forster's biography does not throw any light upon the place and date of this poem.

P. 71. ON MAN. Writing to Landor in 1824, Wordsworth referred to this quatrain, saying: "It is a singular coincidence that in the year 1793, when I first became an author, I illustrated the same sentiment precisely in the same manner." See Wordsworth's "An Evening Walk", ll. 27-32.

P. 94. UNDER THE LINDENS. In 1855 there was an introduction to the verses:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER

The dryness and bitterness of politics may sometimes be relieved, if not quenched, by a temperate draught of poetry. Among the many verses which I had cast aside and forgotten are these. The season reminded me of them, and I recovered them from the possessor. As nobody will think them worth claiming, I need not add my signature.

P. 109. TO ONE ILL-MATED. These lines were quoted by Lord Houghton in *The Edinburgh Review*, July 1869, p. 236, as having been written in November 1863, too late for insertion in *Heroic Idyls*, &c. The poem "To one unequally matched", on p. 205, may be contrasted with this.

P. 110. A PASTORAL. John Kenyon told this story, in a somewhat different form, to Mrs. Andrew Crosse. Landor, on his honeymoon, was reading his own poems to his wife, when suddenly she rose, exclaiming: "Oh, do stop, Walter, there's that dear delightful Punch performing in the street. I must look out of the window."

P. 131. PHOTO ZAVELLAS AND KAIDO. Portions of the footnote in which these verses occur in the 1829 ed. were transferred in 1846 to another Conversation. The transferred passages include the following remarks:

"The first time a whole Christian population was ever sold openly by another Christian people to the Mahometan was by England, on the thirteenth of March, 1817. On the ninth of May at sunset the British flag was struck from the walls of Parga."
Works, 1846, ii. 395.

P. 135. "Here I stretch myself along" (footnote). The poem by Redi is as follows:

Una vaga pastorella,
Che due lustri appena avea,
Semplicità, scinta, e scalza
Stava l'ocche a guardar sotto una balza
E mentre alla conocchia il fil traeva,
Lieta così, canterallar solea:

NOTES

S'io son bella, son per me;
Non mi curo avere amanti,
E mi rido de' lor pianti,
De sospiri, e degli oimè

Per une grembo di bei fiori
Mille amanti io donerei,
Che con tanti piagnistei
Han l'appalto de i dolori.

Dolce cosa ognor mi pare
Con Lirinda, e con Lisetta
Lo sdrajarmi in sull'erbetta
D'un bel prato, e merendare.

E il più bel piacer del mondo
Far sul prato a mosca cieca,
Ed al suon d'una ribeca
Far saltando il ballo tondo.

Guancial d'oro, scalda mano
Son trastullo a me gradito:
Pigli pur chi vuol marito,
Io non ho pensier sì strano.

No più volte udito dire,
Che il marito cuoce il grifo;
Onde sempre avrollo a schiso,
S'io credessi anco morire.

P. 138. TASSO AND CORNELIA. In the dialogue Tasso reminds his sister of verses she wrote when a child:

Tasso. . . . you caught the swallow in my curtain, and trod upon my knees in catching it, luckily with naked feet. The little girl of thirteen laughed at the outcry of her brother Torquatino, and sang without a blush her earliest lay.

Cornelia. I do not recollect it.

Tasso. I do.

Rondinello! rondinello!

[6 lines here omitted]

E perciò sei il mio diletto.*

P. 152. CORINNA TO TANAGRA. In her letter to Cleone sent with this ode Aspasia says: "the exterior of the best houses in Tanagra is painted with historical scenes, adventures of Gods, allegories and other things; and under the walls of the city flows the rivulet Thermodon."

The following note on l. 2 is printed only in 1859 ed.:

Greek authors have recorded that the houses of Tanagra were painted on the outside. In like manner were many in the towns of Tuscany. There was *Massa la dipinta*: and within our memory some beautiful paintings have been effaced in Florence. Opposite to the Porta Romana was the front of a house adorned by the hand of Giovanni da San Giovanni. Probably the decorations of Tanagra commemorated heroes or demigods or illustrious citizens. Landscape, as rural scenes are called, was little cultivated before the time of Titian, whose background to his Peter Martyr is sublime.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

P. 206. WISHES. The same reflection is found in an imaginary conversation where Vittoria Colonna says: "Wishes are by-paths on the declivity to unhappiness; the weaker in the sterile sand, the stronger in the vale of tears."

P. 217. SATIRE ON SATIRISTS. Forster's account of provocations that led to the writing of this pamphlet in verse was inaccurate. According to him a review of "Pericles and Aspasia" in *Blackwood's Magazine*, if not the chief incentive, had largely helped to exasperate Landor. The review, however, came out in 1837, the first part in the March number of the Edinburgh magazine, the second part a month later. Since the "Satire" was in print early in December, 1836, Landor could not have known about the review when he was writing his poem. Sir Sidney Colvin, while accepting Forster's statement that Landor was annoyed at the review, made things worse by saying that the "Satire" was printed in the autumn of 1837 and that in the summer of the same year its author and Wordsworth were present together at the first night of Talfourd's "Ion". ("Landor: English Men of Letters series", 1881, p. 170.) It was on May 26, 1836, that the two poets saw Talfourd's tragedy produced at Covent Garden.

But perfectly clear evidence is not wanting to show how the Satire came to be written and how Landor's feud with *Blackwood* began. Writing to the future Lord Houghton from Clifton on November 26 1836, Landor said:

The worthies of Edinburgh have been attacking me. I never read a number of *Blackwood* in my life. This was told the Editor who has ragged me in some passages which were sent to me. Within next month you will have a copy, not of my answer for I answer no man, but of a satire on these people and others somewhat better.

Forster may never have seen this letter but he had received another in which Landor, writing on October 29, 1836, said: "the splendid things you have written of me"—for which see *The Examiner*—"have aroused, it seems, the choler of *Blackwood*." The allusion to *Blackwood* in both letters can easily be explained. In the Edinburgh magazine there had been a series of sketches entitled "Alcibiades the young man". Landor referred to them in his Satire, ll. 88-9. To the chapter published in September was appended a letter to him beginning:

"Our dear Sir, In one of your many clever monopolydialogues, developing under a plurality of names the uniform material of a very peculiar idiosyncrasy . . ."

This by itself would be more than enough to excite Landor's wrath, and neither what follows nor other shafts of wit aimed by Christopher North at the same target need be recalled to prove that both Forster and Sir Sidney Colvin had overlooked the real origin of his quarrel with "the Edinburgh worthies". As for his onslaught on Wordsworth, the best commentary can be found in Crabb Robinson's letter of protest. This should be read in Dr. Edith Morley's "Correspondence of H. C. Robinson with the Wordsworth circle" (vol. i, p. 326); the earlier version edited by Dr. Sadler being without two or three notable sentences.

Seven passages = 104 ll. in the *Satire* were reprinted without Landor's notes among "Miscellaneous" poetry in his *Works*, 1846, where they are given in the order and with variants as shown below:

NOTES

CCLXXVIII

LETTER-LAND

ll. 32-5 of 1836 ed. Slave merchants . . . Cain. Heading added in 1846.

CXVI

ll. 149-56 Satire I never . . . my blow; ll. 72-81 Well you have . . . Peter Porcupine; ll. 92-121. Honester men . . . sorest upon Scots; ll. 167-200 Byron was not . . . sweet the praise. These four fragments were reprinted in 1846 as one separate poem but with a row of asterisks after each. Variants from 1836 ed. are:

114 party-colours] parti-colours 1846.	176, 178 Shelley] Shelly
1846. 181 romantick] romantic 1846.	183 lagged] lagg'd 1846.

CCCXVI

TO AN AGED POET

ll. 311-12 But, O true . . . friend defy; ll. 340-55 Think timely . . . see the last. Two fragments reprinted in 1846 as one separate poem. Heading added in 1846, variants as below:

311 But] Why 1846.	312 goatskin] goat-skin 1846.	340 , for]
(for 1846. few,] few) 1846.	343 gathered] smitten 1846.	346
prince . . . in] peer's and pauper's are 1846.	347 cannot] can not	
1846. wou'd] would 1846.	350 in] from 1846.	352 sate] sat
1846. 354 thro'] through 1846.		

Writing to Lady Blessington on November 24, 1836, Landor said: "My satire cost me five evenings beside the morning (before breakfast) in which I wrote as much as you have about Wordsworth." This may account for his autograph manuscript of ll. 236-41 and 284-9 of the 1836 ed. published by Nicoll and Wise in *Literary Anecdotes*, 1895. The two fragments are there transposed and the following variants occur:

237 weary . . . tumbled] tiresome Duddon's ever troubled 1895. 238 The Grasmere] Lo! Grasmere's 1895. those sylvan] these tranquil 1895. 239 And . . . on] For cities, 1895. 240 , at Philpot's] and portly 1895. 284 thee] you 1895. 285 (such . . . phrase, the]*] (as you say) per 1895, asterisk and note being omitted. 287 prudential] reluctant 1895. 289 venture . . . thrown] hazard . . . throwing all your own stuff 1895.

In a copy of the *Satire* given to him by its author, Joseph Ablett wrote two passages which Landor may have wished to insert in a revised edition. The first passage was marked for insertion between ll. 63-4 of the 1836 text, l. 63 being made to end with a comma instead of a period. The last four lines of this manuscript addition, which is given below with context, repeat with slight variants, ll. 316-19 of 1836 ed.; and these, where they appear in the printed text, Ablett deleted:

MS. Addenda

(i)

[Pickt every horse-fall, empty every ear,
For Grey, and Grey's keen covey, settled there.

63]

The hardest in the mouth, the sorriest hacks
Neigh loudest in political attacks.

A SATIRE ON SATIRISTS

To patriots out of practice, out of place,
 The little not disaster is disgrace;
 And heavy clouds o'erhang the nation's gin
 Until they, under Providence, get in.
 At scarlet robes perhaps they vainly sigh,
 Yet wear they the black cap . . . for Poetry.
 If guilty wretches they must ne'er condemn,
 Why, then the innocent shall serve for them.
 If from their grasp are sheathed the fatal sheers,
 They can make many wretched, many years.
 Where Hope, with smile like Hebe's holds the cup,
 They bid a crown of worm wood drink it up.
 Youth's rosy fingers their chalkt knuckles cramp,
 And their foul breath blows dimmer Age's lamp.
 What would they give to drive a Collins wild,
 Or taunt a Spenser o'er [on 1836] his burning child. [! 1836]
 What would they give to drag a Milton back
 From heaven, or cord a Shakspeare on [to 1836] the rack!
 [To such the trembling verse-boy brings his task, 64]

(ii)

In his copy of the *Satire* Ablett also wrote, for insertion between ll. 71-2 four lines which were published with slight variants and as a separate poem in *The Examiner*, September 2, 1838. For the printed text see vol. iii, p. 146, and for the variants, iii. 428.

P. 225, l. 285. So long as this was oral, and merely oral, however widely disseminated and studiously repeated, it was discreet to leave it uncastigated; now it has found its way into print; a thing inevitable, sooner or later.

Nevertheless he has thought worse poetry, if not worth five shillings, nor thanks, nor acknowledgment, yet worth borrowing and putting on.

The author of *Gebir* never lamented when he believed it lost, and never complained when he saw it neglected. Southey and Forster have now given it a place, whence men of lower stature are in vain on tiptoe to take it down. It would have been honester and more decorous if the writer of the following verses had mentioned from what bar he drew his wire. Here they are both.

I have seen
 A curious child, *who dwell upon a tract*
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
 The *convolutions* of a smooth-lipped shell;
 To which, *in silence hushed*, his very soul
 Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
 Brightened with joy; for murmurings from within
 Were heard, *sonorous cadences!* whereby,
To his belief, the monitor expressed
 Mysterious union with its native sea.
 Even such a shell the universe itself
 Is to the ear of Faith; *and there are times,*
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart, &c.

EXCURSION, p. 191.
 [Book IV, line 1130 et seq.]

NOTES

But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
In the Sun's palace-porch, where, when unyoked,
His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave.
Shake one, and it awakens; then apply
Its polisht lip to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

GEBIR.

The words in the *Excursion* markt by italics are certainly *not* imitated from *Gebir*; and it is but justice to add that this passage has been the most admired of any in Mr. Wordsworth's great poem. [L.]

P. 227. To the *Satire* Landor appended the following prose, which, like the poem, was never reprinted:

EXTRACT OF A CRITICISM ON THIS SATIRE

From the (Not-Gentleman's) Magazine.

"HURRAH! boys! Our staunch Scotch terriers have drawn the old savage beast out of his hole at last. We told you so. We shall have rare fun with him. Start him, huntsman!

"Hold a moment! hold hard!

"Gentlemen! if you please, half-a-crown each to the huntsman!

"Thank you, Sirs! Now off with him.

"*For eaters of goose-liver.'*

"Ay; for eaters of such a dish, this is really dainty. Here we have not only the liver, but head too, with all the brains it ever had in it. We will singe it a little, and it will be as good as a haggis.

"We have said enough of both the poetry and the prose of Mr. Landor. Nothing can so plainly exhibit his incurable blindness as his losing his way towards us in so clear a daylight. If he had remonstrated with us, quietly, with due submission, and a little at a time, month after month, it would not only have answered our purpose, but would also have helped him, by however slow degrees, into popularity. He does not deserve it, and he never shall have it now. We could have told him fifty ways by which he might have pocketed his five hundred pounds in a season, as others do who (except in spelling) are little better than himself. *Mum* now; *mum* say we; *mum* for ever.

"We have brought him down from the ideal: we have got him into the Heart of Mid-Lothian. Booksellers will do wisely in not engaging him about anything. Indeed there is no danger of their burning their fingers with this firebrand. There are ashes enough over it to keep it as much from burning as from shining. It is said indeed that he is such an old-fashioned pedant, and conceited incorrigible prig, that he will accept no engagement, and he will write to please himself. If so, he must make up his mind and his mouth to dine by himself too. To prove on what a quagmire he builds his foundation, no two readers agree on his merits, when even two can be found to agree that he has any. The pedant says he excels (if the word may be used where there is no excellence at all) in representing the characters of the Greeks and Romans. We ask now, whether he has done it with the sportive fidelity of a Cruikshanks? or

A SATIRE ON SATIRISTS

whether not rather (in the attempt at least) with the unworthy artifices of a Raffael and a Flaxman? Now we call this mere flim-flam: and we are ready to demonstrate from it his utter ignorance, of nature, of art, and of antiquity. We can tell him (for we know more of these matters than he or his grandmother, with her cracked spectacles, her singed garter, and her broken fore-tooth, the only one) that Homer shews his heroes eating and drinking; and neither he nor they are the worse for it. Milton too has a pretty, though somewhat spare lunch set out for his angels. We approve of this; and we only regret that the poets, in their squeamishness, do not go on a few steps farther."

The next sentence is too strong of *Auld Reekie*.

Another paragraph.

"So much for his men. Now the ladies say that his female characters are the best-drawn: Hazlit too thought so. But are we to be guided through the nose by the Ann Dobbss and the William Hazlits? What should a creature like Hazlit know about the matter? Did he ever see Lady Jane Grey? or Anna Boleyn? or Lady Lisle? or any of the other sad sour faces, which the Chaplain Landor, in full canonicals, leads so civilly up the ladder to the block and gallows? Such criticks as Hazlit would tell us that these women have all their own marks, and are all very different one from another. To be sure they are; and so are the dogs in the street. We should like to know what merit there is in this, belonging to the writer, or the women, or the dogs. We firmly believe he stole all his characters from some musty old books. We cannot, this month, lay our hands upon them, but we promise our readers they shall not be disappointed. Original indeed! what do the fools mean who call him so? The greatest thief is always the most dexterous in the concealment of his thefts. But we have keys, and crow-bars too, if necessary. He is the most self-sufficient wretch that ever lived: he hardly ever quotes anybody, but lives, like other bears in hard weather, by sucking his own paws.

"This is all we have time to say at present. We began with goose-liver, and with goose-liver we will end: we have not done with the cook yet: there is grease enough in his pan for another fry, and we will have it."

THE END

P. 229. BIRTH OF POESY. Beside the footnotes now printed, as in 1795, with this and other pieces in the volume, the following longer notes on the *Birth of Poesy* were printed in sequence after the last poem in Book II.

NOTES ON THE BIRTH OF POESY

CANTO I

It is impossible to account for the origin of poetry, with precision, yet to indulge our fancy in the contemplation of so noble a theme, is at least a pleasant, if a fruitless labor.

Many have thought that Man, in the beginning of his existence used modulated sounds: and that the calmness with which the politer nations of Europe articulate their language, was unknown in very early ages. This opinion is not a little confirmed by the wonderful expression of countenance, the satisfactory repetition of similar sounds, and the universal violence of muscular action, observed in Barbarians. Their

NOTES

speeches, too, are delivered not only with a kind of *rhythm*, but also with abundance of metaphor and hyperbole. I speak more particularly of the Northern Americans. Customs like these are continued till refinement begins to extend itself, and till business requires a more concise method of connecting and expressing ideas. So, probably, the barbarous nations are nearly the same in character as their earliest ancestors.

It has been judged more proper to place these observations in a note, than to descant on them in the Essay; since they relate as much to *language* as to poetry. This elegant accomplishment we naturally suppose to have arisen from gratitude and adoration. Since these have been represented as the foundation of a primeval pastoral, the Reader may be led to doubt whether this kind of poetry were not invented later than the *Hymn*. But nothing is more likely than that the properties of each were originally united. Happiness makes men good as well as goodness makes them happy: though the *goodness* is almost of a negative kind, since it arises from content though it gives birth to gratitude. In the most early ages we may reasonably imagine that as there were fewer miseries, there would be less cause for resignation, less which could call to trial our acquiescence under affliction. In these ages—perhaps ideal—the invention of the pipe has been attributed to shepherds. It was an amusement to them in the seasons of the year, or hours of the day, which could not have been employed in laborious exercise: perhaps before labor was known on earth.

In the description to which the present observations allude, we have had in view that inimitable one towards the conclusion of the fifth book of Lucretius. It will be to our disadvantage to quote it, but it will contribute to the satisfaction, to the candor of the Reader.

“At liquidas avium voces imitauer ore

Et superà calamos unco percurrere labro.”

The beginning of the *Birth of Poesy* may better be read as follows:

Celestial Muses! if to you belong
The distant sources of eternal song:
O say, Omniscient, say what genial clime
Bore beauteous Poesy, what happy time.
In beds of lotus lay the babe conceal'd
Where Nilus deluges the thirsty field:
From Caves unsearchable who loves to bring
His golden harvest to the lap of Spring.

Also verse 15:

Or clad in dazzling tho' in thin attire
Fiction persuades then baffles our desire. [L.]

NOTE 1, Verse 137.

*Death on each blossom sheds the mist of pain;
Death marks it for his own: then, fear it, and refrain.*

The Fabulists of Greece were fond of placing advice in addresses from inanimate things to Man. This custom is very ancient. For, the account in *Genesis* concerning the tree of good and evil, &c., appears on a fair examination, to be nothing more than a pleasing though indirect path to instruction. The fable teaches us how much may be lost by obeying the passions; that mankind, however, from the very creation was prone

THE BIRTH OF POESY. I

to obey them: then, in a few words of Satire, equal to the whole of Juvenal's or Boileau's, the most fatal curiosity is attributed to the female sex. The serpent, which was universally reckoned the most cunning of animals is, with great propriety, made the tempter of Eve. A beautiful apple is the seducing object. In this one instance, the Grecian poets have the advantage of supplying a *golden* instead of a vegetable one. Nevertheless, curiosity and love of splendor are, on the whole, inimitably drawn by Moses. His groupe of images is a perfect picture: so indeed are the two Grecian fables, both of which are originally his.

NOTE 2, Verse 207.

*Each fragrant beauty fails to entertain;
A trifling loss! yet adds to female pain.*

Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remissis:
Hæc quoque virgineum movit jactura dolorem.

OVID. [*Mét.* v. 399, 401.]

The former verses are attempted from the latter, which have so often been quoted as expressive of delicate feeling. Yet, it may be doubted whether a virgin, embarrassed by the sudden appearance of such a God as Pluto, could have any immediate sensations of tenderness or regret. If Proserpine had such ideas under such circumstances, it may *then* be doubted whether the arrival of her ravisher were not an agreeable surprise rather than a scene of horror and dismay. Had the fair Captive been permitted to remain a longer time in the fields of Enna, and not to have departed but at her leisure, then might she have been represented leaving her youthful attendants, and even the flowers she had gathered, with sorrow and with tears. But amazement, uncertainty, and danger, are of a nature subversive of whatever soothes one, and whatever induces to contemplation. These objections are not equally valid when applied to Eve. Little time elapsed since the flowers around her seemed both to administer and to partake of her pleasure: but when she violated the terms on which her happiness depended, they left her a prey to shame and repentance though she ran to them as her last resort.

NOTE 3, Verse 439.

THE PALINODIA OF ORPHEUS

*This to the Just I sing: the bad debar:
Attend, bright offspring of the Morning Star!
Attend Museus!*

We have represented Orpheus addressing himself to an assemblage of young people, at a time when he had resigned all the pleasures of life which result from the fancy or the passions. Warburton¹ says that the Palinodia was pronounced by the Priest at the Eleusinian mysteries: and as such it is cited by some of the Fathers. But the *honest Fathers* may be said to have possessed at least as much zeal as information or fidelity. If it were proved that the Hierophant taught this doctrine to the initiated, no doubt could remain any longer concerning the real object of these *mysteries*. But this there would be a difficulty in proving.* For,

¹ [See "The Divine Legation of Moses demonstrated by William Warburton, D.D., Bishop of Gloucester," *new ed.* 1838, i. 231 ff. Warburton gave ten lines of the Palinodia as quoted by Clemens Alexandrinus and Eusebius. W.]

* So the real mysteries were not very engaging, and the doctrine not very convincing.

NOTES

how few proselytes adhered entirely to those principles, yet how many were initiated. Eusebius has cited the *Palinodia* after one Aristobulus, a Jew, who lived in the time of Ptolemy Philopater, 200 years A.C. The copy of Eusebius contains the same exalted ideas as that of Justin, and mentions in addition the names of Moses and Abraham. Hence Critics have justly supposed it interpolated by Aristobulus, or some other person of the same nation. The doctrine these contain may be found in the hymn of Cleanthes, and in the poem of Aratus, both of whom flourished about the same time.

The first verse of the *Palinodia* was a caution uttered not only at the Eleusinian mysteries, but also at other great solemnities.

Instead of calling *Museus man of the Moon*, which is literal according to the Greek, we have employed an expression much in use among the most early nations. *Lucifer, son of the Morning*, was perhaps one of the *titles* belonging to Eastern kings. The king of Babylon is called so in Isaiah. The *Museus* mentioned here, might have been the pupil of Orpheus. He seems to have flourished after Orpheus, long before Homer, and a little before the Trojan war. It is he whom Eneas meets in Elysium. The poem on Hero and Leander is by a different author. This, though not entirely free from conceits, is very beautiful, and there is not a production of the later ages of Grecian literature which can be deemed its equal. The present valuation of it is moderate compared with Scaliger's.

NOTE 4, Verse 457.

*'Twixt God and Man ten orbits intervene,
Yet one, one only, hath his visage seen:
One of Chaldea, from an ancient race,
Who knew the planets, &c.*

Ten orbits is an indefinite expression of superiority. Moses is the Chaldean: so called, perhaps, from a long residence there, or in Egypt, where, like Orpheus, he had acquired the knowledge of *many mysteries*. So says Suidas. Commentators have been so satisfied that Moses is here to be understood, that, in the Latin translation they have even intruded his name. Indeed they have tolerably good authority; not only from the two tables, but from the poetical word *Υδρογένης*.

I cannot conclude this general note, without observing that many have been so absurd as to reduce most of antiquity to a Judaic origin. Hence, they have dreamed that Orpheus and David were one and the same person. There is not a period of their lives in which they resemble each other, though in their writings there is often a striking similarity. Still, the pieces attributed to Orpheus are more correct than the Psalms of David—whose ideas are thrown together in confusion, and whose

But, why should the Fathers at one time accuse the Gentiles—as they are called—of gross idolatry, and at another quote the noble sentiments that they taught?

The priests at Eleusis enjoined the strictest secrecy; and probably not without reason. Even the Christian piety could not keep its temperament in these nocturnal and subterraneous assemblies. But the mysteries in question may more aptly be compared to those of the *Free Masons*. Such mummeries are prodigies in our enlightened days; though formerly they might have been useful to their Institutors. It is Religion whose name they have generally used—Religion, who is equally amiable and simple in herself, but embarrassed and confused by those who have embraced her. [L. Aristobulus, the Alexandrine Jew mentioned a few lines further on, is said to have lived in the reign of Ptolemy VI, Philometor. W.]

THE BIRTH OF POESY. I

compositions, though spirited, abound in such abrupt transitions, such diversity of metaphor, as are not to be found in any other Author. It would be unnecessary to point out passages in the two poets, which correspond with each other: but perhaps it may not be amiss to notice the forcible lines of Orpheus preserved by *Aristotle. Dr. Warton introduces them into his Essay, and observes that they are much resembled by some which he quotes from Pope. Those of the former begin *Zeὺς πρῶτος γένετο*.

Those of the latter,

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,

† Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

Essay on Man, i. 267-8.]

Without producing, at large, the verses of one or the other, may it be observed that, in the Greek, similar *attributes* are often repeated with small variation. This indeed happens in most ancient writings. Without enlarging a note already too long, we refer the Reader to the originals. Not having the treatise at hand, we cannot satisfy ourselves concerning a word in the IV verse—*ἀπορν*—By reading *Zeὺς ἀπρίπ* instead of this, which is perhaps only a fault of the press, and by placing a comma after *γαίης τε* the sense will be much facilitated, and the monotony which pervades the whole, corrected. If any *further* liberty may be taken, let it be to strike away the last line but two; since it spoils the connection between the preceding and subsequent ones.

NOTES ON THE BIRTH OF POESY

CANTO II

NOTE 1, Verse 189.

These were the words of Linus, &c.

Each account of Linus's death is fabulous; he indeed appears to have been older than Orpheus and Hercules, yet by their untimely death, may be supposed to have survived them. We have, therefore, represented him lamenting their fate, in a manner, natural for one advanced in years over the companions of his youth. Hesiod is introduced as having fulfilled the prediction; though we have nothing remaining of him concerning

* The very existence of Orpheus was doubted by Aristotle: in the treatise *Περὶ Κόσμου* the verses alluded to are inserted as *attributed* to this poet. The treatise *Περὶ Κόσμου* formerly attributed to the Stagyrte has undergone many doubts concerning its real author. Tanaquil Le Fevre calls him *Homo Stoicus*, and puts himself in a passion to hear it called the work of this philosopher. But Dr. Warton and Berkley—who was one of the most intelligent, as well as the most virtuous, of mankind—are of a contrary opinion. [L. See Warton's *Essay on Pope*, ii. 76. W.]

† Pope and many others have made a wide distinction between *God* and *Nature*. In the present instance it happens with great propriety, because *nature* signifies not the active operative power, but the scene only where creation is displayed. The same distinction existed also among the Ancients. They imagined that the vegetable and animal world were provinces exclusively under the dominion of *Nature*: that lightning and thunder, hail and rain, whirlwinds and tempests, were sent immediately from the Gods. These fantastical ideas, under whose gloom Mankind was in perpetual anxiety, vanished by degrees before the amiable simplicity of Religion, and at last have totally disappeared at the more penetrating light of Philosophy. [L.]

NOTES

Hercules except a description of his shield. So sweet a poet, and a character apparently so amiable, could not be passed over without a few reflections. It is hoped that the introducing of this episode has not injured the connection. Orpheus may be justly thought to leave so strong an impression on the mind as awakens it to a sense of new and future difficulties.

NOTE 2, Verse 287.

*Those which the sapient king of Judah's tribe,
And Lesbian Sappho could so well describe.*

The Song of Solomon has been exquisitely translated by Dr. Croxal, and rescued from those senseless bigots who imagined that the mistress of Solomon was the *Church*. If this were the meaning of that intelligent king, we may safely question his powers in allegory: for, thus considered, it is a very contemptible composition. As Dr. Croxal has paraphrased it, few poems of the kind excel it; though the original is far from a perfect model. It is irregular, desultory, and confused, and blends together the pastoral and the drama.

The Odes of Sappho are justly celebrated; one of them is imitated here. [L. Dr. Samuel Croxal (*ob.* 1752) Archdeacon of Shrewsbury, wrote "The Fair Circassian; a paraphrase of the Song of Solomon". W.]

NOTES ON THE BIRTH OF POESY

CANTO III

NOTE 1, Verse 11.

*Hark with what boldness great Alceus strings
His harp, resounding in the ear of kings.*

Alceus opposed the usurpers of his country, at first with great success; but, finally, fled from a general engagement which decided its fate.

Poets, in the hour of imminent danger, may have more sudden and more violent emotions than other men, arising from the vivacity and consequent inequality of their animal spirits—or, being generally of a warm and volatile disposition, may act irretrievably from the first impulse. For, a similar misfortune befel Horace in as good a cause.—The Roman poet has no less imitated the Grecian in his odes. Heyne has noticed this, and Scaliger has treated him for it with great severity. This Critic,—who never wrote a tolerable verse himself, among the many that he published,—seems fond of degrading Genius for every small offence. But we are indebted to him for many of the Classics; whose beauties he illustrates, at the same time that he brings their imperfections invidiously to view.

Unfortunately we have little remaining of the fragments of Alceus. If he invented the verse attributed to him, and used it in his exhortations to his injured countrymen, they must have been insensible of *harmony*, as well as of tyranny, if they were languid in the engagement. The spirited little ode on Harmodius and Aristogiton, Critics have exempted from the remains of our poet. We never sustained a heavier loss than in what he wrote, which nothing but the zeal of a barbarian or a priest could willingly have destroyed.

THE BIRTH OF POESY. III

NOTE 2, Verse 25.

*Thine, brave Tyrteus! thine, tho' humbler lays,
Acquired more glory, and deserve more praise.*

In the second Messenian war, the Spartans had met with many defeats: but consulting the Oracle, they were directed to apply to the Athenians for a General.

The Athenians, unwilling that Sparta should emerge from her difficulties and become again the rival of their power, sent over Tyrteus—a man of no experience in military affairs. The Spartans were now ready to raise the siege of Ithome, when, inspired with the enthusiasm of their new General, they attacked and overcame the Messenians. Little is extant of the works of Tyrteus, and the few speeches that remain are more like those of a *Serjeant* than of a *Poet*. Yet, in some places, there is wonderful simplicity; and indeed almost as much of the *ornamental* as was wanted among Spartans.

NOTE 3, Verse 310.

*With magic words Affliction he disarm'd,
Adored the living, and the dead embalm'd.*

There are many who will object here to the rhyme; though nothing but a prejudice, received from the eye, can occasion such objection. In fact, the liquids *r* and *l* are not pronounced with their own peculiar force, as before vowels, but only tend to prolong the *a*. It was not intended to mix any *verbal* criticisms with the notes; but it was requisite to remark a disputed rhyme, since a similar one occurs no less than *thrice* in the present little volume. Besides, we have already sacrificed whole hecatombs of verses to such peevish fastidiousness.

NOTE 4, Verse 357.

O! how shall I, Anacreon, mourn thine end! &c.

These concluding lines are imitated from Cowley's "Elegie upon Anacreon", which is incomparably the best of his productions, though very little of an elegy.

The Author never intended the performance, which these notes elucidate, to be a catalogue of Poets. Hence the names of so many are omitted. The design comprehends only the different kinds of early poetry. Very likely some time or other may be added a fourth and fifth Canto, or perhaps only a fourth one. [L.]

P. 295. THE DUN COW. In the catalogue of Dr. Parr's library printed after his death the full title of this anonymous tract was given with a note in brackets—(By Walter Landor); but the poem, though published in 1808, was not included in any list of Landor's writings till more than a century later. A few copies having at length been discovered, matter and style afforded fairly complete confirmation of the note in *Bibliotheca Parriana*. Walter Savage Landor was accordingly named as the author of "The Dun Cow" in the *Cambridge History of English Literature* and in the Bibliography by T. J. Wise and S. Wheeler of his works.

Now reprinted for the first time, the poem can be seen to be an angry retort to what its author denounced as a ruffianly attack on Dr. Parr

NOTES

which was published anonymously earlier in 1808 and entitled "Guy's Porridge Pot: a poem". By some people Landor was at first suspected of being the author of the "Porridge Pot". He promptly denied it and Forster, in 1869, gave what ought to have sufficed as conclusive reasons for rejecting the theory that a young gentleman who was proud and glad to be Parr's friend had held him up to ridicule. But not till it was found that Landor published a scathing denunciation of the "Porridge Pot" and its author, and that Parr's assailant replied with "The Warwickshire Talents, *alias* Guy's Porridge Pot, with the Dun Cow Roasted Whole" could Landor's reputation be cleared of a possible complicity in some nefarious plot to "smoke the wig of Dr. Parr". The only doubt then left was whether, as Landor supposed, Peter Pindar wrote the "Porridge Pot" in its double or triple shapes, or whether the discredit should be imputed to some one else.

In the first edition of the "The Dun Cow" the following author's notes and supplementary notes are printed below the lines to which they refer.

(a) See the introductory lines to that ruffian poem, Guy's "Porridge Pot":

"He, who has tried, alone, can pity
His case who must be,—will be—witty," &c.

The hero of this lampoon, as the author obligingly and pertinently informs us, is Dr. P-rr. We are enlightened by the communication!—The attack is more than nugatory; but contemptible as it is, to that accurate scholar, the degradation of being the theme of Mr. * of being the hero of *such* a poem as Guy's "Porridge Pot"—must be indeed extreme!

In attributing this work to that Rev. Peter Pindar, I but subscribe to public opinion, influenced perhaps by the analogous and whimsical absurdity of his title pages. And if I condemn him, I do it hypothetically.

The scene of the one, important, and complete event which he describes (*Arist. Poet.* [vi, vii]) is laid at the ancient, and memorable, and delightful seat of Mr. Greathead (*Camden [Britannia, ii. 444, ed. 1806.]; Leland [John Leland's Itinerary, ed. 1744, iv. 2. 63.]*) The time chosen for the display of the parts and powers of Belindenus [*sc.* Belendenus] is, when, cowering — but I will not disgust my reader; let him visit Cow Lane, and, if he *can,—for it is only sold in corners,—find and purchase and read and use my Prototype. If he chance to be one of the profound critics of this respectable Borough, he will not fail to admire the discretion of his author, who, "*materia conveniente modis*," has painted, in flowing verse, — I must again refer to the work itself.—

"Churchmen rush in where Laymen fear to tread."¹

The subject, he will admit, is a notable and an inspiring one. Bayes, in the *Rehearsal*,² recommends stewed prunes, as promoting facility of composition; and an old and quaint, and excellent writer, Owen Feltham, observes of "Poetrie", that "it gently delivers the mind from distempers; he would not love it for a profession, or want it for a recreation."³

Nevertheless some fastidious or partial persons have remarked, that the ribaldry in question, where it derives no adventitious interest from local politics, is deplorably

* Portentous discernment! *if he can* I said, and it is already impracticable. The publisher, a demure, discreet, and goodly youth, save only that he fibbed and traduced his neighbour—mum, Guy, Quis tulerit Gracchos? &c.—the man, however, as might be expected, has, to the exceeding consternation of his patrons, cut and run.—Vale Vale dixit. [L. The Latin quotation is from Juvenal, ii. 24.]

¹ [A paraphrase on Pope, "Essay on Criticism", l. 625. W.]

² [See Boswell's *Johnson*: "Bayes in *The Rehearsal* is a mighty silly fellow." W.]

³ [See Feltham's "Resolves", ed. 1631, pp. 217–18. W.]

THE DUN COW

dull.—That it has the mortal disease of inherent obscurity.—That it is elaborately pœt without humour.—That, characterised succinctly, it is unconnected and desultory, without fable or interest, method or precision. [L.]

(b) It would be tedious and unprofitable to rake out of the orts and offals of literature the forgotten trash of the author of Guy's, &c. *ἔβα* but not before *πενκάνεβ'* "Ἡφαίστων δ' αὖν σφραῖνωμα [see Sophocles, *Antigone*, 120–2]—the battlement, the "præsidium" of a haunch. The regret occasioned by their loss will, *if possible*, be diminished by the reflection, that, of his numerous publications, there is not one which, rescued from the butter-shop, would have a tendency to enlarge the minds, or improve the conduct, of men. In no single instance, that I am acquainted with, has he exerted himself to cement society, or render the individuals that compose it susceptible of benevolent and liberal impressions. To inflame political animosities—to perpetuate the grounds of dispute—to incense exasperated nations and sanctify a war of eternity and annihilation—these seem to have been the beneficent purposes which "Topsy Turvy", and Mr. —'s other political trash in verse was calculated to promote. No man of feeling or intellect will palliate the horrors of the French Revolution: but it was unnecessary, and in a Minister of the Gospel, unbecoming, to aggravate the delinquency of its rulers, and insult their misery.—(See the *meagre* witticisms on the scarcity of provisions.) But while I condemn the irritating language used by Mr. —, I admit that the motives of a political writer may be at the same time amiable and mistaken. It is in his last work—in his treatment of individuals, that I perceive irrefragable proofs of habitual "uncharitableness". [L.]

(c) A leash of languages inserted in one line, has a prodigious effect. It astonishes the ladies, and displays the profound erudition of the author. An amorphous compound, too, even though adopted for the sake of alliteration, is admissible. See

vous less, neutral, negative, &c. [L. See "Porridge Pot," p. 58.]

(d) Qui Baviū non odit, amet tua carmina, Mævi. [L. See Virgil, *Eclog.* iii. 90.]

(e) This, however, is highly poetical. Δεδίδαχε μάλιστα Ὅμηρος ψευδῇ λέγειν [Aristotle, *Poet.* xxiv. 9].

(f) Alluding to the complacency with which the work was, *eventually*, received; when, after a reference to some school-boy, who could construe the notes, it was at length ascertained that the C—— and his friends had escaped animadversion. The history of its appearance is singular and instructive. Much amusing coquetry took place between gentle booksellers, one courteously *obliging* the other with half the copies which he *did not dare to dispose of*; the other suspecting his new-born civility, and receiving and keeping them, *only*, till the former should have begun the sale. Such, however, was their mutual jealousy, or respective good sense, that, neither insidious visits, nor suggestions thrown out with characteristic duplicity, nor strange to tell, the *imprimatur* of son R-g-er, to whose critical inspection it was submitted—not these, nor their collective weight, could induce these stupid and obstinate booksellers to accept the work. How they could reject the *ipse dixit* that pronounced it unobjectionable—such is the ascendancy of authority over reason—I am, I confess, at a loss to comprehend. Since, with all my sincere respect for the attainments of that Gentleman, "*haud cognovi quemquam qui majore auctoritate nihil diceret.*"—Cic. [L. See Cicero, *De Div.* 2. 67.]

(g) Some of the "true Trojans", who, sauntering about and greeting each other in the market-place, pronounced this trash "UNANSWERABLE". Yet these men, crammed by R-g-er, and supported by the pert prig of a confectionary Curate, will become *Zoili* and *Aristarchi*, to do me justice—"Ille *crucem tulit, hic diadema*". St. Paul says, that Deacons SHOULD BE *chaste*, sincere, and blameless; neither *great drinkers*, nor given to filthy lucre. [L. See Juvenal, xiii. 105, and St. Paul, *Epist.* to Timothy, iii. 8.]

(h) "'Tis a good oyster—part in peace." I will not vouch for the truth of this good story; but so I heard it:—*si quid novisti rectius*, &c. [L. See Horace, *Epist.* i. 6. 67.]

(i) Horns, which are, in the East, a symbol of honour, were worn in their helmets by the early English knights: and perhaps planted there by their wives, assisted by the hierarchy. *Quis talia fando*, &c. [L.]

(k) Quem patitur dormire *prætextatus* adulter: i.e. that has just taken holy orders. "*Pudet hæc opprobria.*" &c. [L. See Juvenal, i. 1. 97, and Ovid, *Mét.* i. 758.]

(l) Taste, a love of letters, and a distinguishing admiration of the elegant arts,

NOTES

furnish resources inexhaustible in themselves, and independent of the caprice of popular favour, and the proverbial instability of fortune. It has been well observed by one of the contributors to the Athenian Letters (a popular work, and highly valuable as a commentary on Thucydides), that a "certain nobleness of spirit is inseparable from the character of the person who cultivates the elegant arts with success, or admires them with judgement". A great degree of polish is assuredly not inconsistent with great strength of mind. [L. See "Athenian Letters", by Lord Hardwicke and others, 1781, Letter 81.]

(m) i.e. Did not destroy his neighbour's character, or impair his constitution. [L.]

(n) The two first satirists of the day—"Arcades ambo". The dignified expostulations of the supposed author of the Pursuits of Literature have procured him the prænomen of Tomahawk; indicative, I suppose, of the asperity with which he has rebuked vice and its abettors. "*Surge, carnifex.*"—It is an honour to be so stigmatised!

Seen him, however, I have, as Pope says of Sir Robert Walpole, "*in his happier hour of social freedom,*" when, less conspicuous indeed, but more an object of esteem and reverence, he gladdened the family circle;—a mild, condescending, and indulgent friend;—an intelligent, engaging, and affable companion. [L.]

(o) I allude, in these lines, to the personalities, that—what shall I say?—They, in fact, exclusively recommend the work, and constitute its only pretension to notice. [L.]

P. 300. A MODERN IDYL, with its dedication "To Caina" in contradistinction from *An Ancient Idyl*, with its dedication "To Rose", vol. ii, pp. 226-9.

INDEX OF TITLES AND SUBJECTS AND OF PERSONAL AND POLITICAL ALLUSIONS

(Titles, whether Landor's own or the editor's are printed in italics. A few titles, not in the text, have been supplied in square brackets. Associated references are enclosed in round brackets.)

Abdel-Kader, iii. 172.
Abelard to Eloise, iv. 263 (228).
Aberdeen, Lord, iii. 91 (75, 90, 105, iv. 40).
Aberlaway [Swansea], iii. 356, 360 (231, iv. 2).
Ablett (Joseph), To, iii. 270 (273).
Aboukir, Battle of, iv. 119.
Abu-Said, Praises of, iii. 244 (431).
[Acacia, To an], iv. 29, 47.
Accused of Indifference to Praise, iii. 233.
Achilles (iv. 245, 249, 276), and *Helena*, ii. 229, 373.
Acon and Kepos, ii. 355.
— and *Rhodope*, ii. 343.
Addison, iv. 222, 255.
Address to the Fellows of Trinity, iv. 290.
— *to the Vine*, iii. 243.
Advice, iv. 201; *in return for Cantos*, iii. 221; *to a Musical Man*, iii. 316; *to an Old Poet*, iii. 211; *to a Poet*, iii. 220; *Received*, iv. 302.
Aeschylus (iii. 1, 127, iv. 223), *Death of*, iv. 172; *Statue of*, iv. 169; and *Sophocles*, ii. 246 (378); *Trial of*, ii. 273.
Affliction of a Wife, On the, iii. 246.
'Affrico, My', iii. 236, 272, 380, iv. 10, 36.
Agamemnon and Iphigenia, ii. 211 (373, iv. 223).
Age, iv. 89; *Love and*, iv. 195; *The Steps of*, iv. 202; *To*, iv. 85; [and *Youth*], iv. 88, 211.
Aged Poet, To an, iii. 152 (220, iv. 308).
Agesilao Milano, On, iii. 99.
Aglæ to her Father, iv. 161.
Alabaster Hand, An, iii. 349.
Alarm at Rome, iv. 100.
Albert, Prince Consort, iii. 90, 95, 103, 105.
Album Closed, The, iii. 353.
— *of the Duchess de Guiche, written in the*, iii. 269.
— *on the first leaf of an*, iv. 193.
— *opened, The*, iii. 352.
— *With an*, iii. 224.
— *Written in an*, iv. 207.
Alcaeus (ii. 270, iii. 150, iv. 247), *Sappho to*, iv. 153.
Alcestis, ii. 233, iii. 376, iv. 115.
Alcibiades, on Love, iv. 156.
Alciphron and Leucippe, ii. 312.
— *Prayer of the Bees for*, ii. 290 (382).
Alders, iii. 313, iv. 3, 8, 12, 35, 45.
Alethia to Phraortes, iv. 157.
Alexander the Great, iv. 212 (254).
— *the Ventriloquist, To*, iv. 99.
Alfieri, iii. 109, 240, 428; and *Dante and Galileo*, iii. 70, 196, iv. 184; *From*, iii. 249; *To*, iii. 198.
Allobrox, iii. 110.

Alpuente, To, iii. 32.
Allar of Modesty, ii. 335, 399 (i. 130).
Alternative, iv. 204.
Alvanley, Baron, iv. 69.
Amalfi and Sorrento, iii. 150, iv. 14, 36.
America, The Emigrants to, iii. 28; *Hymn to*, iii. 59; *on Kossuth's Voyage to*, iii. 60 (58–60, 63); *To, on Italy*, iii. 130.
American Christmas Games, iii. 85.
— *From 'The Letters of an'*, iii. 86, iv. 190.
Americans, To the, from an American, iii. 98.
Anacreon, ii. 270, iii. 285, iv. 251–5, 273–4.
Ancient Idyl, ii. 226.
— *Poet's Ditty, Some*, iv. 93.
Ancona, Siege of, ii. 89 (371).
Andrea of Hungary, i. 279 (394), iv. 214.
[Anemones], iv. 172.
Anger, Against, iv. 71.
Animal Magnetism, iv. 192.
Anne Boleyn, iv. 110, 215; and *the Constable of the Tower*, i. 275 (394).
Anne, On the Tomb of Queen, iv. 43.
Ant-Hill, An, iii. 392 (440).
Antinoë in Paris, To, iii. 297.
Antonelli, Cardinal, iii. 124.
Antony and Octavius, ii. 164 (372).
Appeal to Sleep, iii. 346.
Arab to his Mistress, An, iv. 71.
Arabic, From the, iii. 245–8, 429.
Archbishop of Taranto sent to Naples, The, iii. 122.
Archer, to a Lady, iv. 90.
'Are you mad or tipsy?', iii. 322.
Ariosto imitated, iv. 186.
Aristophanes, iii. 195, iv. 128.
Arnât (iii. 282), *Epistle to*, iii. 157.
— *On the Death of*, iii. 193.
Arno, The, Dante and, iii. 47, 161; *Landor and*, iii. 47, 141, 294, 313, 317, 413, iv. 35, 46.
Arno's Side, At, iv. 46.
Arran, To the Countess of, iii. 331.
Arrow, The River, iv. 2, 12, 23, 35.
Artemidora, The Death of, iv. 173.
Arundell, E., iii. 302.
Ascham (Roger) and Lady Jane Grey, iv. 126.
Ashes, iv. 203.
Aspasia, Cleone to, iv. 172, 175; *on her Nurse*, iv. 160; *Pericles to*, iv. 150; *playing the Harp, To*, iv. 160; *Socrates to*, iv. 150; *her Song*, iv. 160.
Asterëssa, Ode to, iv. 163.
Atalanta, Hippomenes and, ii. 267, 382.
Attempts at Simplicity, iv. 58.
Auckland, Lord, iii. 108, iv. 70.

INDEX OF TITLES AND SUBJECTS AND OF

- Austria and France, iii. 97; (Haynau), iii. 67-8; and Hungary, iii. 84-5; and Italy, iii. 45, 80, 110; and the Prince Consort, iii. 105-6; and Prussia, iii. 85, and Venice, iii. 110.
 — *The Emperor of*, iii. 98 (34, 51).
 Avon, *To the River*, iv. 46 (25-6), and see Shakespeare.
 Azeglio, *Marchese di*, iii. 132 (297).
Babe's Death, Consolation on a, iv. 208.
 Bacchus, iv. 162 (iii. 204, 237, iv. 252, 273); and Ariadne, iii. 438; *Sophron's Hymn to*, ii. 358.
 Back-Biter, A, iii. 108.
 Bacon, and Dryden, iii. 144; and Essex, i. 261; Macaulay and, iii. 180; Plato and, iii. 195; Raleigh and, iii. 197.
 Bailey, *To Philip James*, iii. 163.
 Baldelli, *To the Countess*, iii. 334, iv. 45.
 Balmoral, iii. 90, 103.
 Bampton Lectures, *To the Author of*, iv. 280.
 Bandiera, *on the Slaughter of the Brothers*, iii. 65, 92, 109, 427.
 Banquet Over, *The*, iv. 206.
 Bark, *The*, iv. 207.
 Barrister, *Epistle to a*, iv. 49.
 Barry Cornwall, *To*, iii. 147.
 Bath, iii. 319, iv. 28 (188), 304; *Asked to Dance at*, iv. 36 (iii. 407); and Ianthe, iii. 378, 407, iv. 37; *To*, iv. 37.
 Bay and Myrtle, iii. 365 (395).
 Bay Leaves, *Flowers sent in*, iii. 287.
 Beagles, *The Royal*, iii. 76.
 Beatrice Cenci, ii. 138 (372).
 Beaucherk, *To Lady Charles on her marriage*, iii. 414 (421-2); *on her death*, iii. 420.
 [Beauty], iv. 82, 170-1; *Books of*, iii. 239.
 Beck, A Tale, iv. 58.
 Bees, *The Bonaparte*, iii. 66, 102; *of Guiltivelle*, *The*, iii. 66; *Prayer of the*, ii. 290 (382).
 Belgiosio, *To the Princess*, iii. 82.
 Bell-ringing in Italy, iv. 42.
 Béranger (iv. 35, 225); *To*, iii. 171.
 Bethams, the, i. 147, iv. 49, 54.
 [Betty Martin], iv. 59.
 Bible, *The*, iv. 205.
 Bid to think of Fame, iv. 109.
 Birth of Poesy, iv. 228 (312).
 [Birthday, My], iv. 81.
 — of Miss Rose Paynter, *On the*, iii. 342.
 Birthdays, Two, iii. 361.
 Biscay, *From the Bay of*, iii. 317.
 Bishop, *To a Quarrelsome*, iv. 198.
 'Blackwood's Magazine', iv. 218-19, 221-3, 226.
 Blake, Robert, iii. 74, 201, iv. 191; *Death of*, ii. 161 (372).
 Blessing on Pythagoras, ii. 360.
 Blessington, Lady. *In Memoriam*, iii. 294; *To*, iii. (239), 283, 311, 332.
 Boccaccio and the Affricco and La Bella Brigata, iii. 236, 272, 297, iv. 36.
 — Chaucer, and Petrarca, iv. 131.
 — and the daughter of Dante, iii. 197.
 — his Dream, iv. 182.
 — and Fiammetta, ii. 1, iv. 181.
 Boccaccio, *Lines by*, iv. 181.
 — 'and Petrarca', *From* (ii. 25), iv. 131.
 — and Victoria, iii. 426 (35).
 Bodryddan, iv. 12.
 Bomba, King, see Ferdinand II of Naples.
 Book to write in, *On receiving a*, iii. 343.
 Books of Beauty, iii. 239.
 Borromeo, *To St. Charles*, iii. 45.
 Botany, *Ignorance of*, iii. 352, iv. 24.
 Bothwell, Mary and, iv. 139.
 Bourbons, iii. 96; and France, iii. 439; and Naples, iii. 80, 96, 109; and Sicily, iii. 45; and Spain, iii. 96, 160.
 Boyle, *To the Hon. Caroline Courtenay*, iii. 296.
 Boys and Men, iv. 203.
 Braver Man, *The*, iii. 95.
 Brethren, iv. 97.
 Bride, *To a* (Rose Paynter), iii. 345.
 Brighton, 1807, iv. 27 (305).
 Brooke (Lord) and Sir Philip Sidney, iv. 114.
 Brougham, *To Lord*, iii. 35 (iv. 222).
 Browning, *To Mrs.*, iii. 221 (227, iv. 214).
 — *To Robert*, iii. 149 ('Paracelsus', iv. 219).
 Brucks, Dunsterville, iii. 189.
 Bulwer-Lytton, iii. 215.
 Burke, Edmund, iv. 72.
 — William, iii. 276, iv. 222.
 Burnet (Bishop) and Humphrey Hardcastle, iv. 126.
 Burns, *To Robert*, iii. 140 (153, 203, 207, iv. 17).
 Butler, iii. 211, 232.
 Byron, iii. 177, 202; and 'Blackwood's', iv. 219; 'The Corsair', iii. 188; 'English Bards, &c.', iv. 222; Epithalamium, iii. 141; and Keats, iv. 222; and Landor, iii. 152, 188, 231, 292; as Nero, iv. 130; *Paraphrased*, iii. 258; his 'peppery dishes', iii. 152; *Remonstrance and Advice to*, iii. 202; and Scott, iii. 167, 187; and Shelley, iv. 222; and Southey, iii. 178, iv. 222-3; and the 'Spirit of a Dream', iii. 150; *To*, iv. 130; and Wordsworth, iii. 214 (167, 178, 187, iv. 225).
 Cadmus, iv. 303.
 Caina, *To*, iv. 300, 302.
 — Canidia and, iv. 303.
 Caldwell, *To Lady*, iii. 340.
 Called Proud, iii. 405.
 Calverton Downs, iv. 42 (iii. 280, 300).
 Calvin, iv. 147.
 Campbell's 'Lives', Lord, iii. 180.
 Campbell, Thomas, iii. 150, 158, 164, 207; iv. 224.
 Canidia and Caina, iv. 303.
 Canning, George, iv. 69 (288, 292); and Castlereagh, iii. 32, 98, 107; an epigrammatist, iii. 160, 165; and J. H. Frere, iii. 165, 184; and Gifford, iv. 226; as a poet, iii. 107, 165, 184; and Spain, iii. 32, 160.
 Canning, Lord, iii. 107-8.
 Canton, *An Eclogue of*, iv. 58.
 Captain and a Knat, A, iv. 189.
 'Captain', *To, our house-dog*, iv. 40.
 Carian Poet, *By a*, iv. 163.
 Carlino, *To my child*, iii. 411.

PERSONAL AND POLITICAL ALLUSIONS

- Carlton House*, iv. 294.
Carlyle, iii. 180.
Carthage, i. 74, iii. 123, 127, 131, 135.
Cary, To H. F., iii. 197.
Case at Sessions, A, iv. 63.
Casket, The, iii. 319.
Castlereagh and Canning, iii. 32, 98, 107.
Casuistry, iv. 200.
Catherine the Great, iv. 256.
Catillus and Salia, i. 148, 382-9.
Catullus, Imitations of, iii. 250, iv. 57, 280; and *Lesbia*, iii. 254, 256, iv. 19, 43, 108, 280-1; *On*, iii. 175, 195, iv. 33, 225; quoted, iii. 312, iv. 33, 80, 137, 220; and the *Sparrow*, iii. 195, iv. 33, 43; translated, iii. 253-6; *Written in a*, iii. 195.
Caught, iii. 188.
Cavaignac, To, iii. 48.
Cenci, Beatrice, ii. 138.
Cervantes, iii. 217 (ii. 250).
Charade, iv. 215.
Charles Borromeo, To St., iii. 45.
Charles I: Proper Lesson for his Martyrdom, iii. 55 (92, 116, 335, iv. 285).
 — I and the regicides, iii. 51 (116).
 — I and II as ancestors of Gebir, i. 22 (347).
Charles II of Spain to his Prime Minister, iii. 126.
[Chaucer iii. 199]; 'Boccaccio and Petrarca', *From*, iv. 131; and *Browning*, iii. 149; and *Burns*, iii. 203; and *Gower*, iii. 215; and *W. Irving*, iii. 208; and *Keats*, iii. 140; and *Lord Nugent*, iii. 316; and *Spenser*, iii. 140, 144, 176, 232; To, iii. 198.
Child, To a, iii. 348; to a *Bird*, A, iv. 111; [of a *Day*], iv. 74; *An old Man and a*, iii. 26.
Children of Garibaldi, To the, iii. 87.
 — of *Venus*, ii. 315 (383).
 — playing in a church-yard, iv. 96.
Child's Death, On a, iv. 208.
China, War in, iii. 41.
Chinese Emperor, A, iii. 262.
 — *Poem*, A, iii. 262.
Chisholm, To *Caroline*, iii. 71.
Chloe, To, iv. 144-5.
[Christmas], iv. 107 (iii. 414); *Holly*, iv. 18.
Churchmen, iv. 112.
Church-yard, *Children in a*, iv. 96.
 — *Written in a*, iii. 273.
[Cistus, To a], iv. 30.
Clarges, To *General*, iii. 325.
Claverton, iii. 280, 300, iv. 42.
Clelia and Cornelia, iii. 83, 410.
Clementina, To, iii. 286 (268), iv. 5.
Cleobuline of Lindos, By, iv. 154.
Cleone to Aspasia, iv. 172, 175.
Clifton, With *Ianthe*, iii. 372; with *Southey*, iii. 299.
Clutterbuck, Mrs., iv. 56.
Clytemnestra, *Death of*, ii. 217.
Cogan, To J. D., iv. 198.
Coke, Lady *Margaret Sophia*, iv. 76.
Colenso, Bishop, iii. 128.
'Coleraine, Bloomsbury, and Swan', *From*, iv. 127.
Coleridge, iii. 271, iv. 221.
Collingwood, *Pellew*; *Nelson*, iii. 74.
Collins, William, iii. 165, iv. 222, 226, 255.
Colonels' Cry, The, iii. 120.
Comedy, *From a*, iv. 156.
Communion, iv. 95.
Complaint of Inconstancy, iv. 204.
Confalduciere, iii. 50, 427.
Confession, iv. 201; of *Jealousy*, iii. 206.
Conflagration of the Po, On the, iii. 111.
Consolation on a Babe's Death, iv. 208.
Constancy, iv. 202.
Contrite Priest, The, iv. 67.
Converters, iv. 91.
Corday, *Charlotte*, iii. 78; and *Joan of Arc*, iii. 155; *Joan of Arc*, and *Madame Roland*, iii. 39, 78, 130.
Coresos and Callirhoe, ii. 330, 395.
Corinna, iii. 157, 221; to *Tanagra*, iv. 152 (306).
Corinth, To, iv. 122 (127).
Cornelle, iii. 76, 119, 241.
Cornelia, iii. 83, 185, 410.
Cornwall (Barry), To, iii. 147.
Coronation, The, ii. 134 (372).
Correggio, iii. 323, 424, iv. 81.
Corsini's Gift, *Prince*, iv. 182.
Corythos, i. 103, 369-81.
Cottage left for London, iv. 16.
Court Julian, i. 161, 390.
Cowley, iii. 431, iv. 285; and *Milton*, iii. 200, 235.
Cowley's Style, iii. 175.
Cowper, iii. 176 (165), iv. 220; and *Homer*, iii. 260, iv. 218.
Credo, iii. 101.
Creeds, iv. 206.
Crimea, *Absence on Leave from the*, iii. 104; *Relief at the*, iii. 91.
Crimean Heroes, iii. 104; *War*, iii. 71, 75, 86, 90-5, 97, 103-5.
Critic, A, iv. 207.
Croker, J. W., iii. (32), 103, iv. 221.
Cromwell and the Commons, iii. 93; in *Council*, iii. 99; and *Aubrey de Vere*, iii. 159; and *Eliot*, iii. 99, 290; and *Queen Elizabeth*, iii. 294; and *Milton*, iii. 49, 51, 116, 201, 235; and *Washington*, iii. 130.
Crosse, To *Andrew*, iii. 285 (193, 439).
Crowd, The, iii. 224, iv. 209, 210.
Crysnor, i. 56 (365, iii. 263).
Cupid and the Fates, iv. 178.
 — and *Ligeia*, iv. 176.
 — and *Pan*, ii. 323, 389.
 — and a *Rosebud*, iv. 175.
Cuvier, iii. 154.
Cyclamen, To a, iv. 16, 38.
Cymodameia, ii. 301, iii. 181, 291.
[Cypress and Cedar], iv. 28.
Cyrus, i. 80, 84, 86, iii. 130, 182, iv. 127.
Czar, see *Tsar*.
Czartoryski, To *Prince Adam*, iii. 40, 89.
Dactyls, *Heroics or*, iii. 105.
Daher (Sheikh), The *Son of*, iii. 245, 432.
Daisy, a *spaniel*, iii. 353 (344).
Dalhousie, Marquis of, iii. 104, 108, 295.
Damætas and Ida, iii. 307.
Damocles and Hiera, ii. 275.

INDEX OF TITLES AND SUBJECTS AND OF

Dante, iii. 169, 197, iv. 225; and the Arno, iii. 47, 161; Boccaccio on, iv. 181; H. F. Cary and, iii. 197; and Dante of Maiano, iii. 196; *The Daughter of*, iii. 197; in exile, iii. 124-5; and Ezzelino, iii. 111; and Italy, iii. 70, 111, 196, 204; his marriage, iii. 124; and Ugolino, iii. 413, 427; and Virgil, iii. 298.

— of Maiano, iii. 196, 428.

Dashwood, Mrs., iii. 273.

Daughter, To My, iii. 413-14.

Day, The Shortest, iv. 200.

[*Days gone by*], iv. 211.

De Vere (Aubrey), Hellas to, iii. 180; *To*, iii. 159.

Dead, On the, iii. 268, 277, iv. 74.

Dean's Tale, The, iii. 27, 425.

Death, iii. 226, 307, 402; iv. 87, 89, 104, 127, 193, 195, 214; *On the Approach of a Sister's*, iii. 418; *Consolation on a Babe's*, iv. 208; *Thoughts on*, iii. 311.

Death of Aeschylus, iv. 172; of E. M. Arndt, iii. 193; of Artemidora, iv. 173; of Lady Charles Beauclerk, iii. 420; of Robert Blake, ii. 161 (372); of Clytemnestra, ii. 217; of Daisy, a Spaniel, iii. 353; of the Day, iii. 318; of M. D'Ossoli, and Margaret Fuller, iii. 64; of G. P. R. James, iii. 332; of Ianthé, iii. 400, 402; of Jane Sophia, iii. 400; of Charles Lamb, iii. 145; of a Mother and Three Children, iii. 266; of Sir W. Napier, iii. 331; of Paris and Oenone, i. 378; of Madame Roland, iii. 79; of Mrs. Rosenhagen, iii. 283; of Sir Sidney Smith, iii. 117; of Southey, iii. 278, 314; of Ternissa, ii. 356; of a Wife, iii. 247.

Declaration of War by Spain, On the, iii. 30.

Decline of Life, iv. 97.

Defenders of Haynau, &c., iii. 75.

Defiance, iv. 95.

Defoe, iii. 216.

Delille (The Abbé) and Landor, iv. 138.

Demosthenes, iii. 98, 119, 135.

Deplorable, What is, iv. 206.

Derby, Earl of, iii. 106, 170; and Disraeli, iii. 67, 75, 105; *The, and Drop*, iii. 106; and Grey, iii. 76; and Russell, iii. 75, 105; and Mrs. Southey's pension, iii. 170; and Talfourd, iv. 224; and Wellington, iii. 67.

Derwent (= Southey), iii. 141, 172, 271, 428 (iv. 62).

Descent into Hell, On a, iii. 111.

— of Orpheus, iii. 251, 435.

Despots of Europe, iii. 128.

Destiny Uncertain, iv. 94-5.

Devonshire, On the Duke of, iii. 88.

Devil's Walk, On the, iv. 188.

Dialogue, iii. 399; at Whist, iv. 56.

Diana de Poitiers and Caillette, ii. 204 (373).

Dickens (iii. 206); *To*, iii. 148, 168.

Difference in Tears, iii. 386 (iv. 91).

Different Graces, iv. 203.

Digby's 'Ages of Faith', With, iii. 190.

Diogenes, Girl and, iv. 212.

Dirce, iv. 72.

Disraeli, see Derby; and Haynau, iii. 75.

Distribution of Honours for Literature, iii. 201.

Dog, A Marble, iv. 202.

— *To a*, iv. 45 (iii. 344, 353, iv. 44-7, 86).

Dog's Invitation, Answer to a, iv. 44.

Dog-slar, On the, iv. 40.

Dolcino (Fra) and Margarita, iii. 113, 427.

Domestic Ruler, A, iv. 68.

Donne, iv. 136, 220.

Dorothea, iii. 318 (268).

D'Orsay, To, going to France, iii. 331 (317).

D'Ossoli and Margaret Fuller, iii. 64.

Dove, the River, iv. 3, 236.

[*Doves and Parrots*], iv. 44.

Dragon Fly, Lines to a, iv. 12.

Drawing Lots, On, iii. 370.

Dream, A, iii. 302.

Dreamer, The, iii. 400.

Dreamer's Tale, A, iii. 404 (441).

Drimacoe, ii. 297 (383).

Drummond, Sir William, iii. 325 (234).

Dryden, and Bacon, iii. 144; and Mrs. Hemans, iii. 213; and Pope, iv. 220, 222, 224; and rhyme, iii. 144, 204; and Spenser, iii. 438; and Virgil, iii. 251; Wordsworth and, iv. 224.

Dryope, ii. 327, 392.

Duke of Devonshire, On the, iii. 88.

Dulness, iv. 96.

Dun Cow, The, iv. 295 (318).

Dundas, see Melville.

[*Dying Man, A*], iv. 67.

Dying Speech of an old Philosopher, iii. 226.

Earl's Daughter, To an, iv. 76.

[*Early Spring*], iv. 30.

Earthquake at St. Sauveur, On the, iii. 88.

Eastern Fables, iii. 196.

Eclipse, On the Moon's, iv. 187.

Eclogue of Canton, An, iv. 58.

— *A Railroad*, iii. 17.

E. F., To, iii. 286.

1853, iii. 75.

Electra, ii. 217, iii. 230.

Elegy on a Gnat, iv. 5.

Elgin (Lord), and the Elgin Marbles, iii. 349.

Eliot, Sir John, iii. 51, 99-100, 173, 290.

Elliott, G. A. (Lord Heathfield), iii. 173.

Eltza Lynn, To, iii. 156, 229, 302.

Elizabeth, My Sister, iii. 419 (418).

Elizabeth (Queen) and Cecil, iv. 118; and Essex, iii. 396; and Mary Stuart, iv. 26.

Ellesmere, Lord, iii. 91, iv. 21.

Elliott (Ebenezer), On the Statue of, iii. 173 (iv. 219).

Elton, To Charles, iii. 272.

Elysian Fields, iii. 21.

Emigrants to America, The, iii. 28.

Emilia, To, iii. 213.

Emma Isola, To, iv. 74.

Emperor Louis Napoleon, iii. 86, and see Napoleon III.

Empress (Eugénie), To the, iii. 421.

Enallos and Cymodameia, ii. 301 (383, iii. 181, 291).

Endymion and Selene, ii. 281.

Enghien, Duc d', iii. 229, 439.

England, The Heroines of, iii. 161.

England! Well Donel, iii. 103.

English Hexameters, On, iii. 166, 204.

PERSONAL AND POLITICAL ALLUSIONS

- Englishman's Fair Bargain*, An, iii. 65.
Epictetus, iii. 196.
Epicurus, iii. 169, 196; *Leontion*, and *Ternissa*, iv. 132; *Menander* and, iv. 139.
Epigram, Derby and Disraeli, iii. 75; Gaul and Corsican, iii. 80; in *Greek*, translated, iv. 192; Hungary and Austria, iii. 84-5; 'Know ye the land', iii. 81; Loreto, iii. 82; 'There are some tears', iii. 85.
Epigrams, iii. 434, iv. 112, 215, 279.
Episcopal Exhortation, iii. 139.
Epitaph, An *imaginary*, iii. 338; on Emperor Francis I, iii. 34; at *Fiesole*, For an, iv. 9; For an, iv. 162, 214; On a *Heavy*, iv. 199; for *General W. Napier*, iii. 337; on Sam Parr, iii. 297.
Epithalamium, iii. 141; of *Manlius and Julia*, iv. 281.
Erin, iii. 24.
Erinna, Address to, iv. 177.
— to *Leuconoe*, iv. 159.
— to *Love*, iv. 167.
Eriops, A *Faun* to, iv. 175.
Erminine, iii. 323-4.
Erskine, To *Captain*, J. E., iii. 358.
Eruption of Vesuvius, The, iii. 109.
Espousals of H.M. (Ferdinand) of Portugal, iii. 100.
— of *Polyxena*, ii. 346, 406.
Espoused, To an, iii. 331.
Essex and Bacon, i. 261; and *Elizabeth*, iii. 396.
Etruria, Famine in, ii. 361.
Eucrates to the God Sleep, ii. 365.
Eumenides, A *Greek* to the, iv. 107.
Europa and her Mother, ii. 226.
Eutopia, iv. 103.
Evening, Progress of, iv. 3.
Excommunication Denounced, iii. 116.
Ezmouth, iii. 343.
Expostulation, iv. 27.
Ezzelino, iii. 426; di *Napoli*, iii. 111.
F.(E.), To, iii. 286.
F.(K.), To, iii. 334.
Fable to be learnt by Beginners, iv. 84.
— for *Poets*, iii. 183.
Faesulan Idyl, iv. 5.
— *Musings*, iv. 7.
— *Villa*, The, iv. 15.
Fair Maiden, To a, iv. 200.
Fame, Bid to think of, iv. 109.
Famine in Etruria, ii. 361.
Fanny, iii. 188; *Carew*, To, iv. 147.
Forewell to Italy, iv. 10.
Farmer Theologian's Harangue, The, iii. 102.
Farmers, The *Dog*, and the *Kenel*, The, iv. 278.
Fashionable Phraseology, iv. 211.
Fashions in Poetry, iv. 203.
Fast-day as by law established, On the, iii. 92.
Fast fall the Leaves, iv. 39.
Fat Suitor, The, iii. 381.
Father and Child, iv. 213.
Faults Acknowledged, iv. 205.
Faun to Eriops, A, iv. 175.
Favour, iii. 331.
Fawn's Hoof, On a, iv. 44.
Fear, iv. 201; [and *Hope*], iv. 211.
Fearful, The, iii. 336.
Fellows of Trinity, Address to the, iv. 290 (279).
Ferdinand II of Naples, and the *Bandieras*, iii. 65, 427; *Bomba*, iii. 96, 98; a *Bourbon*, iii. 80, 96, 109; as *Ezzelino*, iii. 111; and *Agesslao Milano*, iii. 99.
Ferdinand VII of Spain, iii. 134.
Ferdinand, H.M. of Portugal, *Espousals of*, iii. 100.
Festus, To the *Author of*, iii. 163.
Few but bend their Necks, iv. 207.
Fiammetta, *Departure from*, iv. 181.
[Field, To Kale], iii. 334, iv. 213.
Field Marshal, To a, iv. 202.
Field Marshals, The *Two*, iii. 103.
Fiesole, iii. 295, iv. 5-7, 9, 14, 15, 25, 36, 213; For an *Epitaph at*, iv. 9.
Fig-Trees of Gherardesca, The, iv. 31.
Fire of Love, The, iv. 207.
Firmness, iv. 204.
Fisher the Artist, To, iv. 76.
Fist and Cudgel, iv. 204.
Flattered on my Youth, iii. 322.
Florence, from *Fiesole*, iv. 15; *Londor at*, iii. 47, 141, 269, 294, 301, 313, 317, 413; On the *Road to*, iv. 4.
Flowers (iv. 30); sent in *Bay-Leaves*, iii. 287; and *Friendship*, iv. 207; sent with, iii. 341, 352, iv. 95.
Fond and Foolish, iv. 215.
Foren Ruler, A, iv. 102.
Forster, To *John*, iii. 227, 290, 335 (226).
Fortuna, *Rapax*, iv. 150.
[Fortune], iv. 73.
Foundation-Stone, *Laying a*, iii. 105.
Four Willies, The, iii. 138.
Fox in a Cradle, A, iii. 89.
Fox, C. J., iii. 160, iv. 292.
Fra Dolcino and Margarita of Trent, iii. 113, 427.
Fra Rupert, ii. 44 (371).
Fragment, iii. 239.
France (1795), iv. 257, 274, 284; (1835), iii. 138; (1837), iv. 11; (1846), iii. 154; (1851), iii. 62, 171; (1858), iii. 110; (1863), iv. 104; *Invitation of*, to the *Pope*, iii. 62; To the *President of*, iii. 58.
Francis I of Austria, iii. 51, 62, 98, 426-7; *Epitaph on*, iii. 34.
Fredrick the Great, iii. 38, 129, 439.
Freedom, On, iv. 206.
French Republic (iv. 104), To the *President of the*, iii. 48, 58.
— *Villagers*, The, iv. 270.
Frenchmen, iii. 39, 80, 138.
Frere, J. H., iii. 165, 181.
Friend Jonathan, To, iii. 56.
— *Ode to a*, iii. 270.
— to *Theocritus*, A, ii. 364 (411).
Friend's Remonstrance, To a, iv. 20.
Friends, iv. 211 (210).
Friendship, iii. 267, 320, iv. 120; *Flowers and*, iv. 207; and *Love*, iv. 120, 210, 211.
Froude, J. A., iv. 28.
Fugitive Pieces, iii. 220.
Fuller, *Margaret*, iii. 64.
Funeral, A, iv. 212.
Fur and Moths, iv. 96.

INDEX OF TITLES AND SUBJECTS AND OF

Gabb and Gabell, i. 146; iv. 41.
 Galileo, iii. 70, 236, iv. 184.
Garden at Heidelberg, iv. 27.
 — *Gale, Inscription for a*, iv. 75.
Gardener, The, iv. 97; and *the Mole*, iii. 20.
Garibaldi, iii. 112, 123-4, 130; *To the Children of*, iii. 87; *his Marriage*, iii. 124; and *Nice*, iii. 130.
Garibaldum, Ad, iii. 112.
Garrow (Joseph), On the Grave of, iii. 337 (428).
 — *To Theodosia*, iii. 284, 301, 311.
[Gaskell, To Mrs.], iii. 160.
[Gaul and Corsican], iii. 80.
Gazelle-Skin, iv. 903.
Gebir, i. 1 (343); *Apology for*, iii. 231.
Gell, Sir William, iii. 149, 234.
Gelon, Hiero, and Pindar, iii. 45, 123 (ii. 243).
[Generous Actions], iv. 211.
Genlis, Madame de, Recollection of Lines by, iii. 261.
George III, i. 21, 347; iii. 93, 434-5, iv. 276; *his Statue*, iii. 100.
George IV, iii. 93, 117.
Georges, The, iii. 93.
German, To a, iii. 210.
German Hexameters, iii. 183 (167).
Germans, iii. 136, 210, iv. 27, 112.
Germany (1835), iii. 136; (1858), iii. 110; *Princes of*, iii. 97; *To a Professor in*, iii. 83.
Gessner's Idyls, On, iii. 210.
Gherardesca, Count, iii. 272.
 — *The Fig Trees of*, iv. 31.
Giallo, To, iv. 44-5.
Gibbon, iii. 185, 201, iv. 294.
Gifford, William, iii. 145, 218 (iv. 130); and *T. J. Mathias*, iii. 178, 218, iv. 219, 226, 299.
Gift of Poems, A, iv. 205.
Giovanna of Naples, ii. 1 (371, iii. 230).
Girl and Diogenes, iv. 212.
 — *Rhymes to a*, iv. 73.
 — *To an Innocent*, iv. 88.
 — *An old man to a Young*, iv. 92.
Giver of an Inkstand, To the, iii. 322.
Gnat, A Captain and a, iv. 189.
 — *Elegy on a*, iv. 5.
'Godiva, Leofric and', *From*, iv. 134.
Goethe, iii. 210, iv. 225; *his Epigrams*, iii. 210.
Gold Leaf, iii. 21.
Goldsmith, iii. 24, 232; and *Gray*, iii. 187, (165, 202); *his Pun*, iii. 176, 428.
Gonfalonieri (Confalonieri), iii. 50.
Good-bye, iii. 397.
Good-natured Friend, The, iv. 215.
Goodrich Court, iii. 299, 327.
Gore House left for Paris, iii. 317.
Governors of India, iii. 108.
Grace before Meal, iv. 112.
Graces, Different, iv. 203.
Graham, Sir James, iii. 92, 95, 105-6.
Grape, The, iv. 273.
Grasshopper, On the, iii. 189.
Grateful Heart, The, iii. 322.
Grave, 'An Open, iii. 366.
 — *of Garrow at Florence, On the*, iii. 337.

Grave, The One, iii. 399.
Graver Songs, iii. 318.
Gravestone in Spain, For a, iv. 41.
Gray, Thomas, iii. 165, 232; *Goldsmith and*, iii. 187 (165, 202).
Greece, iii. 134 (227); *under King Otho*, iii. 43.
Greecel Be Tolerant, iii. 127.
Greek, A, to the Eumenides, iv. 107.
 — *From the*, iv. 192.
 — *Idyl (Modern)*, ii. 277 (382).
 — *Proverb, Explanation of a*, iv. 278.
Grey (Earl), iii. 76, 95).
 — (*Lady Jane*) and *Roger Ascham*, iv. 126.
Grief, To One in, iv. 207.
Growth of Lies, The, iv. 105.
Guelphs, iii. 222, 276; and *Ghibellines*, iii. 8, 9.
Guiche (Duchess de), In the Album of the, iii. 269.
Guidone and Lucia, iii. 7, 425.
[Guilford, To the Earl of], iii. 326.
Guizot, iii. 97, 426; *his Disguise*, iii. 46.
Gunlaug and Helga, i. 91 (367).
Guyon, Richard Debaufre, To, iii. 86, 98, 102, 105, 108.
'Guy's Porridge Pot', iv. 295-9.
Guzman and his Son, ii. 132 (372).
Haftz, iii. 425, 429-30.
Hair falling off, On, iv. 80.
Haliburton, Judge, To, iii. 190 (208-9).
Hall and the Collage, The, iv. 21.
H[allam, Sir Henry], To, iii. 153 (331, 435).
Hamadryad, The, ii. 283 (382).
Hamilton, Alfred, iii. 95, 105; *Lady*, iii. 75; *Sir W. R.*, iii. 234-5.
Hampden, John, iii. 51, 116, 290, iv. 42.
 — *Written on the Steps at*, iv. 42.
Hand, An Alabaster, iii. 349.
[Hannah Giles], iv. 61.
Hare, Augustus, iii. 234; *Francis*, and *Julius*, iii. 234-5, 281; *Francis, To*, iii. 53 (149, 234, 329-30).
 — *Julius*, iii. 173, 428.
 — — and *Waller Landor*, iv. 139.
 — — *To*, iii. 237, 281, 310, 329.
Hatherton, Lord, iv. 69.
Haynau, Defenders of, iii. 75 (67).
Hazlitt, iv. 221.
Head (Sir Edmund), Recall of, iii. 118.
Heart's Abysses, The, iv. 200.
Heart's Ease, iv. 38.
Heavy Epitaph, On a, iv. 199.
 — *Fall, A*, iii. 324 (439).
Hector, iv. 223, 245, 249, 276; and *Andromache*, iv. 244-6.
Hegemon to Praxinoe, iv. 153.
Heidelberg, Garden at, iv. 27.
Heights, On the, iii. 240.
Helen at Troy, Menelaus and, ii. 223 (iii. 376, 380, and see *Corythos*).
Helena and Menelaos, Marriage of, ii. 366.
 — *on Ida, Achilles and*, ii. 229.
Hell, A Descent into, iii. 111.
Hellas (iii. 179), to Aubrey de Vere, iii. 180.
Hellenics, ii. 283; *Apology for the*, iii. 240; *Appendix to the*, iii. 234.

PERSONAL AND POLITICAL ALLUSIONS

- Hemans, Mrs., and 'Casabianca', iii. 162, 165, 213 (270).
Henry the Eighth, iii. 73; and Anne Boleyn, i. 275, 394; and Northumberland, i. 278.
Henry (Philpotts), *Lord Bishop of Exeter*, To, iii. 40.
Hephaestion, *The Iambicks of*, iv. 162.
Hercules, *Pluto*, *Alceste*, *Admetos*, ii. 233 (iv. 241-4, 248, 258).
Heroics or Dactylics, iii. 105.
Heroines of England, *The*, iii. 161.
Heron, *To the*, iv. 12.
Hesiod, *From*, iv. 160 (151, 244).
Hesperus, *Sappho to*, iv. 168.
Hexameters, *On English*, iii. 166, 204; German, iii. 183.
Hiero, ii. 243, iii. 45, 123, 143, iv. 254.
High and Low Life in Italy, *From*, iii. 250, iv. 182.
Hippomenes and Alalanta, ii. 267 (382).
Hofer, iii. 110, 230.
Holland, *Lady*, iv. 68.
Homer, ii. 297, iv. 223, 231; and Defoe, iii. 216; *Erminine reading*, iii. 323; and *Electra* and *Andromache*, iii. 241, iv. 244; and the 'Hellenics', iii. 241; his heroics, iii. 105; *Beginning of the Iliad*, iii. 260; *Laertes*, *Agatha*, ii. 251 (381), iii. 237; and *Milton*, iii. 165, 204; and the moderns, iii. 161, 203; *Odyssey*, *xii. 184*, iv. 156; and *Ovid*, iii. 207, iv. 65; *Plato* and, iii. 195; *Porson* and, iii. 204; and *Salamis*, iv. 124; and *Scott*, iii. 164, 167; *Southey* and, iii. 151; and *Colonel Stopford*, iii. 421; his translators, iii. 260, iv. 218.
Homes, *My*, iv. 35.
[Honest Name, *The]*, iv. 210.
Honey-moon, *The*, iv. 207.
Honor and Modesty, iv. 202.
— *Search after*, iii. 136.
Hood, *Thomas*, iii. 206.
[Hope and Fear], iv. 211.
— *Youth and*, iv. 76.
Horace (iv. 225); and *Moore*, iii. 150, 285; *Paraphrase of his Pyrrha*, iii. 66; quoted, iii. 69, 170, 220, iv. 219; *Suggested by*, iv. 65; a free translation, iv. 150.
House-dog, 'Captain', *To our*, iv. 40.
How to read me, iii. 239, 428.
Hudibrastics, *Reply to some*, iii. 211.
Hugo, *Victor*, iii. 210.
Humboldt's Correspondence, iii. 222.
Hungary, iii. 84-6, 88, 98, 126-7.
Hunt, *Leigh*, i. 347, iii. 30, iv. 219, 221; *To*, iii. 153.
Hurstmonceaux, *Written at*, iii. 172.
Hymn to America, iii. 59; to *Bakkos*, *Sophon's*, ii. 358; to *Proserpine*, iii. 132; of *Terpander to Juno*, ii. 357.
Hyperbion, ii. 311.
Hypocrisy why Hated, iv. 205.
Iambi 51, *Translation of*, iv. 70.
Iambicks of Hephaestion, *The*, iv. 162.
Ianthe [Jane Sophia Swift, iii. 396], ii. 319, iii. 266, 351, 367-8, 437, 440-1, iv. 25, 242; *Weeps*, iii. 368.
Ianthe's Daughter, *To*, iii. 407 (409).
Ianthe's Letter, iii. 390; *Name*, iii. 404; *Troubles*, iii. 384.
Ianthe, *To*, iii. 370, 401-2; in *Advancing Age*, and *Growing Old*, iii. 406; in *Vienna*, iii. 381; *With*, at *Clifton*, iii. 372.
Icaros and Erigone, ii. 294 (383).
Idle Words, iii. 128 (22, 213).
Idleness, iv. 204; *On Love and*, iii. 323.
Idyl, *Ancient*, ii. 226; *The Modern*, iv. 300; *Modern Greek*, ii. 277 (382).
Ignorance of Bolany, iii. 352, iv. 24.
Ilbra, *To*, iii. 243, 430.
Ill-mated, *To one*, iv. 109 (205, 305).
Illness, *After an*, iv. 80; *To a Lady during*, iv. 269; *To one in*, iii. 354; *Written in*, iv. 203 (33).
Ill Success of St. Peter, iii. 102.
Imaginary Epitaph, *An*, iii. 338.
Imitations, &c., iii. 242.
Immovable Power, *The*, iv. 206.
Impromptu, iv. 45.
Impruneta, *The Virgin of*, iii. 123.
Inchbald, Mrs., iii. 157.
Inconsistency, iv. 215.
Inconstancy, *A Complaint of*, iv. 204.
Incorrigible, iii. 321.
Independence, *The*, iv. 87.
India, *Governors of*, iii. 108.
Indifference, iv. 201; *to Praise*, *Accused of*, iii. 233.
Ines de Castro, i. 225, 391.
Influences, iv. 110.
Ingratitude, iii. 67, 424 (iv. 81).
Inkstand, *To the Giver of an*, iii. 322.
Innocent Girl, *To an*, iv. 88.
Inopportune, iii. 188.
Inscriptions, iv. 75, 137, 169.
Interlude, iii. 224-5.
Invitation, iii. 240; *Answer to a Dog's*, iv. 44; of *France to the Pope*, iii. 62; of *Petronius to Glycon*, iii. 196; *Reply to an*, iv. 66; to *Walk*, *On an*, iii. 350.
Invited to Oxford, iv. 28.
Invocation to the Muse, iv. 276.
Iôné, i. 40, 60, iii. 263-4, 335, 403.
Iphigenia, ii. 313 (383); *Agamemnon and*, ii. 211 (373).
Ippolito di Este, i. 253, 393.
Ipsley, iv. 45 (iii. 424, iv. 45).
Ireland, iii. 77, 128, 441; *A True Believer . . . from Old*, iii. 63.
Irish Thanks for Roman Miracles, iii. 63.
Irishman, *An*, to *Father Mathew*, iii. 77.
Irony, iv. 209.
Irving, *Washington*, iii. 208.
Isola (Emma) *To*, iv. 74.
Italians, iii. 88; *Chorus of*, iii. 109.
Italics, iii. 50.
Italy, iii. 122, 426; *To America on*, iii. 130; as *Ausonia*, iii. 30, 50, 137, 318, iv. 81; *Bell-ringing in*, iv. 42; *To my Daughter in*, iii. 414; *Farewell to*, iv. 10; *'High and Low Life in'*, *From*, iii. 250, iv. 182; in *January*, 1853, iii. 70; *Milton in*, iii. 185), 200; *Moonshine in*, iii. 17; *Regeneration of*, iv. 124; *Shakespeare in*, iii. 199 (148); *Shelley in*, iii. 179; *To*, iii. 124.

INDEX OF TITLES AND SUBJECTS AND OF

- Jacks, Two*, iv. 147.
Jackson, To General Andrew, iii. 33.
James, G. P. R., iii. 154; *On the Death of*, iii. 332.
James I of Scots, ii. 202 (373), iii. 215.
Jane of Arc, iii. 78.
January 19, 1857, iii. 359 (352, 361).
Jason and Medea, iv. 253.
Jealousy Acknowledged, iii. 228.
— *Confession of*, iii. 206.
— *Late*, iii. 318.
Jeffrey, iii. 205; and *Byron*, iv. 222; *criticizing Soulhey*, iii. 217.
Jekyll, Joseph, iii. 218, iv. 69.
Jesuits, iii. 62, 160, 209.
Jewel, The Lost, iv. 98.
Jezzar, Against, iii. 246, 432.
Joan of Arc and Charlotte Corday, iii. 78, 155; and *her Judge*, ii. 208; and *Madame Roland*, iii. 39, 78, 130.
Johnson, Samuel, iv. 220, 222, 276.
Jonathan, To Friend, iii. 56.
J.S. (Jane Swifte), *To*, iii. 396.
Judge and Thief, iii. 38.
Julian no Apostate, iv. 212.
June '51, iii. 399, 441.
Juno, Hymn of Terpander to, ii. 357.
Jupiter's Commandments, iv. 98.
Justice and Injustice, iv. 202.
Kents, iii. 140 (168, 187); *Byron and*, iv. 222; and *Gifford*, iii. 178; his 'Isabella', iv. 38; and *the Quarterly Review*, iv. 221; and *Shelley*, iii. 165, 203.
Kenyon, John, iii. 335; *To*, iii. 284, 316, iv. 213; *Lord*, iv. 50.
Kerchef carried off, The, iv. 300.
Kell, Henry, iii. 213, iv. 256, 279-80, 290-1.
K. F. (Kate Field) To, iii. 334.
Kid, To a, iv. 32.
Kings (and Popes), iv. 212; *A Warning to*, iii. 134.
Kisses, iv. 176.
Kitty and her Lover, iii. 419.
Kleber (General) and some French Officers, iv. 119.
Kosciusko, iii. 239.
Kossuth, iii. 57-8, 98; *To*, iii. 54, 126; *on his voyage to America*, iii. 60; *December, 1851*, iii. 84; and *Hungary*, iii. 85; *To New York, on its reception of*, iii. 63; with an *Ode to*, iii. 85.
La Vendée, 1815, iii. 35, 426.
Laborers, Who are the best, iv. 205.
Lacon and Dora, iii. 354.
Ladies of Leeds, The, iii. 91.
Lady Archer, To a, iv. 90.
Lady, on Coming of Age, To a, iv. 81; *who Dropt a few Years, To a*, iv. 202; *in France, To a*, iii. 342; *in Haste says, A*, iv. 200; *during Illness, To a*, iv. 269; *to Lady*, iii. 291; *late Married, To a*, iv. 274; *To a*, iii. 150, 321; *To a Young*, iii. 397.
Lady's Surprise, A, iv. 24.
Lamartine, iii. 96, 119, 175, iv. 225; *To*, iii. 47-8, 426.
Lamb, Charles (iv. 221); Lines on the Death of, iii. 145; *To the Sister of*, iii. 145.
Lampsacus, An Inscription at, iv. 169.
Landor, To Arnold Savage (first son), iii. 413 (410, 424); *Catherine May ('Kitty') niece*, iii. 419; *Charles Savage (third son)*, iii. 411, 418; *Elizabeth (sister)*, iii. 418-19, 423; *Julia (daughter)*, iii. 364, 410, 411, 413-14; *To Robert Eyres (brother)*, iii. 415; *To my Son Walter (second son)*, iii. 415 (364, 411, 418).
— *Walter Savage, From 'English Visitor, &c.'*, iv. 130; and *the Abbé Delille*, iv. 138; and *Archdeacon Hare*, iv. 139; *on his own writings*, iii. 223-41, iv. 209.
Larne, Written at, iv. 2.
'Last Days of Pompeii, The', iii. 215.
['Last Fruits', On], iii. 237.
Last Gift, The, iii. 355.
— *Miseto, The*, iv. 98.
— *of December, 1851*, iii. 84.
— *of Ulysses, The*, i. 119, 382.
— *Request, A*, iii. 347.
— *Words*, iv. 110.
Late Jealousy, iii. 318.
— *Love*, iv. 204.
Later Day, The, iii. 122.
Laura, iii. 420.
[Laurel, The], iv. 210.
Law, On, iv. 201.
[Lawn Sleeves], iv. 133.
Lawyers, Rival, iv. 41.
Layard, To, Sir A. H., iii. 181.
Laying a Foundation-Stone, iii. 105.
Leaders and Aspirants, iii. 95.
Leamington, iv. 27.
Leaving London, iv. 37.
— *my Villa, On*, iv. 19.
Leda, iv. 94.
Leeds, The Ladies of, iii. 91.
Leiningen, On General Count, iii. 98, 427.
'Leofric and Godiva', From, iv. 134.
Leonora d'Este, iii. 198, 382.
Lerici, iii. 179, 269.
Lesbia, and Catullus, iv. 108; *from Catullus*, iii. 254, 256, iv. 280; *Lesbia nostra! Lesbia illa!*, iii. 322; *her linnet*, iv. 19; *To*, iii. 336; *iv. 280-1*; *To the Sparrow of*, iv. 280 (33, 43).
Letter, From a, iv. 200.
Letter-land, iii. 233, iv. 218.
'Letters of an American', From, iii. 86, iv. 190.
Letters, Old, iv. 178.
Liberty, To, iv. 100.
Libidinous and Spiteful, One, iv. 303.
Lies, The Growth of, iv. 105; and *Truth*, iv. 160.
[Life], iv. 159; *The Burden of*, iv. 214; *Decline of*, iv. 97; *Hurries By*, iv. 206; *The Rocks of*, iv. 203.
Life's Romance, iv. 205.
Light and Dark, iv. 89.
Lime or Linden, iii. 358.
Limoncina, To a, iv. 38.
Lindens, Under the, iv. 94 (305).
Lines, iii. 278, 382.
Linton, To Mrs. Lynn, iii. 156, 229, 302.
Linton, To W. J., iii. 175.
Linus, iv. 243-4.
Literary Fraternity, To a, iv. 208.

PERSONAL AND POLITICAL ALLUSIONS

Lizard, To a, iii. 418, iv. 44.
Llanbedr, Lines written in the Church-yard of, iii. 273.
Llanthony, iii. 292, 424, 439, iv. 9, 12, 49.
Locke, *Tucker* and, iv. 280.
Lockhart, J. G., iii. 192-3.
Loire, The, iii. 171, 329, iv. 42, 258.
London, *Leaving*, iv. 37.
Loreto, iii. 82, iv. 102, 104.
Loss of Memory, iii. 308, iv. 193.
Lost Jewel, The, iv. 98.
Louis XVIII, On the Restoration of, iii. 118.
Louis Napoleon, see Napoleon III.
Louis Philippe, iii. 39, 46, 58, 96 (To a Traitor).
Louisine at Paris, To, iii. 408.
Love and Age, iv. 195.
 — *Erinna* to, iv. 167; *The Fire* of, iv. 207; at *First Sight*, iii. 288; and *Friendship*, iv. 210, 211; and *Idleness*, On, iii. 323; *Inscription* on a Statue of, iv. 137; *Late*, iv. 204; On, iv. 201; *Pure*, iv. 179; To, iii. 371; *The Torch* of, iii. 383; in *Youth*, iii. 321.
 [Love-making and Hay-making], iv. 210.
Love's Reply, iii. 371.
 — *Secrets*, iii. 404.
Lover and a Canary-bird, A, iv. 186.
 — *The*, iii. 336.
 — *To a*, iii. 324.
Lover's Answer, iii. 324.
 — *Resolution*, Young, iii. 353.
Lucian (ii. 250); 'and *Timotheus*', *From*, iv. 138; *Marcus Aurelius* and, ii. 247, 379.
Lucilla, iii. 268, 304, 324, 439.
Lucretia Borgia, On seeing a Hair of, iii. 30.
Lucretius, iii. 30, 234.
Luisina de Sodr , To, iii. 407-9.
Luther, *The Parents* of, i. 269.
Lynn, To *Eliza*, iii. 156, 229, 302.
Lyons [Admiral Sir Edmund], iii. 103.
Lyons and the Pope, iii. 121.
Lyric Poet, To a, iv. 195.
Lyrical Ballad, *Porson's*, iv. 62.
Lysander, *Alcanor*, *Phan *, ii. 309.
Lysts, To, iv. 169.

Macaulay (iii. 160, 180, 188, iv. 218); his *Peerage*, iii. 188; *Remonstrance* to, iii. 205; To, iii. 153.
Madam's Reply, iv. 149.
Maiano, iii. 196, 428, 438.
Maid and Guest, iii. 16.
Maid's Lament, The, iv. 142.
Maiden, To a *Fair*, iv. 200.
 [Malice], iv. 209.
Malvern, *Written at*, iii. 368, iv. 34.
Malvolio, iv. 75.
Man, On, iv. 71 (305).
Manin in Heaven, To, iii. 110 (135, 332).
Manlius and Julia, *Epithalamium* of, iv. 281.
Mapes, *Waller*, iv. 101.
Marble Dog, A, iv. 202.
 [March], iv. 116.
March 24, iii. 418.
Marcus Aurelius and *Lucian*, ii. 247, 379.
Margarita of Trent, *Fra Dolcino* and, iii. 113.
Marguerite, iii. 332 (311, 317).

Maria (Ianth 's Daughter), iii. 407, 409.
Marie Antoinette, iii. 39.
Marlborough, Duke of, iii. 68, 124, 161, iv. 43, 72, 256.
Marriage, iv. 67-8, 101, 105, 109, 118, 139.
Marriage of Helena and Menelaos, The, ii. 366.
 — of *Sophia Paynter*, On the, iii. 341.
Marten, The, iv. 272; *Dead*, iii. 410.
 [Martha], iv. 66.
Marvel (Andrew), *Milton* and, iv. 120; and *Bishop Parker*, iv. 138.
Mary and *Bohwell*, iv. 139; and *Elizabeth*, iv. 26; *Queen of Scots*, *Ode* on, iv. 269.
 'Mary Barton', To the Author of, iii. 160.
Mask on a Ring, A, iii. 290.
Mastif, To a, iv. 47.
Mathew (Father), An Irishman to, iii. 77.
 — and [Joseph] Wolff, To, iii. 41.
Mathias, T. J., i. 358, iii. 178, 218, iv. 219, 226, 293, 299; To, iii. 215.
Matho, Poet, iii. 150 (152).
Matron, The, iii. 233, 429.
 'Maurocordato and Colocotroni', *From*, iv. 122.
Mazzini, To, iii. 82 (427).
Mela, To the River, iv. 33.
Melctal (Henry of), *Wolfgang* and, iv. 128.
Meliton and *Lily*, ii. 353.
Melville, *Henry Dundas*, *Viscount*, iii. 31, 32, iv. 224, 256, 276-7, 283.
Memory, iii. (143), 403, iv. 100, 108, 193;
 Loss of, iii. 308, iv. 193; To, iv. 100.
Men of the Day, iii. 218.
Menander and *Epicurus*, iv. 139-40.
Menelaos, *Marriage* of *Helena* and, ii. 366.
Menelaos and Helen at *Troy*, ii. 223 (373).
Mermaid, The, iv. 140.
Merman, The, iv. 140.
Meschud the Liberator, To, iii. 57.
 [Metellus and Corinna], iv. 65.
Meyrick, To Sir Samuel, iii. 299, 327.
Michelet, To, iii. 155-6.
Midas, *Story* of, iv. 278.
Middle-Sized, The, iv. 202.
Midsummer Day, To, iv. 24.
Mignonette, On, iv. 3.
Milan, On the Massacre at, iii. 45.
Milano, On *Agesilao*, iii. 99.
Mileto (iv. 157), *Ode* to, iv. 165.
Military Merit Rewarded, iii. 108.
Milo (iii. 52, iv. 99) and *Pio Nono*, iii. 131.
Milton (i. 351, iii. 150, 176); and blank verse, iii. 167, 204, 232; and E. B. Browning, iii. 221; and Cowley, iii. 200, 235; and Cromwell, iii. 49, 116, 186, 201, 235; and Dante, iii. 196; *Defence* 'Pro Populo Anglicano', iii. 201; and Dickens, iii. 148; and his enemies, iii. 229, iv. 226; and Eve, iii. 176; and Hampden, iii. 51, 116; and heroic poetry, iii. 43, 52; and Homer, iii. 204, 381; in *Italy*, iii. 200 (148, 236); and Joan of Arc, iii. 78; Johnson and, iv. 222; from his Latin verse, iii. 234; and W. J. Linton, iii. 175; 'Lycidas', iii. 62, 256, iv. 25; and Andrew Marvell, iv. 120; and the Nightingale, iii. 179; 'Paradise Lost', iii. 141, iv. 200; and Shakespeare, ii. 381, iii.

INDEX OF TITLES AND SUBJECTS AND OF

- 144, 160, 185, 221, iv. 225; and the Sonnet, iii. 165; and Virgil, iii. 256; and Voltaire, iii. 78; and Waller, iii. 200 (201); and Wordsworth, iii. 165.
- Mimnermus* (iv. 249), *From*, iv. 138, 153, 174.
- Mimosas' shade*, *The*, iv. 9, 10, 15, 42.
- Miseries*, *Two*, iv. 105, 139.
- Mislelo*, *The Last*, iv. 98.
- Mistake Rectified*, iii. 304.
- Mistress Anne Nanfan*, iv. 148.
- Mists*, iii. 357.
- Mitford*, *To Mary Russell*, iii. 184, 428.
- Mnasyllus to Agapenthe*, iv. 156.
- Mnestheus*, *Inscription on a Plinth in his Garden*, iv. 169.
- Modern Greek Idyl*, *A*, ii. 277.
- *Idyl*, *A*, iv. 300.
- Modesty*, *The Altar of*, ii. 335, 399 (i. 130).
- *Honor and*, iv. 202.
- Molandrè*, *To the Comtesse de*, iii. 380 (440), 398; *The Death of*, iii. 400, 440.
- Molesworth*, *To Sir William*, iii. 68.
- Molière*, ii. 250, iii. 155, 209.
- [*Montalembert and Baraguay*], iii. 79.
- Montezuma*, iii. 55, 121.
- Monthly Rose*, *On receiving a*, iv. 13.
- Moon's Eclipse*, *On the*, iv. 187.
- Moonshine in Italy*, iii. 17.
- Moore*, *Thomas* (iii. 63, iv. 222, 224); *On his Death*, iii. 178; and *Horace*, iii. 150, 285; *his Irish Melodies*, iii. 24, 205, iv. 66; *A Sensible Girl's Reply to*, iv. 66.
- Moral*, *A*, iv. 164, 180, 182.
- *Epistle*, *A*, iv. 282.
- Morn*, iv. 36.
- Moschus*, *From*, iii. 253.
- Mother*, *The*, iv. 300; *To a*, iv. 208; *to a Boy*, *A*, iii. 22; and *Girl*, iii. 15; and *Three Children*, *On the Death of a*, iii. 266; of *Prince Rupert*, *The*, iii. 73; *To a*, on a *Child's Death*, iv. 208.
- Mother's Tale*, *A*, iii. 1, 425.
- Mountain Ash*, *The*, iii. 351.
- Mourner*, *To a*, iii. 319.
- Mozart and Marie Antoinette*, iii. 39.
- Mulberry Tree*, *To an old*, iv. 28.
- [*Mummius*], iv. 65.
- Murchison*, *To Sir Roderick*, iii. 329.
- Muse*, *To the*, iv. 276, 279.
- Music*, *On*, iv. 93, 207.
- Musical Man*, *Advice to a*, iii. 316.
- My Homes*, iv. 35.
- My Wit Scanty*, iv. 202.
- [*Myrrha*], iv. 66.
- Myrtle and Basil*, iii. 375; *Bay and*, iii. 365, 395; and *Rose*, iii. 390; *To a*, iii. 368.
- Myrtle's Appeal*, *The*, iv. 37.
- Myrtis*, *From*, iv. 154–5.
- Nancy*, iii. 263–4.
- *her Hair*, ii. 282.
- Nanfan*, *Mistress Anne*, iv. 148–9.
- Napier*, *Admiral Sir Charles*, iii. 104, 118, 219.
- *Sir Charles James*, iii. 108, iv. 83; *Military Worth Rewarded*, iii. 108; and *Scinde*, iii. 280, 295, 300–1, 315, 336–7; *To*, iii. 314, 336; *To Time*, on, iii. 314; *True Character of*, iii. 72.
- *Sir William*, iii. 160, 331; *Epitaph*, iii. 337; *To*, iii. 280, 300.
- *Charles and William*, iii. 69, 101, 186, 315, 415.
- Naples*, *The Archbishop of Taranto sent to*, iii. 122; on *the Insurrection of*, iii. 53; *The King of*, iii. 111; and *the Brothers Bandiera*, iii. 65.
- Napoleon*, 'always a dastard', iii. 229 (58); 'the illustrious Buonaparte', iii. 434–5; 'a mortal man above all mortal praise', i. 44, 349; and *Napoleon III*, iii. 58, 80; 'New Napoleons', iii. 155; at *St. Helena*, iii. 58; and *Madame de Stael*, iii. 157; and *Toussaint L'Ouverture*, iii. 285, 439; 'the world's last despot', iii. 157.
- Napoleon III*: and the *Bonaparte Bees*, iii. 66; and the earthquake at *St. Sauveur*, iii. 88; and *Italy*, iii. 200; *Louis Napoleon*, iii. 102, 119; and *Orsini*, iii. 129; and *Pius IX*, iii. 62; and *Prince 'Plon-Plon'*, iii. 94; *To the Emperor*, iii. 93; *the Emperor of the French*, iii. 120; *the Emperor Louis Napoleon*, iii. 86; *the President of France*, iii. 58; *the President of the French Republic*, iii. 48; and *Tours*, iii. 79.
- Napoleons*, *Two*, iii. 80.
- Neara*, *To*, iii. 263, 437.
- Needwood Forest*, iv. 3.
- Nelson*, *Collingwood*, *Pellew*, iii. 74 (158, 216).
- New York*, *To the City of*, iii. 63.
- Nice* (iii. 127), *the Birthplace of Garibaldi*, iii. 130.
- Nicholas I*, iii. 58, 104, iv. 40, 212; and the *Crimean War*, iii. 71, 95, 103; *The Duke of Devonshire and his portrait*, iii. 88; *On the Tzar*, iii. 71; *Poland and the Czar*, iii. 133; and the *Prince Consort*, iii. 95, 103, 106.
- [*Niconde*], iv. 177.
- Niemcewicz*, *On the Funeral of*, iii. 40.
- Nightingale*, iii. 431, 436–7, iv. 180; and *Rose*, iii. 14, 425; *To the*, iii. 179, 244; *The Wounded*, iv. 43.
- Nightingales*, *With a Cage of*, iv. 156; *A Pair of*, iv. 39.
- Nil Admirari*, iii. 170.
- Niles*, *The Two*, iii. 121.
- Nineteenth of January*, iii. 359 (361); *Flowers sent*, iii. 352.
- Niobe*, ii. 363.
- Nobles of Venice*, *To the*, iii. 110.
- Nono Sits*, iii. 110.
- Note-Cover*, *A*, iii. 348.
- November*, iv. 18, 41.
- Nugent*, *To Lord*, iii. 315–16, 327; *Lucy*, *Lady*, iii. 327.
- October*, 1799, iii. 317.
- Ode*, *An*, iii. 276, *to Asterbessa*, iv. 163; *to a Friend*, iii. 270; *on Mary, Queen of Scots*, iv. 269; *to Miletus*, iv. 165; *on Power*, i. 363; *to Sicily*, iii. 43; *on Southey*, iii. 276; *to General Washington*, iv. 275.
- 'Odysseus*, *Terzila*, *Acrive*, and *Trelawny*', *From*, iv. 131.
- Oenone*, i. 103, 370, 378.

PERSONAL AND POLITICAL ALLUSIONS

- Old Letters*, iv. 178.
Old Man and a Child, An, iii. 26.
 — to a *Young Girl*, An, iv. 92.
 — *Song*, An, iii. 345.
Old-Fashioned Verse, iii. 232.
Olim, iv. 200.
Open Grave, An, iii. 366.
Orestes (iii. 230) and *Electra*, ii. 217; *The Madness of*, ii. 219; *The Prayer of*, ii. 221.
Orpheus, *The Descent of*, iii. 251 (iv. 236–44, 248, 291, 314).
Orsini's Last Thoughts, iii. 129.
Olho, *Greece under King*, iii. 43 (127).
Ovid, his grave, iii. 164; and *Helen*, iii. 380; and *Homer*, iii. 207, iv. 65; and *Horace*, iv. 65; *Imitations from*, iv. 228, 232; and a *Prince of the Getae*, iv. 139; *Rome's last poet*, iii. 195, 436; A statesman and, iv. 66; and *Tibullus*, iii. 195.
Ouilet, *To the*, iv. 142.
Ozonian and Cantab, A *Debate between an*, iv. 277.
Oxford, and *General Bem*, iv. 191; *Invited to*, iv. 28.

Paine, *Thomas*, iii. 218 (iv. 226, 292).
Painter's Reproof, A, iv. 106.
Palinodia, iii. 193.
Pallas, *The Bird of*, iv. 176.
Palmerston, and *Guyon*, iii. 98, 105; and *Lisbon*, iii. 426; and *Lord John Russell*, iii. 95, 98, 106.
'Palmy State', *On the Perpetual Employment of the Words*, iii. 146.
Pan, ii. 364; *Cupid and*, iii. 323, 389; and *Pitys*, ii. 319, 386 (iii. 237).
Panaetius, *Scipio and Polybius*, iv. 136.
Pardoning Enemies, iv. 212.
Parents of Luther, *The*, i. 269.
Paris and Oenone, *Death of*, i. 378.
Parker (Bishop) and *Andrew Marvel*, iv. 138.
Parr, *Samuel*, iii. 205, 297.
[Parrots and Doves], iv. 44.
Parties, iv. 201.
Pastoral, A, iv. 110 (305).
Patriot, *The*, iv. 272.
Paynter, *To the Lady of Lt.-Col.*, iii. 348; and *see Rose the Second and Sophia*.
Peace, iii. 97.
Pebbles, iv. 156.
Peel, *Sir Robert*, iii. 67, 69, 102, 171, 189, iv. 221.
[Peggy], iv. 61.
Pelcus and Thetis, ii. 237.
Penelope and Pheldo, iii. 241.
Penn (William), and *Lord Peterborough*, iv. 133 (iii. 58, 205).
Penserosa, La, iii. 344.
People and Patriots, iii. 106.
Perceval, *Spencer*, iii. 40.
Percy, *To Miss Isabella*, iii. 287.
Perfidious, *The*, iv. 194.
Pericles, iii. 43, 237; and *Aspasia*, ii. 265, (iii. 157); in *'P. and A.'*, iv. 150; with *'P. and A.'*, iii. 281, 311; to *Aspasia*, iv. 150; and *Sophocles*, iv. 121.
Persian, *From the*, iii. 242–4, 429–32.
Pertness Reproved, iv. 203.

Peter (St.), *Ill Success of*, iii. 102.
Peter the Fisherman, *To*, iv. 109.
Peterborough (Lord), *From Penn and*, iv. 133.
Peter's Bastard, iv. 213.
Petrarca, iii. 259, 431, iv. 179, 181; *Boccaccio and* (ii. 25), iv. 131 (181); *Chaucer*, *Boccaccio and*, iv. 131.
Petrarch's Laura, *With a Portrait of*, iii. 361.
 — *Sonnets*, *With*, iii. 370 (266).
Petronius to Glycon, iii. 196.
Phelim's Prayer to St. Vitus, iii. 19.
Phillipotts, *To Bishop Henry*, iii. 40 (102, iv. 28, ? 198, 224).
Philosopher, *The*, iv. 215; and *Poet*, iv. 206; *Dying Speech of an old*, iii. 226.
Phocæans, *The*, i. 62 (366), iii. 172 (130).
Photo Zavellas and Kaido, *From*, iv. 131 (305).
Phraortes, *Aletheia to*, iv. 157.
Piccolomini, *To Marchesa*, iii. 109.
Pierce, *President Franklin*, iii. 98.
Pievano Arlollo, iii. 12, 425.
Pigeon-fancier, *The*, iv. 97.
Pigmies and Cranes, iii. 102.
Pilfered to the Pilferer, *The*, iv. 302.
Pilgrim's Shell, *The*, iv. 179.
Pindar, iii. 151, 161, 178, 234, iv. 151, 211, 254, 277–8.
Pindar and Hiero, ii. 243 (iii. 45, 123, 143).
 — *Imitated*, iii. 261.
'Pindar, Peter', iv. 219, 276, 296.
Pio Nono, iii. 101, 122; *dedication to*, ii. 314; *Lyons and*, iii. 121 (62); *Milo and*, iii. 131; *Nono Sits*, iii. 110; A true believer to, iii. 63.
Pisa, iii. 179, 413, iv. 4, 46.
Pisistratos and Solon, iv. 216.
Pitt, iv. 8, 256, 277, 286; and *Canning*, iii. 32, 160; and *Melville* (Dundas), iii. 32, iv. 224.
Pity and Compassion, iv. 204.
'Plaint of Freedom (The)', *To the Author of*, iii. 175.
Plato, iii. 195, iv. 110, 278.
Plays, iv. 84.
Pleasure, iv. 181, 201; and *Pain*, iv. 201.
Plinth, *Inscription on a*, iv. 169.
Po, *On the Conflagration of the*, iii. 111.
Poems, iv. 210; A *Gift of*, iv. 205; *Sent with*, iii. 152.
Poesy, *Birth of*, iv. 229.
Poet, *Advice to a*, iii. 220; *Advice to an Old*, iii. 211; *To an Aged*, iii. 152 (220, iv. 308); and *Butterfly*, iv. 110; *By a Carian*, iv. 163; *The little dainty*, iii. 154; and *Lady*, *To a*, iv. 117; *To a Lyric*, iv. 195; *Matho*, iii. 150; and *May*, iii. 97; *To an Old*, iii. 220; *Philosopher and*, iv. 206; *Sleeping*, A, iii. 191; *who Sleeps*, *The*, iii. 216; *To a*, iii. 192, 212; in a *Welsh Churchyard*, *On a*, iv. 4; *To a Young*, iii. 192.
Poet's Dirty, *Some Ancient*, iv. 93.
 — *Legacy*, A, iii. 241.
Poetry, *Fashions in*, iv. 203; *On some obscure*, iv. 209; *Praise on*, iv. 139.
Poets, iii. 201; *Fable for*, iii. 183; *Revival of*, iii. 191; of *Scotland*, *The*, iii. 207; *To*, iii. 146, iv. 197; *To Young*, iii. 211.

INDEX OF TITLES AND SUBJECTS AND OF

Poisoning of Sparrows, On the, iv. 43.
Poland, iii. 40, 87-8, 127, 309, iv. 256, 259;
and the Czar, iii. 133; *The Rising in*, iii. 133.
Politics, iv. 133.
Polybius and Panaetius', From 'Scipio, iv. 136.
Polyxena, Espousals of, ii. 346, 406.
Pope, iii. 170, 232, iv. 218, 220-4, 228, 232, 257; *and the late Prince of Wales*, iv. 276;
Swift on, iii. 187; *Warton's Essay on*, iv. 279.
Popes and Kings, iv. 212.
Porson, and Bacchus, iii. 204; *on English Hexameters*, iii. 204; *Southey and*, iii. 258, iv. 118, 136-7; *To*, iii. 205.
Porson's Lyrical Ballad, iv. 62.
Portrait, iv. 302; *On Receiving a*, iv. 79; *On a*, iv. 57, 195.
— Painter, To a, iii. 375, 439.
Portugal, Espousals of H.M. of, iii. 100.
Power, To Miss Margaret A., iii. 283; *the Misses*, iii. 317.
— The Immovable, iv. 206; *Ode on*, i. 363.
Praise, Accused of Indifference to, iii. 233.
Praises, iv. 210; *of Abu-Said*, iii. 244.
Prayer of the Bees for Alciphron, ii. 290 (382); *of Walter Mapes*, iv. 101; *for Spain*, iii. 31.
Preachers, iv. 213.
Preferences, iii. 312.
Priam and Achilles, iv. 245.
Pride (iii. 405), iv. 133.
Priest, The Contrite, iv. 67.
— and the Sinner, The, iii. 21.
Primrose-Bank, The, iii. 401.
— to be dried in a Book, iii. 347.
Print, On a Certain, iv. 293.
Prior, iii. 201, 213, 232, iv. 222.
Prior Park, iii. 354, 358-9.
Prisoners of War, iii. 139.
Procter, B.W. ('Barry Cornwall'), iii. 147.
Professor in Germany, To a, iii. 83.
— [Blumenbach], A Royal Present to a Learned, iii. 117.
Progress of Evening, iv. 3.
Promessa Sposa, La, iv. 97.
Promise, iii. 354.
Proper Lesson for Charles's Martyrdom, iii. 55.
Prophecy, iii. 126.
Proserpine, iii. 237, iv. 107, 125; *Hymn to*, iii. 132.
Prude, To a, iv. 212.
Prussia, iii. 85, 103, 136, 157.
Ptolemata, iii. 118.
Ptolemy and Theocritus, ii. 245.
Puissant Prince, A, iii. 94.
Pure Love, iv. 179.
— Religion, iv. 139.
Purse, On a, iii. 273.
Pursuers of Literature, iii. 178.
Pyramus and Thisbe, iv. 259 (228, 266).
[Pyrrha], iii. 66, iv. 171.
Pythagoras and a Priest of Isis, ii. 280.
— Blessing on, ii. 360.
Quaker's Tankard, On a, iv. 278.
Qualis ab Incepto, iii. 355.
Quarrel, iv. 83.

Quarrelsome Bishop, A, iv. 198.
Question and Answer, iv. 204.
Quotes and Detracts, To one who, iv. 196.
Raffael, iii. 167, 424, iv. 14, 21, 80.
Raglan, Lord, iii. 98, 231.
Rahdi, Addressed to, iii. 428, 433.
Railroad Eclogue, A, iii. 17.
Ramorino, To a Green Lizard called, iii. 418.
Rapax Fortuna, iv. 150.
Read me, How to, iii. 239.
Reade, John Edmund, iii. 206 (188-9); *On his 'Cain'*, iii. 148.
Recruits, To, iii. 187.
Redi, From, iii. 248 (iii. 431, 438, iv. 135, 305).
Reflection, iv. 207; *from Sea and Sky*, iv. 204.
Regeneration, iv. 123.
Religion in Danger, iii. 128.
Remonstrance and Advice to Byron, iii. 202.
— To a Friend's, iv. 20.
— to Macaulay, iii. 205.
— and Reply, iii. 225.
Repentance, iv. 207.
Reproof of Thanks, iv. 24.
Request, A Last, iii. 347.
Restoration of Louis XVIII, On the, iii. 118.
Restormel, iii. 347, 354 (361).
Resurrection of Sicily, The, iii. 112.
Rewards, iii. 189.
Rhine, Written on the, iv. 11 (27).
Rhymes to a Girl, iv. 73.
Ricasoli, Baron Bettino, iii. 125.
Richards, Rev. G., iv. 256, 287, 290, 293.
'Richelieu, Sir Firebrace, etc.', *From*, iv. 127.
Rival Lawyers, iv. 41.
Rocks of Life, The, iv. 203.
Roland, Madame, iii. 78 (39, 130); *The Death of*, iii. 79.
Rome (iii. 81) *Alarm at*, iv. 100; *Gibbon and*, iii. 185, 201; *Napoleon III and*, iii. 80, 94; *Seen at*, iii. 22.
Rondeau, iv. 188.
Rosa Major, iii. 366.
— Victrix, iii. 362.
Rose, The, iv. 30; *On receiving a Monthly*, iv. 13; *The Nightingale and*, iii. 14; *A Persian*, iv. 189; *of Sharon*, iv. 136.
'Rose the First' (iii. 350), 356, 360; *Rose Aylmer*, iii. 339 (357), 360 (370); *Her Hair*, iii. 346; *Rose Major*, iii. 366.
'Rose the Second' (iii. 350, 357): *Rose Paynter*, afterwards *Lady Graves Sawle*, iii. 340, 342, 344, 346, 350-1, 357-8; *her album*, iii. 343, 352-3, 361-2, 366; *On the Birthday of*, iii. 342 (348, 352, 355, 357), 359, 361; *dedications to*, i. 279, ii. 226; *on her marriage*, iii. 345, 350; *Rosa Victrix*, iii. 362; *To*, iii. 340-2 (345), 347 (349, 354), 355, 357-8, 361-3, 365-6.
'Rose the Third' (iii. 350), *'Rosina'*, iii. 354 (-5), 358, [*Rose Dorothea Graves Sawle*], iii. 348, 350, 359; *On her tenth birthday*, iii. 358.
Rosenhagen (Mrs.), *On the decease of*, iii. 283.
Roses, The Three, iii. 350.
— Two, iii. 305, 348.
Routs, iv. 204.

PERSONAL AND POLITICAL ALLUSIONS

Royal Beagles, The, iii. 76.

— *Feast*, iii. 104.

— *Present to a Learned Professor*, iii. 117.

Rubens, iii. 94, 381, iv. 81.

Ruler, *A Domestic*, iv. 68; *A Foren*, iv. 102.

Rupert, *The Mother of Prince*, iii. 73.

Russell, Lord John, iii. 75, 95, 98, 102, 105–6;
Ad I. Russellum, iv. 70.

— William, iv. 273; and Lady Rachel, iii. 54.

Russian Air, Words adapted to a, iv. 113.

Sage of Seventeen, The, iii. 323.

Saint Agnes' Day, For, iii. 361.

— Clair, iv. 35.

— *Ives, Voyage to*, iv. 34.

— *Sauveur, On the Earthquake at*, iii. 88.

— *Vitus, Phelim's Prayer to*, iii. 19.

'Sam Slick', iii. 190, 208–9.

Sandford, *To William*, iii. 328 (101).

Sappho (iii. 157, 221, 227, iv. 246), iv. 168; to
Alcaeus, iv. 153; *Alcaeus, Anacreon, Phaon*,
ii. 270; her *Expostulation*, iv. 92; *From*, iii.
248; to *Hesperus*, iv. 168; to *Phaon*, iii. 221
(ii. 270, iv. 247).

Satire, iv. 222, 283; *Apology for*, iv. 255
(228), on *Satirists*, iv. 217 (307).

Satirists, The Two, iv. 203.

Schlegel, *William von*, iii. 219 (193).

Scinde, *To the Conqueror of*, iii. 295 (280,
300–1, 315, 336–7).

'*Scipio, Polybius, and Panaetius*', *From*, iv.
136 (iii. 185, 415–16).

Scotch Critics, *To*, iii. 207 (271).

Scotland, *The Poets of*, iii. 207.

Scott, Sir Walter, iii. 187 (150); and Burns,
iii. 153, 207; 'The Lay of the Last Min-
strel', iii. 167; and Macaulay, iii. 153;
'*Marmion*', iii. 158, 164; and Wordsworth,
iii. 187.

Scrapes and Maladies, iv. 205.

Scribblers, iv. 209.

Sea and Sky, iv. 204.

Sea, Verses written near the, iv. 2.

Sea-shell Speaks, A, iii. 343 (i. 6, iv. 309).

Search after Honour, iii. 136.

Separation, iii. 304.

Sermoni Propiora, iii. 233.

Sessions, A Case at, iv. 63.

Sevastopol, iii. 90 (94, 103, 333).

Seventeen-Ninety-Two, written in, iv. 72.

Seventeen-Ninety-Three, written in, iii. 335.

Severe Winter, iv. 192.

Shakspeare, On, iii. 146, iv. 138; and Bacon,
i. 263, iii. 197; and E. B. Browning, iii.
221; and Robert Browning, iii. 149; and
the classics, iii. 164, 185, 241, iv. 225;
and Dante, iii. 161; *Desdemona*, iii. 149,
199, 219; and the Elizabethans, iii. 165,
197; from 'The Examination of', iv. 140–
50; and fame, iii. 200; in *Italy*, iii. (148),
199, iv. 19; and Jonson, iii. 200; Juliet, iii.
149, 199, 219, iv. 19; and Rev. Henry Kett,
iv. 280; and Lander's youthful reading,
iii. 176; 'of largest, widest, tenderest
heart', iii. 424; *Lear*, iii. 424; 'that
matchless man', i. 16; and T. J. Mathias,
iii. 150; and Milton (ii. 381), iii. (144), 160,

185, 221, iv. 225–6; *Ophelia*, iii. 219; *Pro-
spero*, iii. 148, 199; and Schlegel, iii. 219;
and Lord Southampton, iii. 54; and
Spenser, iii. 167; 'universal', iii. 320.

Sheik Daher, The Son of, iii. 245–8.

Shell, A, iii. 265 (343, 376, i. 6, iv. 309).

Shelley, To, iii. 179; Byron and, iv. 222;
forgeries, iv. 84; and Keats, iii. 165, 203;
and the nightingale, iii. 180; and Rome,
iii. 203.

Shepherds, Two, iv. 143.

Shippen, William, iv. 288–9.

Shortest Day, The, iv. 200.

Sicily (i. 61); Garibaldi in, iii. 123; Francis
Hare and, iii. 53, 281, 330; *On the Insurrec-
tion of*, iii. 53 (52); *Ode to*, iii. 43; *The
Resurrection of*, iii. 112; the pastoral poets,
iii. 210, 235, 237.

Sick Nurse, The, iii. 422.

Sickness, Written in, iv. 33, 203.

Siddons and her Maid, iv. 64.

Sidney, Algernon, iii. 54, 116.

— (*Sir Philip*) and Lord Brooke, iv. 114.

Siege of Ancona, The, ii. 89 (371).

Sigh Caught, A, iv. 201.

Sighs Do, What, iv. 195; *Where one*, iv. 194.

Silenus, ii. 351 (i. 1, ii. 316, iii. 184).

Simonides, iv. 151, 254.

Simplicity, Attempts at, iv. 58.

Singing Birds, iv. 39.

Sister Elizabeth, My, iii. (418), 419, 423.

Sisters, iii. 342 (305).

Sister's Death, On the Approach of a, iii. 418.

Six Years Ago, iii. 286.

Sleep, Appeal to, iii. 346; *Eucrates to the
God*, ii. 365; *Invocation to*, iv. 115.

[*Small Beer*], iv. 136.

Smith, On Admiral Sir Sidney, iii. 101 (118,
139); *On the Death of*, iii. 117.

Smith, Robert Percy ('Bobus'), iii. 30, 165,
416.

— Rev. Sydney, iii. 12, 206, 416.

[*Smithfield*], iii. 77.

Socrates (iv. 105, 110), to *Aspasia*, iv. 150–1.

Solar Microscope, The, iii. 191.

Sole Assailant, The, iii. 233.

Solon (iii. 137, 284), *Pisistratos and*, iv. 216.

Somerset, Duke of, To the, iii. 105 (95).

— Lord F. J. H. (Lord Raglan), iii. 231.

Son and Daughter, To a, iii. 410.

Song, A, iii. 406, 441; *An old*, iii. 345.

Sonneteer, The, iii. 221 (iii. 168, 225, 238, iv.
219).

Sophia, Jane, see Ianthe.

Sophia [Paynter], (342, 350); *On The Mar-
riage of*, iii. 341 (355); *To*, iii. 340.

Sophia Venour, i. 91 (368), iv. 274.

Sophocles, Aeschylus and, ii. 246, (378, iv.
223); *Pericles and*, iv. 121; quoted, iv. 244,
288.

Sophonon (iv. 210), his *Hymn to Bakkos*, ii.
358.

Sorrento, iii. 150, iv. 14, 33, 36.

Southey, To the Rev. Cuthbert, iii. 292.

Southey's Pension, On Mrs., iii. 170.

Southey, Robert, On his Birthday, iii. 177;

Byron and, iv. 222; *On the Death of*, iii.
278, 314; and the Derwent, iii. 141, 172,

INDEX OF TITLES AND SUBJECTS AND OF

- 271, 428; and 'Gebir', iii. 231, 234-5; Gifford and, iii. 178; *In Memoriam*, iii. 298; *Jeffrey criticizing*, iii. 217; 'my friend', iii. 166, 172 (314); *Poet Laureate*, iii. 214 (276); his poetry, iii. 166, 203; and his son, iii. 357; *From 'Southey and Porson'*, iv. 118, 136-7 (188); *To*, iii. 141, 151, 312, 314 (iv. 214); *On his Tomb*, iii. 326, iv. 100; Wordsworth and, iv. 225.
- Spain, iii. 134 (i. 74, iii. 32, 136, 160, 174, iv. 284); *For a Gravestone in*, iv. 41; Landor in, iii. 134, 217, 275, 313; *Prayer for*, iii. 31; *On the Declaration of War (1800) by*, iii. 30; *Written in*, iv. 41.
- Spaniel, *To a*, iii. 344 (353).
- Sparrows, (iv. 33) *On the Poisoning of*, iv. 43.
- Speaker, *On the*, iii. 93.
- Spectre, *To a*, iv. 68.
- Spenser, iii. 167, 438; iv. 118, 226; and Chaucer, iii. 140, 144, 176, 198, 232.
- [Speusippus], iv. 173.
- Spinsters, *To Two*, iv. 202.
- Spiteful, *The*, iii. 212; *On one Libidinous and*, iv. 303.
- Spitz, *On a*, iv. 40.
- Spouse, *The*, iii. 355.
- [Spring, Early], iv. 30.
- Squire, *The*, iii. 23.
- Stanhope (Earl), *Moral Epistle to*, iv. 282.
- Statesmen, *Our*, iii. 107.
- Statue, *On a*, iv. 31, 169; of Ebenezer Elliott, iii. 173.
- Stern Brow, *The*, iii. 399.
- Stivers (Mr.), *Poetry by*, iv. 188.
- Stone in a Field, *On a*, iii. 327.
- Stopford, *To Colonel Edward*, iii. 421 (414, 420; 118).
- Story, *To Edith*, iii. 338; *To W. W.*, iii. 333.
- Strachey, *To Sir Henry*, iii. 315.
- Stuart, *To Lord Dudley C.*, iii. 85 (309).
- Studios, iii. 320.
- Sunday Morning in May, *A*, iv. 269.
- Sunium, iii. 227.
- [Swallow, *To a*], iv. 138.
- Swansea, iii. 231, 356, 360, iv. 2.
- Sweet-Briar, *To a*, iv. 145 (100).
- Swift, i. 360, iii. 209, 211, 232, 327, iv. 293; *The Dean's Tale*, iii. 27; *On Pope*, iii. 187; and Rabelais, iv. 250, iv. 7.
- Swift joining Avon near Rugby, *On*, iv. 25.
- Switzerland, iii. 124, 135, iv. 128.
- Sympathy, iv. 205.
- Syracuse, iii. 123 (186, 237, iv. 125); Hiero and, iii. 123, 143, iv. 254.
- Tacaea, *To*, iv. 1.
- Tachbrook, iv. 1, 2.
- Talboys (Mr.), *To Serena Bruchi*, iv. 185.
- Tanagra, Corinna to, iv. 152.
- Tancredi and Constantia, iv. 214.
- Taranto (iii. 52, 110); *The Archbishop of*, iii. 122 (149).
- * *Tasso* (iii. 198, iv. 25) and Cornelia, *From*, iii. 382, iv. 138 (306).
- Tears, iii. 357, 385, 394, iv. 91; *Difference in*, iii. 386 (iv. 91); *that Rise*, iv. 201.
- Tell, William, iii. 110, iv. 130, 273.
- Tennyson, *To*, iii. 180 (171, 218, 357).
- Teresita, iii. 422 (420).
- Terminus, *To the God*, iv. 89.
- Ternissa (iii. 284, iv. 132), *on her Death*, ii. 356.
- Terpander to Juno, *Hymn of*, ii. 357.
- Thales, i. 85, 88, iv. 278.
- [Themis], iv. 209.
- Theocritus, *From an Essay on*, iii. 256, iv. 61; *A Friend to*, ii. 364, 411; *From*, iv. 137; *Ptolemy and*, ii. 245.
- Thermometer, iii. 189.
- Theron and Zoe, ii. 305.
- Theseus and Hippolyta, ii. 265.
- Thomson, iii. 207, iv. 222.
- Thoresby Park, *For an Urn at*, iv. 4, 16.
- Thorwaldsen leaving Rome, iii. 125.
- Thoughts on Death, iii. 311.
- Thrasymedes and Eunoe, ii. 292 (382).
- Tibullus, iii. 195, 249 (429); and Delia, iii. 125, 195, iv. 108; *From*, iii. 249.
- Time, iv. 211; *To*, on Sir C. Napier, iii. 314.
- 'Times' (The), *On a Statement in*, iii. 95.
- Timid, *The*, iii. 320.
- [Tom Flook], iv. 146.
- Tomb of Queen Anne, *On the*, iv. 43.
- in Widcombe Church-yard, *For a*, iv. 18.
- Torbay, iii. 351.
- Torquay, *Lines on*, iv. 14 (iii. 284, 337).
- Tours, iii. 79; *Beranger at*, iii. 171; Landor at, iii. 330, iv. 35.
- Toussaint l'Ouverture, iii. 285, 439.
- Tracts for the Times, iii. 212.
- Traitor, *To a*, iii. 96.
- Translation, iii. 351.
- Trash, iii. 238.
- Tree Speaks, *A*, iv. 29; *To a*, iv. 47.
- *To an old Mulberry*, iv. 28.
- Trelawny, iii. 223 (iv. 131).
- [Tribsa], iv. 303.
- Trinity College, Oxford, *To the Fellows of*, iv. 290; *a Tutor of*, iv. 213.
- Tripes, iii. 192.
- True Believer (A) to his Holiness the Pope, iii. 63.
- Truth, *A*, iv. 206; *will Penetrate*, iv. 207.
- Tsing-Ti, iii. 262.
- Tucker's Treatise, *On*, iv. 280.
- Turks, the, iii. 106, 108, 135, iv. 190.
- Twelfth Night, iii. 370.
- Twenty Years Hence, iii. 391.
- Twice Ten Years, iii. 318.
- Two Birthdays, iii. 361; *Field Marshals*, iii. 103; *Jacks*, iv. 147; *Miseries*, iv. 105, 139; *Napoleons*, iii. 80; *Nations*, iii. 124; *Niles*, iii. 121; *Roses*, iii. 305, 348; *Satirists*, iv. 203, *Spinsters*, *To*, iv. 202.
- Tyrannicide, iii. 61, 426.
- Tyrrel (Walter) and William Rufus, i. 264 (iii. 138).
- Tzar, *On the*, see Nicholas.
- Ulysses, *The Last of*, i. 119, 382.
- Uncle's Surmise, *An*, iii. 357.
- Under the Lindens, iv. 94.
- Unequally Matched, *To one*, iv. 205 (109).
- Urn at Thoresby Park, *For an*, iv. 4, 16.
- Veglia di Partenza, iii. 362.
- Vendée, La, 1815, iii. 35, 426.

PERSONAL AND POLITICAL ALLUSIONS

Venice (iii. 127, iv. 124); and the Austrians, iii. 110; *To*, iii. 122 (124); *To the Nobles of*, iii. 110; *On the Death of G.P.R. James, at*, iii. 332.

Venour, William, iii. 422 (John and Catherine, iv. 274; Sophia, i. 91, 368).

Venus, Boys of, ii. 383; *Children of*, ii. 315.

Verbenà, iv. 38.

Verchild, Fanny, iii. 277.

Verona (iv. 33); *To*, iii. 80, iv. 19.

[*Versailles*], iii. 399.

Verse, Old-Fashioned, iii. 232.

Verses Why Burnt, iii. 234 (238).

'Vestiges of Creation', To the Author of, iii. 207.

Vesuvius, The Eruption of, iii. 109.

Victoria, iii. 35, 426.

Villa, On Leaving My, iv. 19.

Vine, Address to the, iii. 243.

Violet, The White, iii. 302.

Virgil, iii. 105, 211; *Paraphrased*, iii. 253, 261; quoted, iii. 158, 185, 288, 436, iv. 38, 86, 179; and Theocritus, iii. 256; translated, iii. 251, 253, 257.

Virgin of Impruneta, The, iii. 123.

Virtue and Vice, iv. 202.

Voltaire (iii. 78, 119, 156, 204, 209-10); *Paraphrased*, iii. 260.

Vulgar Name on an ancient Statue, A, iv. 31.

Wade, Arthur Savage, iii. 423.

Walcheren, 1809, iii. 31.

Wales, iii. 23; *Verses, written near the Sea, in*, iv. 2 (iii. 273, 373, 403, iv. 34, 41).

Walker, Arthur de Noë, To, iii. 310, 333-4 (337).

Walter Mapes, Prayer of, iv. 101.

Wallon, Cotton, and Oldways, iv. 134.

War, iv. 161 (212); *in China*, iii. 41; *On the Declaration of, by Spain*, iii. 30.

Warburton, Eliot, iii. 301 (73).

Warning to Kings, A, iii. 134.

Warton, Joseph, On his 'Essay on Pope', iv. 279; *To*, iv. 279 (277).

Washington, George, iii. 48, 130, 239; his 'glorious name', iii. 98, 208, iv. 257; *Ode to General*, iv. 275.

Was-Water Lake, Lines written at, iv. 10.

Watch, To my, iii. 373.

Waterside, Stanzas written by the, iv. 268.

We drive the Hoop, iii. 191.

Weakness, On my, iv. 293.

Wedding, On a, iv. 294.

Wellington, Duke of, iii. 67, 69, 72, 219.

Welsh Church-yard, On a Poet in a, iv. 4.

West, to Mrs., iii. 337.

'What do you believe?', *Answer to*, iv. 87.

What to Bring, iii. 352.

What is Deplorable, iv. 206.

What News, iii. 392, 441.

What Sighs do, iv. 194.

Where are the Brave, iii. 88.

Where are sighs, iv. 194.

Whigs, iv. 213.

Whipping Threatened, A, iii. 324.

Whist, Dialogue at, iv. 56.

Who are the Best Laborers, iv. 205.

Who is Safe, iv. 203.

Why never Seen, iv. 206.

Widcombe Churchyard (iii. 358), iv. 47; *For a Tomb in*, iv. 18.

'Widow's Ordeal (The)', *On*, iii. 208.

Wife, On the Affliction of a, iii. 246; *On the Death of a*, iii. 247.

William I of Prussia, iii. 129, 133, iv. 212.

William Rufus, Walter Tyrrel and, i. 264.

Willies, The Four, iii. 138.

Wimbledon, iii. 284, 316, 335.

Window-Taz, On the, iv. 277.

Winter, Severe, iv. 192.

Wise and Unwise, iv. 204 (69).

Wishes, iv. 206 (307).

Wit Scanty, My, iv. 202.

Wits and Bores, iii. 218.

Witty or Unwise, iv. 69 (204).

Wolff [Joseph], To Mathew and, iii. 41.

Wolfgang and Henry of Meletal, iv. 128.

Words adapted to a Russian Air, iv. 113.

Wordsworth, iii. 167-8, 172, 203, 251, iv. 68, 137, 224; *Byron and*, iii. 214; *At W.'s Desire*, iii. 215, 428; his 'goatskin glove', iii. 152, iv. 226; and Grasmere, iii. 271, iv. 224; ? 'Malvollio', iv. 75; his 'Michael', iii. 168; 'Mummius', iv. 65; parodies of, iv. 58-62; on other poets (iii. 167), iv. 224-6; and sleep, iii. 182, 191, 203, 212; his sonnets, iii. 165, 285; and Southey, iii. 172 (428), iv. 225; *To*, iii. 143; iv. 75; his 'wheeze', iii. 178, 182 (187), 191, 212, 214, (285).

Worm, To the, iv. 22.

Worthy Son of a Great Jurist, To the, iii. 333.

Wounded Nightingale, The, iv. 43.

'Xenophon and Cyrus', *From*, iv. 127.

York, Duke of, iv. 256, 258, 292; *his Statue*, iii. 73.

Young, Edward, iii. 176 (213, 232, iv. 220).

Young Girl, To a, iv. 92.

— *Lady, To a*, iii. 397.

— *Lover's Resolution*, iii. 353.

Youth, iii. 307; and *Age*, iv. 88, 91, 211; *Age, Infancy, and*, iv. 132; *Flattered on my*, iii. 322; and *Hope*, iv. 76; [and *Love*], iv. 104-5; *Love in*, iii. 321; *To*, iv. 85.

Zoë, Theron and, ii. 305; *To*, iii. 275.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
A bird was seen aloft in air; the sun .	iv. 90
A burdock's dryest slenderest thread	iv. 105
A calm comes over me; life brings it not .	ii. 223
A child pickt up a pebble, of the least .	iii. 26
A coward! who dares call Sir James .	iii. 92
A crunching bear inopportune bit .	iii. 188
A curse upon the king of old .	iv. 169
A dying man was sore perplext .	iv. 67
A few have borne me honour in my day	iii. 160
A flea had nestled to a dove .	iii. 183
A flirt was Belinda! the more she reproved .	iv. 198
A fox, to Castlecombe pursued .	iii. 89
A friend by accident met Socrates .	iv. 105
A friendship never bears uncanker'd fruit .	iv. 197
A gardener had watcht a mole .	iii. 20
A generation's faded skirts have swept .	iii. 407
A generous action may atone .	iv. 211
A good old Englishwoman, who had come .	iii. 22
A hearse is passing by in solemn state .	iv. 212
A heartier age will come; the wise will know .	iii. 234
A hesitating long-suspended tear .	iv. 136
A Jew apostate, a degenerate Scot .	iii. 75
A kiss, indeed! was ever boy so bold .	ii. 275
A little boy had done amiss .	iii. 22
A little cornet of dragoons .	iv. 47
A lurid day is coming on, Melissa .	iv. 93
A man there is who was believ'd .	iv. 210
A man there sate, not old, but weak and worn .	iv. 21
A most puissant picture-scouring Prince .	iii. 94
A Muse would visit an old Man .	iii. 212
A noble duke in vain is prickt .	iii. 95
'A paraphrase on Job' we see .	iii. 176
A poet sate in bower; there soon came nigh .	iv. 110
A poor artificer had sold .	iii. 21
A provident and wakeful fear .	iii. 344
A queen who snatcht from Marlboro's hand .	iv. 43
A sage of old hath gravely said .	iv. 303
A scholar was about to marry .	iv. 101
A sentimental lady sate .	iv. 30
A sparrow was thy emblem, O Catullus .	iii. 195
A still, serene, soft day; enough of sun .	iii. 345
A time will come when absence, grief, and years .	iii. 388
A village church one Sabbath day .	iii. 23
A vision came o'er three young men at once .	ii. 301
A voice descending from the Parthenon .	iii. 134

	PAGE
A voice I heard and hear it yet .	iii. 401
A voice in sleep hung over me, and said .	iii. 302
A volent shadow, just enough to break .	iv. 117
A wonderful story, my lasses and lads .	iv. 140
Above all gifts we most should prize .	iii. 241
Above what head more hopeful ever closed .	iii. 301
Abra! Beauty's bondmen are stricken with blue eyes .	iii. 243
Absent is she thou lovest? Be it so .	iii. 395
Acacia, how short-lived is all thy race .	iv. 47
According to eternal laws .	iii. 387
Across the hearse where home-bred Law lies dead .	iv. 116
Across, up, down, our fortunes go .	iv. 196
Acute in later as in earlier days .	iii. 233
Adieu the starlit gardens of Aversa .	ii. 1
Afar behind is gusty March .	iv. 116
Afar our stormy vessel flies .	iii. 317
Afar was I when thou wast born .	iii. 409
After due hearing in our court supreme .	ii. 208
After edition comes edition .	iii. 211
Again her brow Sicania rears .	iii. 112
Again, my Soul, sustain the mournful page .	iii. 266
Again, perhaps and only once again .	iii. 294
Again the rocks and woodlands of Torbay .	iii. 351
Again thou comest, breezy March .	iv. 116
Again to Paris? Few remain .	iii. 398
Against the frauds of France did Europe rise .	iii. 157
Against the lintel of Voltumna's fane .	i. 383
Against the rocking mast I stand .	iii. 275
Ah! could I think there's nought of ill .	iii. 394
Ah Cupid! Cupid! let alone .	iv. 175
Ah! do not drive off grief, but place your hand .	iv. 207
Ah! heap not canto upon canto .	iii. 221
Ah! Marguerite! with you are gone .	iii. 332
Ah Mela! pleasant art thou to behold .	iv. 33
Ah Nugent! are those days gone by .	iii. 316
Ah, Reade! a bear is not a kitten .	iii. 206
Ah Southey! how we stumble on through life .	iii. 314
Ah what a blessed privilege it is .	iv. 177
Ah what avails the scepter'd race .	iii. 339
Ah what happy days were those .	iii. 366
Ah! when the mallow in the croft dies down .	iii. 253
Ah wherefore should you so admire .	iii. 263
Ah who could believe in the days of his youth .	iv. 188
Ah yes! the hour is come .	iii. 283
Alas, how soon the hours are over .	iv. 84

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

Alas! infidelity darkens the land . . . iii. 128
 Alas! 'tis very sad to hear . . . iv. 197
 Alferi! thou art present in my sight . . . iii. 198
 All is not over while the shade . . . iii. 307
 All poets dream, and some do nothing more . . . iv. 78
 All tender thoughts that e'er possess . . . iii. 379
 All trifle life away; the light and grave . . . iv. 91
 Along that avenue below . . . iv. 42
 Along the seaboard sands there grows . . . iii. 360
 Along this coast I led the vacant hours . . . iii. 390
 Altho' against thee, George the Third . . . iii. 100
 Altho' my soberer ear disdains . . . iv. 199
 Altho' thou lovest much to sit alone . . . iv. 43
 Altho' with Earth and Heaven you deal . . . iii. 285
 Although so passing fair a maid . . . iii. 255
 Am I weak, Richards, am I weak . . . iv. 293
 Amid nine daughters slain by Artemis . . . ii. 363
 Among the few sure truths we know . . . iv. 30
 Among the foremost of Earth's free-born men . . . iii. 98
 Among these treasures there are some . . . iii. 195
 An aged man who loved to doze away . . . iv. 104
 An ancient chestnut's blossoms threw . . . ii. 312
 An angel from his Paradise drove Adam . . . iv. 215
 An English boy, whose travels lay . . . iii. 17
 An Irishwoman sat to rest . . . iii. 23
 And art thou yet alive . . . iv. 145
 And canst *thou*, my love! enquire . . . iv. 281
 And now, Maeonides, the sun hath risen . . . ii. 262
 And shall the bloody wave again . . . iii. 48
 And thou art poet among the great . . . iv. 69
 And thou too, Nancy!—why should Heaven remove . . . iii. 264
 And what became of that old man . . . iv. 111
 Anne Boleyn! tho I may be wrong . . . iv. 215
 Another claims your altered vow . . . iii. 261
 Another may despise my verse . . . iii. 357
 Arndt! in thy orchard we shall meet no more . . . iii. 193
 Arnold! thou wert a lovely child . . . iii. 413
 Around the child bent all the three . . . iv. 203
 Art thou afraid the adorer's prayer . . . iii. 387
 Art thou grown hoarse by sitting in the sun . . . ii. 309
 Artemia, while Orion sighs . . . iv. 154
 Artemidora! Gods invisible . . . iv. 173
 Arthur! who snatchest from the flames . . . iii. 337
 Arthur! whose path is in the quiet shade . . . iii. 333
 As, by the Zephyr wakened, underneath . . . iii. 253
 As he who baskt in sunshine loves to go . . . iii. 398
 As round the parting ray the busy notes . . . iii. 374
 As trees that grow along the water-side . . . iv. 89

Ask me not, a voice severe . . . iii. 375
 Askest thou if in my youth I have mounted, as others have mounted . . . iii. 166
 Asterjessa! many bring . . . iv. 163
 At every step of life expect . . . iv. 201
 At last thou goest, breezy March . . . iv. 116
 At Pisa let me take my walk . . . iv. 46
 At Rome may everything be bought . . . iii. 81
 At the cart's tail, some years ago . . . iv. 302
 Auckland, Dalhousie, Canning! shall we ever . . . iii. 108
 Aurelius, Sire of Hungrinesses . . . iv. 57
 Avarice Grudges the gamesome river—fish its food . . . iv. 114
 Avon that never thirsts, nor toils along . . . iv. 26
 Avon! why runnest thou away so fast . . . iv. 46
 Awaiting me upon a shore . . . iv. 107
 Away my verse; and never fear . . . iii. 375
 Away with tears and sorrows! bid them cease . . . iii. 319
 Ay! shun the dance and shun the grape . . . iv. 177
 Azeglio is departed: what is left . . . iii. 132
 Bacchus first taught the Grape to swell . . . iv. 273
 Bad little bird! why art thou gone . . . iv. 111
 Barbarians must we always be . . . iv. 31
 Bard of Eleusis! art thou dead . . . iv. 172
 Baronial apostolic Sir . . . iii. 40
 Barry! your spirit long ago . . . iii. 147
 Be not in too great haste to dry . . . iv. 197
 Bear it, O matcht unequally, you must . . . iv. 205
 Beatitude! we humbly ask . . . iv. 101
 Beautiful spoils! borne off from vanquish'd death . . . iii. 346
 Beauty! thou arbitress of weal or woe . . . iv. 82
 Beauty! thou art a wanderer on the earth . . . iv. 170
 Beauty's pure native gems, ye quivering hairs . . . iii. 282
 Become a matron, grave and sage . . . iii. 233
 Bees! conscripts! braves of Guillivelle . . . iii. 66
 Bees on imperial mantle Louis bears . . . iii. 102
 Before another season comes . . . iv. 203
 Before the graces you disclose . . . iii. 340
 Behold, behold me, whether thou . . . ii. 356
 Behold what homage to his idol paid . . . iii. 370
 Beloved by all Fitzgerald lies . . . iii. 338
 Beloved the last! beloved the most . . . iii. 386
 Belzebub, never be afraid . . . iii. 423
 Bethink we what can mean . . . iv. 18
 Better to praise too largely small deserts . . . iv. 198
 Beyond our shores, past Alps and Appennines . . . iii. 199
 Beyond the confines of a race cognate . . . ii. 361
 Bid my bosom cease to grieve . . . iii. 376
 Bidden by Hope the sorrowful and fond . . . iii. 307
 Bitter are many tears, but sweet are some . . . iv. 91
 Blessed be he who taught us to abstain . . . ii. 360

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

Blest are the bad alone while here .	iii. 357	Cease to complain of what the Fates	ii. 386
Blest be the day, and month, and	iii. 259	decree	
year		Cease to complain of what the Gods	ii. 319
Blest idiot! with thy vicarage and	iv. 294	decree	
thy wife		Cease to contend upon that slippery	iii. 213
Blind to the future, to what lies	iv. 199	field	
before	iv. 97	Celestial Muses! if to you belong	iv. 312
Bloom, O my rose	iv. 86	Censured by her who stands above	iii. 227
Blythe bell, that calls to bridal halls.	iv. 77	Cervantes was among my first de-	iii. 217
Boastfully call we all the world our	iii. 124	lights	
own.		Changarnier and a poet with a <i>De</i>	iii. 119
Bold Atlas carried on his shoulder	iii. 30	Changed? very true, O Theron, I am	ii. 305
Borgia, thou once wert almost too	iii. 65	changed	iii. 177
august		Charles of Durazzo! I have found	ii. 44
Borne on white horses, which the	iv. 209	thee worthy	
God of Thrace		Chaucer I fancied had been dead	iii. 208
Both men and poets of the Saxon	iii. 214	Chaucer, O how I wish thou wert	iii. 198
race.	iii. 84	Child of a day, thou knowest not	iv. 74
Breath of what god hath blown the	ii. 273	Children! be not too proud, altho the	iii. 87
mists away	iv. 45	man	iv. 96
Bright sets the year in yonder sky	iii. 253	Children, keep up that harmless play	
Bring into court the culprit, him	iv. 226	'Children of Pallas!' is the voice that	iii. 127
accused	iii. 254	swells	
But he is foolish who supposes	iv. 230	Children! while childhood lasts, one	iii. 269
But now we must stoop	iv. 66	day	iii. 211
But, O true poet of the country! why	iv. 210	Children! why pull ye one another's	iv. 145
But you shall grieve while none	iii. 413	hair	
complains	iv. 279	Chloe! I would not have thee wince	iv. 144
By bounteous rivers, mid his flocks	iii. 311	Chloe! mean men must ever make	iv. 112
reclin'd	iii. 309	mean loves	iv. 377
By learned men was England led	iv. 279	Churchmen there are who, after one	iv. 30
By our last ledger-page we ascertain	iii. 311	more bottle	iii. 377
By that dejected city, Arno runs	iv. 279	Cistus! whose fragil flower	iv. 30
By the grave's coldness palsied is	iii. 311	Cities but rarely are the haunts of	iii. 35
the hand	iii. 309	men	iv. 41
By Warton's order, Pope behind the	iv. 279	Citissus! wherefor here exude	iii. 63
screen	iii. 311	City of men! rejoice	iii. 145
By whom, Aspasia, wilt thou sit	iii. 214	Clap, clap the double nightcap on	iii. 372
Byron's sharp bark and Words-		Clifton! in vain thy varied scenes	iv. 207
worth's long-drawn wheeze.		invite	iii. 378
Cadmus, if you should want again	iv. 303	Close as we may our eyes against	iv. 199
Cahills! do what you will at home	iii. 65	the truth	iv. 156
Caillette! by those lowered eyes I	ii. 204	Closed had the darkened day of	i. 378
often thought	iv. 209	Corythos	
'Call me not forth', said one who	iii. 168	Come back, ye Smiles, that late	iii. 368
sate retired	iii. 362	forsook	ii. 353
Call we for harp or song	ii. 152	Come back, ye wandering Muses,	iii. 70
Calmly fall the night's repose	iv. 214	come back home	iv. 199
Can any be both great and gay	iii. 424	Come, Dante! virtuous sage and	iii. 217
Can certain words pronounced by	iii. 305	bold	iv. 127
certain men	iv. 137	Come forth, old lion, from thy den	iv. 199
Can this be he whom in his infancy	iii. 244	Come hither, O passer by! come	iv. 156
Can ye not love more sisterly	iv. 303	hither	i. 56
Can you make it appear	iii. 404	Come, I beseech ye, Muses! who re-	iii. 203
Candid with thy modesty, grateful	iv. 40	tired	iv. 127
with thy shyness	iii. 197	Come lads, the day is all before ye	iv. 217
Canidia shared her prey with owls	iii. 411	Come, let us dance upon the grass	iv. 237
and foxes	iv. 95	'Come let us fight, my boy!' said one	ii. 237
Canning, in english and in latin	i. 148	laugh	iv. 194
strong		Come Sleep! but mind ye! if you	iv. 160
Cannot you make my name of Jane		come without	iii. 145
Captain! we often heretofore		Come sprinkle me soft musick o'er	
Cary! I fear the fruits are scanty		the breast	
Carlinol! what art thou about, my		Comfort thee, O thou mourner, yet	
boy		awhile	
Catch her and hold her if you can			
Catillus left his spear upon the steps			

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

Conceal not Time's misdeeds, but on
my brow iv. 76
Condemn'd I die, by one who once
conspired iii. 129
Confession soon would be discarded . . . iv. 201
Conon was he whose piercing eyes . . . iv. 80
Conquer (and then give conquest
o'er) iii. 362
Constancy has one bright day iv. 202
Cool-smelling Oleander loves the
stream iv. 39
Could but the dream of night return
by day iii. 373
Couleur de rose behold the tape . . . iv. 188
Crown of the Year, how bright thou
shinest iv. 24
Cupid had played some wicked trick
one day iv. 176
Cupid one day caught Pan asleep,
outstretched ii. 389
Cupid saw Pan stretcht at full length
asleep ii. 323
Cursed be the wretch who snarls . . . iii. 116
Cursing Milton, Hampden, Sidney . . iii. 116
Cuthbert, whose father first in all our
land iii. 292
Cypress and Cedar! gracefullest of
trees iv. 28

Daisy! thy life was short and sweet . . iii. 353
Damatas is a boy as rude ii. 307
Damon was sitting in the grove . . . iv. 110
Danger is not in action, but in sloth . . iii. 61
Dank limber verses, stuf't with lake-
side sedges iv. 137
Dare ye, malicious rogues, deny . . . iv. 303
Darling Shell, where hast thou been
376
Dauber! if thou shouldst ever stray . . iv. 195
Daughter of Albion! thou hast not . . iii. 59
Daughter! why roamest thou again
so late ii. 227
Dear now! Mrs. Clutterbuck iv. 56
Death, in approaching, brings me
sleep so sound iii. 307
Death in the battle is not death . . . iii. 54
Death indiscriminately gathers . . . iv. 208
Death of the year! wilt thou be also
mine iv. 33
Death stands above me, whispering
low iv. 87
Death, tho' I see him not, is near . . iv. 89
Death! we don't halt then! march I
must iv. 127
Deem me not sad and sorrowful . . . iv. 96
Deep forests hide the stoutest oaks . . iii. 150
Demophile rests here, we will not say
Derby! we read, a noble dame . . . iii. 106
Derwent! Winander! sweetest of all
sounds iii. 172
Descend, ye Muses, one and all . . . iii. 118
Deserted in our utmost need iii. 67
Dick Porson! thou whoreson! what
made thee pretend iv. 188
Did I then ask of you why one so wise
Directed by the hand of Fate . . . iii. 341
Dishonor'd thou hast been, but not
debased iii. 122

Disparage not our age, such thought
were wrong iii. 218
Dispenser of wide-wasting woe . . . iii. 175
Disposer of our fleet is Croker . . . iii. 103
Disturbers of the earth! who make . . iv. 106
Do and permit whate'er you will . . iv. 200
Do you remember me? or are you
proud iii. 395
Doctor'd by Bacon and Montaigne . . iii. 195
Does it become a girl so wise . . . iii. 225
Does your voice never fail you in
singing a song iii. 345
Dolcino was pursued with fire and
sword iii. 113
Doom'd to the gallows, once a lord . . iii. 91
Dost thou not often gasp with long
drawn sighs ii. 364
Dreamer I ever was by night and
day iii. 404
Driven from manse and kaleyard
when iii. 27
Drummond! your praises have been
ever dear iii. 325
Dull is my verse: not even thou . . . iii. 394

Each unreservedly child-hearted still . iii. 239
Each year bears something from us
as it flies iv. 195
Early I thought the worst of lies . . iii. 183
Easy I thought it to decry iv. 89
Egg strikes on egg and breaks it;
true iv. 194
Egnatius has fine teeth, and those . . iii. 255
Eloquence often draws the mind
awry iii. 229
Elton! whose Genius Virtue leads
along iii. 272
Enduring is the bust of bronze . . . iii. 73
Endymion! sleepest thou, with heels
upright ii. 281
England! well done! you strike at
last iii. 103
Envy ne'er thrust into my hands her
torch iii. 227
Epigrams must be curt, nor seem . . iv. 215
Ere blasts from northern lands . . . iii. 169
Erewhile exulting in its power . . . iv. 196
Erin! thou art indeed of ancient race . iii. 24
Eternal hatred I have sworn against
Etrurian domes, Pelasgian walls . . . iv. 74
Even the brave abase the head . . . iii. 99
Everything tells me you are near . . iii. 342
Exhausted now her sighs, and dry
her tears iv. 192
Expect no grape, no fig, no whole-
some fruit iii. 80
Exulting on unwearied wings . . . iv. 275

Fair and free soul of poesy, O Keats . iii. 140
Fair Love! and fairer Hope! we
play'd together iii. 304
Fair maiden! when I look at thee . . iv. 200
Fair Polus! iv. 156
Fair spinsters! be ye timely wise . . iv. 202
Faithful shepherd! dearest Tommy . . iv. 148
Faithfullest of a faithful race . . . iv. 44
False are our dreams or there are
fields below iv. 92

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

Famous and over famous <i>Cæta</i> reign'd	ii. 327	Friend Jonathan! for friend thou art	iii. 56
Fanny would flatter me; she said	iii. 188	Friend of my age! to thee belong	ii. 226
Far from the harp's and from the singer's noise	iv. 176	Friends! hear the words my wander- ing thoughts would say	iii. 314
Fast fall the leaves; this never says	iv. 39	Friends, whom she lookt at blandly from her couch	iv. 155
Fate! I have askt few things of thee	iii. 274	Friendship, in each successive stage of life	iv. 120
Father! I now may lean upon your breast	ii. 211	Friendship! I place no trust in thee	iii. 267
Father, the little girl we see	iv. 161	From heaven descend two gifts alone	iii. 377
'Fear God!' says Percival: and when you hear	iii. 40	From immemorial time	iii. 14
Fear not my frequent verse may raise	iv. 81	From leaves unopened yet, those eyes she lifts	iii. 288
Feedest thou upon poppies! drowsy drone	ii. 354	From Marston's shady paths what Genius led	iii. 296
Few have been better, braver none have been	iii. 74	From my fair hand, O will ye, will ye	iv. 146
Few, I believe (but cannot say)	iii. 233	From Pride's embraces and from Fortune's smiles	iv. 274
Few mortal hands have struck the heroic string	iii. 43	From yon far wood, mark blue-eyed Eve proceed	iv. 3
Few poets beckon to the calmly good	iii. 51	From you, Ianthé, little troubles pass	iii. 384
Few tears, nor those too warm, are shed	iii. 326	From Youth's bright wing the soonest fall	iv. 211
Few the years that wait for me	iii. 355	Fugitive pieces! no indeed	iii. 220
Few verses, and those light, I send	iii. 334	Gaffer Lockhart! Gaffer Lockhart!	iii. 192
Few will acknowledge all they owe	iii. 216	<i>Gale of the night</i> our fathers call'd thee, bird	iii. 179
Fewer the gifts that knarled Age presents	iv. 132	Gaze not at the lights that shine	iii. 324
Fiesole's bishop overlookt	iv. 213	Gaze not! By those heavens above	iii. 324
Fill me the beaker	iv. 27	Genius and Virtue! dismal was the dearth	iii. 79
Firmer the tree when winter whirls the leaves	iv. 204	George sent the skull of Robert Bruce	iii. 117
First-born of all creation! yet unsung	iv. 22	George the First was always reckoned	iii. 93
First bring me Raffael, who alone hath seen	iv. 80	Germans there are who sweat to cram	iv. 112
First Carleton house, my country friend	iv. 294	Germany! thou art indeed to the bard his Hercynian forest	iii. 183
Flannel, and potted meat, and rum	iii. 91	Gesner, to Sicily he does no wrong	iii. 210
Flatter me not with idle tales of youth	iii. 322	Giallo! I shall not see thee dead	iv. 45
Flies have alighted on the shanks of Pan	iii. 194	Gibbon has planted laurels long to bloom	iii. 201
Flow, precious Tears! thus shall my rival know	iii. 368	Gibbon! if sterner patriots than thy- self	iii. 185
Flower of Ionia's fertile plains	iv. 150	Gibbon! tho' thou art grave and grand	iii. 201
Flowers may enjoy their own pure dreams of bliss	iv. 38	Give me for life the honest name	iv. 210
Flowers wounded may recover breath	iv. 207	Give me the eyes that look on mine	iii. 292
Fondler and mourner of The Two Gazelles	iii. 301	Give me thy hand, pretty maiden, and thine be the sword and the scepter	iv. 139
For eaters of goose-liver there is drest	iv. 217	Give pleasure: receive it	iv. 161
For many serves the parish pall	iv. 182	Glorious the names that cluster here	iii. 215
For me you wish you could retain	iii. 406	Glory to those who give it! who erect	iii. 173
Force me (and force me you must if I do it) to write in heroics	iii. 105	Go on! go on! and love away	iv. 194
Forgers of wills were hanged in other lands	iv. 103	Go, sole companion of a joyless bed	iii. 373
Forget thee? when? <i>Thou</i> biddest me? <i>Dost thou</i>	iv. 92	Go then to Italy; but mind	iii. 148
Forster! come hither, I pray, to the Fast of our Anglican Martyr	iii. 335	God made his likeness, Man: when this was done	iii. 110
Forster! whose zeal hath seized each written page	iii. 290	God scatters beauty as he scatters flowers	iv. 198
Forster! you who never wore	iii. 290	God writes down every idle word	iii. 22
		God's laws declare	iii. 31
		God's servant, Milton's friend! what higher praise	iii. 116

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

Gods help thee and restore to thee
thy sight ii. 381
Gods play at ball with us poor men iv. 278
Gone! thou too Nancy, why should
Heaven remove iii. 264
Good people! I wonder now what ye
are a'ter iii. 102
Graceful Acacia! slender, brittle iv. 29
Graciously shy is yon gazelle iv. 94
Grasshopper! thou art not the same iii. 189
Graver songs I fain would sing iii. 319
Grief is unquiet, and no less iv. 208
Grudges the gamesome river fish his
food iv. 114
Guilford! it was not I who broke iii. 326
Guizot! in haste to cut and run iii. 46
Guyon! thy praises few dare sing iii. 86

Ha! what strange stories these old
people tell ii. 241
Had we two met, blythe-hearted
Burns iii. 140
Hail, paragon of T—on's! hail iv. 49
Hail, ye indomitable heroes, hail iii. 104
Happy as any God is he iv. 153
Happy may be the land iii. 33
Happy the man for whom arose that
sigh iv. 201
Happy to me has been the day iv. 163
Hare! thou art sleeping where the
sun strikes hot iii. 53
Hark! 'tis the laugh of Spring—she
comes iii. 263
Has there been all the year one day iii. 321
Hast thou forgotten, thou more vile
Haste, heavenly Muse! to whom
these arts belong iv. 229
Haste to me home, for time is a-
flying iv. 113
Hasten, O hasten, poet mine iv. 198
Have I no sympathy for Kings? I
have iii. 215
Have I not seen thee, little hoof,
before iv. 44
Have I, this moment, led thee from
the beach iii. 388
Have you been yet to see the piece iv. 182
He lighted with his golden lamp on
high iv. 138
He lived more pleasantly than if he
had given gold for it iii. 258
He loses all his fame who fights iv. 72
He says, My reign is peace, so slays iv. 102
He surely is as wise as any iv. 219
He who from battle runs away iv. 153
He who hath piled these verses o'er
thy head iv. 199
He who in waning age would moralise iv. 137
He who, rais'd high o'er war's tur-
moils iii. 349
He who sees rising from some open
down iv. 81
He who sits thoughtful in a twilight
grot iv. 215
He who stole fire from heaven iv. 150
He, who,—unwarned of dysentery iv. 297
He who would wish his country great iii. 97
He whom the Fates forbid to dwell iv. 42

Health, strength, and beauty, who
would not resign iii. 353
Hearts must not sink at seeing Law
lie dead iii. 78
Heaven turn away that awful head iv. 57
Heavy and murderous dreams, O
my Electra ii. 219
Helena long had pondered, at what
hour i. 376
Hellen was once as fair iii. 323
Henceforth, Americans, let none iii. 98
Her one hair would hold a dragon iv. 135
Her pangs unnumber'd, Erato! re-
late iv. 269
Her voice was sweeter than the
sound of waters iii. 247
Here are two millstones, and thou
must iii. 124
Here, ever since you went abroad iii. 392
Here I stretch myself along iv. 135
Here lies Landor iv. 214
Here lies our honest friend Sam Parr iii. 297
Here stands a civil man, John Hicke iv. 198
Here, where precipitate Spring with
one light bound iv. 5
Hereditary honors who confers iii. 161
Heroes of old would I commemorate i. 62
Heron! of grave career! whose lordly
croaks iv. 12
Hesperus, hail! thy winking light iv. 168
Hetty, old Dinah Mitchell's daughter iv. 62
Hic jacent cineres are words that
show iv. 108
Hide not that book away, nor fear iii. 188
High as the sofa, Daisy's head iii. 353
High names, immortal names, have
women borne iii. 156
Hippomenes and Atalanta strove ii. 267
History lies wide open: the first page
hold hard! let puffing Giff reach
first iii. 218
Home! I have changed thee often:
on the brink iv. 35
Horace and Creech iii. 170
How calm, how bland, appears the
moon above us iv. 103
How calm, O life, is thy decline iv. 97
How can I but weep when I think of
the day iii. 351
How could you think to conquer
Scinde iii. 336
How few there are who live content iv. 207
How glad some yet how calm are ye iv. 34
How is it that the loveliest lands iv. 98
How little have the powerful of the
earth iii. 71
How many ages did the Planets roll iv. 198
How many lives we live in three-
score years iv. 101
How many verses have I thrown iii. 234
How many voices gaily sing iii. 381
How much is lost when neither heart
nor eye iv. 118
How often have we spent the day iii. 337
How often, when life's summer day iv. 211
How rare the sight how grand iii. 33
How rustic is your play iii. 258
How soon, alas! the hours are over iv. 84

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

Humble flower! the gift of Rose . . . iii. 347
Humbolt! thou latest of the lofty
wise . . . iii. 222
Humblest among the vernal train . . . iv. 17
Hungarians! raise your laurel'd
brows again . . . iii. 84
Hyperbion was among the chosen
few . . . ii. 311
I am a dreamer both by night and
day . . . iii. 400
I am, but would not be, a hermit . . . iii. 335
I am invited (why?) in latin phrase . . . iii. 117
I am not learned in such lore divine . . . iii. 190
I can not give much time to you . . . iv. 200
I can not tell, not I, why she . . . iii. 384
I can not very plainly tell . . . iii. 283
I care not, Cæsar, what you are . . . iii. 256
I come to visit thee again . . . iv. 16
I dare not trust my pen it trembles
so . . . iii. 402
I did believe, Sir, I had helpt to raise . . . i. 261
I do believe a drop of water . . . iii. 101
I do not think that praises ever . . . iv. 210
I do remember when each stride . . . iv. 202
I do think it quite a pity . . . iii. 419
I draw with trembling hand my
doubtful lot . . . iii. 370
I entreat you, Alfred Tennyson . . . iii. 180
I fear a little girl I know . . . iv. 201
I fear these lines upon that ciphered
cover . . . iii. 287
I found a little flower, so small . . . iv. 59
I gaze with fond regret on you . . . iv. 19
I hardly know one flower that grows
I hate those trees that never lose
their foliage . . . iv. 131
I have beheld thee in the morning
hour . . . iv. 168
I have but little wit, all they . . . iv. 202
I have some merit too, old man . . . iv. 171
I have thrown more behind the grate . . . iii. 238
I held her hand, the pledge of bliss . . . iii. 378
I hold it unlawful . . . iv. 40
I hope in vain to see again . . . iv. 45
I hope indeed ere long . . . iii. 386
I know not whether I am proud . . . iii. 224
I leave, and reluctant, the repast . . . iv. 64
I leave for you to disunite . . . iii. 287
I leave the table: take my place . . . iv. 206
I leave thee, beauteous Italy! no
more . . . iv. 10
I leave with unaverted eye the
towers . . . iv. 4
I left thee, Margaretta, fast asleep . . . i. 269
I lie upon my last made bed . . . iv. 105
I live among the Pigmies and the
Cranes . . . iii. 102
I love and hate. Ah! never ask why
so . . . iii. 256
I love to hear that men are bound . . . iii. 386
I love to look on lovely eyes . . . iv. 156
I love to wander, both in deed and
thought . . . iii. 7
I loved him not; and yet, now he is
gone . . . iv. 142
I loved you once, while you loved
me . . . iii. 336

'I'm half in love', he who with smiles
hath said . . . iv. 194
I may not add to youth's brief days . . . iii. 354
I met a little boy on the canal . . . iv. 58
I, near the back of Life's dim stage . . . iv. 197
I never call'd thy Muse play-footed . . . iii. 212
I never knew but one who died for
love . . . iii. 1
I never more shall have the luck . . . iii. 335
I never sprain, dear Rose, my brain . . . iii. 362
I never thought to see thee end in
blanks . . . iii. 353
I often ask upon whose arm she leans . . . iii. 373
I own I like plain dishes best . . . iii. 202
I pen these lines upon that cypher'd
cover . . . iii. 287
I prais'd thee, Michelet, whom I saw . . . iii. 156
I rais'd my eyes to Pallas, and she
laught . . . iii. 43
I remember the time ere his temples
were grey . . . iv. 83
I sadden while I view again . . . iii. 377
I said unto a little girl . . . iv. 58
I saw the arrow quit the bow . . . iv. 92
I saw upon his pulpit-perch . . . iv. 106
I see a man whom age should make
more wise . . . iii. 358
'I see in you not greatly more . . . iv. 203
I shall bequeath you more than
Eastern tales . . . iii. 239
I should think it a sin . . . iii. 273
I sing the fates of Gebir. He had
dwelt . . . i. 1
I sing the hero, vanquisher . . . iii. 260
I strove with none, for none was
worth my strife . . . iii. 226
I struggle not when varlets poke . . . iii. 238
I swore I would forget you; but this
oath . . . iii. 336
I thought it once an idle tale . . . ii. 176
I told ye, since the prophet Milton's
day . . . iii. 52
I touch the soil of Samos, where the
queen . . . ii. 357
I value not the proud and stern . . . iii. 297
I've never seen a book of late . . . iii. 146
I very much indeed approve . . . iv. 61
I wander o'er the sandy heath . . . iv. 2
I was not young when first I met . . . iii. 318
I well remember one departed now . . . iv. 103
I who heard all have brought her
back again . . . i. 233
I, whom ye see so high on . . . iv. 167
'I will invite that merry priest . . . iii. 12
I will not call her fair . . . iv. 77
I will not, dare not, look behind . . . iii. 304
I will not depose . . . iii. 353
I will not look into the sky . . . iii. 35
I will not love! These sounds have
often . . . iv. 155
I will not thither: cypresses are here . . . iii. 257
I wish not Thasos rich in mines . . . iv. 153
I wish you would but read those
Tracts . . . iii. 212
I wonder at the malice of the herd . . . ii. 270
I wonder not that Youth remains . . . iii. 398
I wonder what the wise would say . . . iv. 106
I would give something, O Apollo . . . iv. 195

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

I would invoke you once again . . .	iii. 31	In first position I can stand no longer . . .	iv. 36
I would not leave my ant-hill seat . . .	iii. 392	In games of politics and games of cricket . . .	iv. 133
I would not see thee weep but there are hours . . .	iii. 336	In her green vest and golden hair . . .	iii. 361
Ianthe, since our parting day . . .	iii. 381	In his own image the Creator made . . .	iv. 71
Ianthe took me by both ears and said . . .	iii. 401	In Impruneta may be seen . . .	iii. 123
Ianthe! you are called to cross the sea . . .	iii. 379	In Latian verse thy name would I inscribe . . .	iii. 221
Ianthe! you resolve to cross the sea . . .	iii. 379	In my bosom I would gather . . .	iv. 135
Iberians! Belgians! Gauls! ye rage in vain . . .	iii. 201	In my opinion, rulers judge ill . . .	iv. 204
Idle and light are many things you see . . .	iii. 225	In poetry there is but one Supreme . . .	iii. 146
Idol of youths and virgins, Moore . . .	iii. 178	In port, beyond the swell of winds and tides . . .	iv. 87
If any other hopes to find . . .	iii. 259	In quadruped or winged game . . .	iv. 198
If aught of epigram I wrote . . .	iv. 279	In solitude both wandered far away . . .	iii. 258
If by my death I win a tear . . .	iii. 361	In sorrow goes the ploughman, and leads off . . .	iii. 253
If comfort is unwelcome, can I think If ever there was man who loved . . .	iv. 159 iv. 215	In spring and summer winds may blow . . .	iv. 17
If flowers could make their wishes vocal, they . . .	iii. 352	In spring the many-colour'd crown . . .	iii. 254
If hatred of the calm and good . . .	iii. 155	In summer when the Sun's mad horses pass . . .	iii. 82
If I am proud, you surely know . . .	iii. 405	In the Egyptian well of thy folly, O Sclavonian . . .	iii. 246
If in the summer-time, O guest . . .	iv. 4	In the names on our books . . .	iv. 146
If in these pages you would view . . .	iii. 429	In the odor of sanctity Miriam abounds . . .	iv. 197
If mutable is she I love . . .	iii. 385	In Troy, O virgin, shall thy blood remain . . .	ii. 346
If ought so damping and so dull were . . .	iii. 215	In vain he beats his brow who thinks In vain, O Love, my steps you guide . . .	iv. 209 iii. 406
If that old hermit laid to rest . . .	iii. 287	In verse alone I ran not wild . . .	iii. 232
If the Devil, a mighty old omnibus driver . . .	iv. 41	In wrath a youth was heard to say . . .	iii. 291
If the Rhætian Alps of old . . .	iii. 189	In youth I heard a story told . . .	iii. 209
If there be any who would rather . . .	iii. 240	In youth, it is true, when my heart was o'erladen . . .	iii. 32
If thou hadst eye, if thou hadst ear . . .	iv. 68	Incline, O Mary, from thy throne . . .	iv. 67
If thou wert only foul and frowzy . . .	iii. 108	Indweller of a peaceful vale . . .	iii. 141
If to the public eye we show . . .	iv. 303	Ines! we have not loved in vain: this day . . .	i. 242 iii. 67
If, when a man has thrown himself on flowers . . .	iv. 88	Ingratitude! we seldom miss . . .	iii. 67
If winks are wit . . .	iv. 144	Insects that dwell in rotten reeds, inert . . .	iv. 132
If wits and poets, two or three . . .	iv. 28	Instead of idling half my hours . . .	iv. 24
If you are jealous as pug-dog, O poet . . .	iii. 220	Interminable undulating weeds . . .	iv. 207
If you are not a poet you may live . . .	iv. 209	Invisibly bright water! so like air . . .	iv. 126
If you design . . .	iii. 324	Iphigeneia, when she heard her doom . . .	ii. 313
If you go on with odes so trashy . . .	iv. 195	Ipsley! when, hurried by malignant fate . . .	iv. 2
If you no longer love me . . .	iii. 304	Ireland never was contented . . .	iii. 77
If you please we'll hear another . . .	iii. 16	Ireland! now restless these eight hundred years . . .	iii. 128
If your heart is warm, come hither . . .	iv. 201	Irony is the imp of wit . . .	iv. 209
Ilbra! Beauty's bondmen are stricken with blue eyes . . .	iii. 243	Is haughty Spain again in arms . . .	iii. 30
Illustrious Virtue calmly braves . . .	iv. 272	Is it no dream that I am he . . .	iii. 391
Implored so long in vain at last is come . . .	iv. 214	Is it not better at an early hour . . .	iv. 195
Improvident were once the Attic youths . . .	ii. 294	Is it that Care . . .	iv. 202
In a soft meadow and on vernal flowers . . .	iv. 141	Is there a day or night . . .	iii. 419
In age, the memory, as the eye itself . . .	iv. 193	Is there any reason O my soul . . .	iv. 153
In brighter days the Dorian Muse . . .	iii. 123	Is this Laertes who embraces me . . .	ii. 251
In Clementina's artless mien . . .	iii. 268	Is your liege ill, Sir, that you look so anxious . . .	i. 275
In Crete reign'd Zeus and Minos; and there sprang . . .	ii. 297	Isabella spits at Spain . . .	iii. 96
In Czartoryski I commend . . .	iii. 40	It is deplorable to fear an enemy . . .	iv. 206
In early morn and radiant day . . .	iv. 200	It is not envy, it is fear . . .	iii. 344
In early spring, ere roses took . . .	iv. 30	It is not every traveler . . .	iii. 223
In early youth we often sigh . . .	iv. 138	It may be true as you declare . . .	iii. 312
In every hour, in every mood . . .	iv. 134	It never was my wish to have possess . . .	iii. 257
In fields of blood however brave . . .	iii. 130		

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

It often comes into my head . . .	iii. 384	Leave me thy head when thou art	
It often happens a bad pun . . .	iii. 176	dead . . .	iv. 173
It seems whenever we are idle . . .	iv. 72	Left-handed is that liberality, Rus-	
It was a cruel hand that tore . . .	iv. 98	sell . . .	iv. 70
It was a dream (ah! what is not a		Leigh Hunt! thou stingy man, Leigh	
dream) . . .	iii. 298	Hunt . . .	iii. 153
It was because the seat was dry . . .	iii. 401	Let a man once be down, and then . . .	iv. 209
It was late in the winter, and late in		Let alone, my old friend, our best	
the day . . .	iv. 213	poet; ask Parr . . .	iii. 205
It was no dull tho' lonely strand . . .	iii. 356	Let fools place Fortune with the	
It would give me rheumatics, and so		Gods on high . . .	iv. 208
it would you . . .	iv. 66	Let Freedom on thy breast descend	iv. 206
Jack Calvin and Jack Cade . . .	iv. 147	Let him whose leaden pencil	
Jack Campbell! if few are . . .	iii. 180	scratches Gibbon . . .	iv. 294
James! thou art gone, art gone afar.	iii. 332	Let human art exert her utmost force	iv. 181
Jealous, I own it, I was once . . .	iii. 206	Let me look back upon the world	
Jeffrey! the rod and line lay by . . .	iii. 217	before . . .	iv. 108
Jesu! what lofty elms are here . . .	iv. 143	Let me sit down and muse by thee . . .	iv. 7
Jonson to Shakespeare was prefer'd . . .	iii. 200	Let pity and compassion be outspread	iv. 204
Joy is the blossom, sorrow is the		Let this man smile, and that man	
fruit . . .	iv. 196	sigh . . .	iv. 73
Julian! thou virtuous, brave, and		Let what nose will, hold forth the	
wise . . .	iv. 212	flask . . .	iv. 57
Julius, dear Julius, never think . . .	iii. 329	Let Youth, who never rests, run by	iv. 88
Julius! how many hours have we . . .	iii. 310	Lie, my fond heart, at rest . . .	iii. 383
Julius, of three rare brothers, my		Lies very like the truth we tell . . .	iv. 160
fast friends . . .	iii. 281	Life hurries by, and who can stay . . .	iv. 206
Julius, the playful sylvan Muse . . .	iii. 237	Life passes not as some men say . . .	iv. 159
Juno was proud, Minerva stern . . .	iv. 136	Life! (priest and poet say) is but a	
Just as opposite in merit . . .	iii. 352	dream . . .	iv. 12
Just Epictetus can assure us . . .	iii. 196	Life's rugged rocks burst thro' its	
Keep, honest sobersided men . . .	iv. 208	flowery plain . . .	iv. 203
Kenyon, I've written for your de-		Life's torne Romance we thumb	
lectionation . . .	iv. 213	throughout the day . . .	iv. 205
Kepos! what brings thee from the		Lightly you run thro' years; stop!	
market-place . . .	ii. 355	stop! . . .	iv. 202
Kind friends, forgive me, if you can . . .	iii. 208	Like mad dog in the hottest day . . .	iii. 202
Kind souls! who strive what pious		Like the young nightingales, some	
hand shall bring . . .	iv. 4	nestling close . . .	iii. 258
Kind words she spake, and kinder		Lips! that were often prest on mine	iii. 322
deeds prepared . . .	i. 111	list to a Captain and a Knave . . .	iv. 189
Kisses in former times I've seen . . .	iii. 334	Listen, mad girl! for giving ear . . .	iv. 126
Know me better. Do you think . . .	iii. 322	Listen not to the Frenchman's	
Know ye the land where from its		tongue . . .	iii. 408
acid root . . .	iii. 81	Little do they who glibly talk of	
Known as thou art to ancient fame	iii. 347	verse . . .	iii. 233
Ladies of Leeds! the arts of peace . . .	iii. 91	Little have you to learn from me . . .	iii. 323
Lady! whose hand is now about to		Little it interests me how . . .	iii. 393
part . . .	iii. 355	Little that theologian teaches . . .	iv. 133
Land of all marvels in all ages past . . .	iv. 119	Little volume, warm with wishes . . .	iii. 152
Landon, now hang me but I think . . .	iii. 357	Little you think, my lovely friend . . .	iii. 228
Landon! what is best to bring . . .	iii. 352	Live, Sweetbriar, and protect the	
Last of the Giants! thou whose		bones . . .	iv. 100
vigorous breast . . .	iii. 337	Lo! where the four mimosas blend	
Lately our poets loiter'd in green		their shade . . .	iv. 9
lanes . . .	iii. 238	Loneliest of hills from crimes and	
Lately 'twas shown that usurpation	iii. 134	cares removed . . .	iv. 10
Lauder of Milton! worthy of his		Long have the Syrens left their	
praise . . .	iii. 175	sunny coast . . .	iii. 75
Laugh, honest Southey, prithee come	iii. 312	Look at that fountain! Gods around	iv. 174
Laura! the chords of your guitar . . .	iii. 420	Look thou yonder, look and tremble	iv. 71
Leaf after leaf drops off, flower after		Look up, thou consort of a king	
flower . . .	iv. 199	whose realm . . .	iii. 132
Lean'd on a bank, I seem'd to hear . . .	iv. 29	Lord of the Celtick dells . . .	iii. 270
Leave me alone! the pettish school-		Lord of the lovely plain . . .	iii. 270
boy cries . . .	iv. 203	Lords of the Adriatic, shores and isles	iii. 110
		Love flies with bow unstrung when	
		Time appears . . .	iv. 195

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

Love, flying out of sight, o'er-
shadows me . . . iv. 199
Love ran with me, then walk'd, then
sate . . . iv. 174
Love thou thy neighbour as thyself . . . iv. 86
Love was running in the head . . . iii. 309
Loved, when my love from all but
thee had flown . . . iii. 397
Love-making is like hay-making
soon over . . . iv. 210
Love's like the echo in the land of
Tell . . . iv. 192
Loveliest of hills! from crimes and
cares removed . . . iv. 10
Lucian! in one thing thou art ill-
advised . . . ii. 247
Lucilla slapt my hand that day . . . iii. 324
Lyndhurst came up to me among . . . iii. 326
Lyons! thou art a grateful city . . . iii. 121

Macaulay! Envy's self must praise . . . iii. 205
Macaulay is become a peer . . . iii. 188
Made our God again, Pope Pius . . . iii. 62
Mag's own hair would hold a dragon . . . iv. 135
Maid! who canst hardly yet believe . . . iv. 88
Maiden or youth, who standest here . . . iv. 156
Maiden there was whom Jove . . . iv. 165
Maidens are timid; were they bolder . . . iii. 320
Mama! we both are quite agreed . . . iii. 350
Man is not what God made him;
God ordain'd . . . iii. 126
Manin! thy country mourns thee;
but afar . . . iii. 110
Many are prompt, my little maid . . . iv. 76
Many can rule and more can fight . . . iv. 208
Many love music but for music's
sake . . . iv. 93
Many may yet recal the hours . . . iii. 396
Many, well I know, there are . . . iii. 382
March, tyrant, o'er Sarmatia's
blooded plain . . . iii. 133
Maria! I have said adieu . . . iii. 407
Mark! always, always watchful, here
I stand . . . iv. 202
Martha, now somewhat stern and old . . . iv. 66
Mastif! why bark at me who love
thy race . . . iv. 47
Matthias, Gifford, men like those . . . iii. 178
May I gaze upon thee when my latest
hour is come . . . iii. 249
Medina Celi, you well know . . . iii. 126
Memory! thou hidest from me far . . . iii. 308
Men always hate . . . iv. 203
'Men call you *dog*: now tell me why'
Men let themselves slide onwards by
degrees . . . iv. 172
Men like the ancient kalends, nones,
and ides . . . iv. 138
Men will be slaves; let them; but
force them not . . . iii. 79
Merle! cushat! mavis! when but
young . . . iv. 39
Metellus is a lover: one whose ear . . . iv. 65
Meyrick! surrounded by Silurian
boors . . . iii. 299
Meyrick, when I had gazed on all . . . iii. 327
Michelet! Time urges me down Life's
descent . . . iii. 155

Middle-sized men live longest, but
soon dies . . . iv. 202
Mild he may be, and innocent to
view . . . iv. 137
Mild is Euphemius, mild as summer
dew . . . iv. 197
Mild is the parting year, and sweet . . . iii. 379
Mild may he be and innocent to view . . . iv. 137
Milo of Croton with a stroke . . . iii. 131
Mine fall, and yet a tear of hers . . . iii. 385
Misfortune! thou demon of a thou-
sand forms . . . iii. 246
Mobs I abhor, yet bear a crowd . . . iii. 218
Montalembert and Baraguay . . . iii. 79
Moping for ever, in the house or out . . . ii. 277
Most honor'd knight, Sir Thomas!
two . . . iv. 149
Most puissant Lord of Brougham
and Vaux . . . iii. 35
Mother, I cannot mind my wheel . . . iii. 248
Mother of Virtues to the virtuous
man . . . iv. 133
Mother Pestcombe! none denies . . . iv. 302
Mountains and winding vallies, that
unfold . . . iv. 131
Mountains are less inert than men . . . iii. 109
Mounted upon a tall Thessalian steed . . . ii. 366
My basil, to whose fragrance, from
the breast . . . iii. 375
My briar that smelledst sweet . . . iv. 145
My cat, in youth's and beauty's
pride . . . iv. 192
My children! speak not ill of one
another . . . iv. 197
My dear friend Barry . . . iii. 316
My eyes first saw the light upon the
day . . . iii. 130
My faith is this: I do believe . . . iv. 87
My first is very near a tree . . . iv. 215
My fondled ones! whom every day . . . iv. 43
My fragrant Lime, I loved thee long
before . . . iii. 358
My Grace shall Fanny Carew be . . . iv. 147
My guest! I have not led you thro' . . . iii. 224
My hopes and glories all go down . . . iii. 321
My hopes retire; my wishes as before . . . iii. 383
My Kenyon! who would live away . . . iii. 316
My little flower of stem so tall . . . iv. 38
My little Kid! if I forbid . . . iv. 32
My little Myrtle, tell me why . . . iii. 368
My mule! own brother of those eight . . . iii. 134
My old familiar cottage-green . . . iv. 181
My pictures blacken in their frames . . . iii. 318
My pretty Mart, my winter friend . . . iii. 410
My serious son! I see thee look . . . iii. 415
My sister went to see her nurse . . . iii. 422
My verse was for thine eyes alone . . . i. 279
My verses, all I wrote of late . . . iii. 206
My yarn in verse is short: I sit among . . . iv. 199
Myrtale! may Heaven reward thee . . . iv. 160

Napier! I am too prompt to cry . . . iii. 314
Napier! take up anew thy pen . . . iii. 280
Nations by violence are espous'd to
Kings . . . iv. 191
Naturally, as fall upon the ground . . . iv. 144
Nature! thou mayest fume and fret . . . iii. 302
Nay, thank me not again for those . . . iv. 24

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

Near where Euphrates hurls his rapid
tide . . . iv. 259
Neither in idleness consume thy days . . . iv. 197
Neither the suns nor frosts nor rolling
years . . . iii. 273
Never has any house pour'd forth . . . iii. 331
Never may storm thy peaceful bosom
vex . . . iii. 343
Never must my bones be laid . . . iv. 42
Never, my boy, so blush and blink . . . iv. 65
Never so gloriously was Sleep at-
tended . . . iv. 182
Never was braver prince than he . . . iii. 138
Never yet was poet wanting . . . iii. 96
Niconde is inclined to deck . . . iv. 177
Night airs that make tree-shadows
walk, and sheep . . . iv. 117
Nina! see what our matin prayers
have brought us . . . ii. 89
No Angel borne on whiter wing . . . iii. 177
No bell, no cannon, by proud Ocean
borne . . . iii. 68
No charm can stay, no medicine
can assuage . . . iii. 396
No city on the many peopled earth . . . iii. 118
No, Daisy! lift not up thy ear . . . iii. 344
No doubt thy little bosom beats . . . iii. 286
No easy thing to hit the mind . . . iii. 226
No Goddess is but seventeen . . . iii. 323
No God to mortals oftener descends . . . ii. 365
No harps, no choral voices, may en-
force . . . iii. 181
No, I have never feard that age . . . iii. 318
No, I will never weave a sonnet . . . iii. 238
No insect smells so fulsome as that
hard . . . iv. 199
No leaves adorn my writing-screen . . . iii. 365
No less than either who have borne
the name . . . iii. 101
No longer presbyterian snarls . . . iii. 92
No more on daisies and on pilewort
fed . . . iv. 224
No mortal hand hath struck the
heroic string . . . iii. 43
No, my own love of other years . . . iii. 395
No prologue will our author's pride
allow . . . iv. 214
No, Teresita! never say . . . iii. 414
No, thou hast never griev'd but I
griev'd too . . . iii. 391
No truer word, save God's, was ever
spoken . . . iv. 208
None could ever say that she . . . iii. 256
None had yet tried to make men
speak . . . iii. 240
Nor did the thunderings of a cloudy
mind . . . iv. 182
Nor youth nor age nor virtue can
avoid . . . iv. 179
Northumberland! pray tell me, if
thou canst . . . i. 278
Not empty are the honours that we
pay . . . iii. 420
Not that the Muse, with brow benign . . . iii. 47
Not the last struggles of the Sun . . . iii. 278
November! thou art come again . . . iv. 18
Now all the people follow the pro-
cession . . . i. 253

Now from the chamber all are gone . . . iii. 67
Now know I Love, a cruel God, who
drew . . . iii. 257
Now thou art gone, tho' not gone
far . . . iii. 336
Now thou hast left this friendly shore . . . iii. 93
Now yellow hazels fringe the greener
plain . . . iv. 27
Nugent! I hope ere long to see . . . iii. 327
O could a girl of sixty breed . . . iv. 118
O could I cull such rhymes as thou . . . iii. 211
O Death! thou must have lost thy
wits . . . iv. 40
O Dulcimer, wake from thy sun-
shiny sleep . . . iii. 244
O Earth! deceived so often by false
glare . . . iv. 190
O father! am I then within thy arms . . . ii. 132
O father Matthew . . . iii. 77
O fond, but fickle and untrue . . . iii. 378
O for the friends, the few I had . . . iii. 421
O friends! who have accompanied
thus far . . . iii. 223
O Friendship! Friendship! the shell
of Aphrodite . . . iv. 192
O gentlest of thy race . . . iii. 39
O Glory of Liguria! Thus began . . . iii. 112
O God! how painful are the chains
that oppress the flying exile . . . iii. 245
O Goddess of heroes and sages! I
know thee . . . iv. 100
O harp of France! why hang un-
strung . . . iii. 171
O hear our suit, good Doctor Warton . . . iv. 279
O Idleness! enchanting Idleness . . . iv. 204
O immortality of Fame . . . iii. 200
O King Apollo! god Apollo! god . . . ii. 221
O Maid of Arc! why dare I not to say . . . iii. 78
O Milton! couldst thou rise again and
see . . . iii. 200
O nation of Alfieri! thou . . . iii. 70
O Parent Earth! in thy retreats . . . iii. 273
O! peaceful day of pious leisure . . . iv. 269
O Peleus! whom the Gods have given
me . . . ii. 237
O Politics! ye wriggling reptiles,
hatcht . . . iii. 76
O Rahdi, where is happiness . . . iii. 248
O Satyr-son of Sophroniscus . . . iv. 151
O Solon, heartily do I rejoice . . . iv. 216
O thou on whom Rubens had
revel'd! O fatter . . . iii. 381
O thou that delightest in the gardens
of Schiraz . . . iii. 243
O thou who sittest with the wise . . . iv. 151
O thou whose happy pencil strays . . . iii. 375
O what a pleasant thing it is . . . iii. 75
O wretched despicable slaves . . . iii. 80
Oenone had been weeping, but her
tears . . . i. 103
Oenone had been weeping, but the
blast . . . i. 370
Oeta was glorious; proud of ancestry . . . ii. 392
O'erfoaming with rage . . . iii. 38
O'erpast was warfare; youths and
maidens came . . . i. 89
Of all the saints of earth or air . . . iv. 35

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

Of early days, and promist hours . iv. 210
 Of Hell and Heaven we Poets hold
 the keys iv. 300
 Of late among the rocks I lay . . iii. 343
 Of many I have mourn'd the death . . iii. 423
 Of Men enough, and oft too much is
 seen iv. 75
 Of those who speak about Voltaire . . iii. 209
 Of two Field-m Marshals there is one . . iii. 103
 Oft when the Muses would be festive . . iv. 103
 Often I have heard it said iii. 289
 Oh! I have erred iv. 131
 Old Dervish! O how good you are . . iv. 95
 Old mulberry! with all thy moss
 around iv. 28
 On days gone by us we look back . . iv. 211
 On holy Westminster's recording
 stone iii. 331
 On love, on grief, on every human
 thing iv. 177
 On perjurer and plunderer turn no
 more iv. 302
 On the smooth brow and clustering
 hair iii. 390
 On Tiber's bank in Arno's shade . . iii. 313
 Once an old sinner call'd a priest . . . iii. 21
 Once, and once only, have I seen thy
 face iii. 145
 Once I would bid the man go hang . . iii. 190
 Once, Jove! in presence of thy God-
 head iv. 276
 One body she lifts up so high . . . iv. 150
 One brother closed the Scindian
 war iii. 315
 One day, when I was young, I read . . iii. 216
 One leg across his wide armchair . . iii. 156
 One lovely name adorns my song . . iii. 226
 One morning in the Spring I sate . . iii. 224
 One mortal shall vain-glory cast . . iii. 261
 One pansy, one, she bore beneath her
 breast iii. 387
 One tooth has Mummius; but in
 sooth iv. 65
 One year ago, my path was green . . iii. 382
 Only one poet in the worst of days . . iii. 195
 Onward, right onward, gallant
 James, nor heed iii. 154
 Or else what mortal man shall say . . iv. 144
 Orlando, when he was beside . . . iv. 186
 Our brother we believe we must not
 slay iv. 200
 'Our couch shall be roses all spangled
 with dew' iv. 66
 Our days are number'd, O Eliza!
 mine iii. 302
 Our good King Ferdinand, altho' I
 say it ii. 134
 Our ministers, we hear, recall . . . iii. 118
 Our steam navigation iv. 68
 Our thoughts, my lord, are not en-
 tirely ours ii. 139
 Our youth was happy: why repine . . iii. 306
 Out of my way! Off! or my sword
 may smite thee ii. 223
 Out of thy books, O Beauty I had
 been iii. 239
 Outrageous hourly with his wife is
 Peter iv. 68

Over his millions Death has lawful
 power iii. 64
 Over these solid downs eight years
 have past iii. 300
 Oxford! wert thou bewitched, to have
 endured iv. 191
 Pæstum! thy roses long ago iv. 13
 Palmerston! lies and gives the lie . . iii. 95
 Pan led me to a wood the other day . . ii. 364
 Pardon our enemies, we pray . . . iv. 212
 Parrots have richly color'd wings . . iv. 44
 Pass me: I only am the rind iv. 193
 Pass on, my brother! she awaits the
 wretch ii. 217
 Passing the ancient pine-wood near
 Ravenna iv. 189
 Past ruin'd Iliion Helen lives . . . iii. 376
 Patience! coy songsters of the Del-
 phic wood iii. 146
 Peace! fly to Heaven; and, righteous
 War! come down iii. 71
 Penthésilæa, bright and bold iv. 87
 Pentheus, by maddening Furies
 driven iv. 86
 People like best the patriots who
 betray 'em iii. 106
 People may think the work of sleep . . iii. 182
 Perilla! to thy fates resign'd . . . iv. 163
 Philip! I know thee not, thy song I
 know iii. 163
 Philosopher and poet you shall find . . iv. 206
 Phraortes! where art thou iv. 157
 Pindar! no few are there among my
 guests ii. 243
 Pisa! I love thee well, altho' iv. 46
 Plants the most beauteous love the
 water's brink iv. 194
 Pleasant art thou, Theocritus! The
 pair ii. 245
 Pleasant it is to wink and sniff the
 fumes iii. 154
 Pleasant must be these groves of
 Cintra, Pedro i. 225
 Pleas'd was I when you told me how
 Pleasure and Pain iii. 120
 Pleasure! why thus desert the heart . . iii. 376
 Pleasures, as with light wings they
 go iii. 409
 Pleasures! away; they please no
 more iv. 164
 Poet hates poet the world over . . . iii. 171
 Poet! I like not mealy fruit; give me
 iv. 196
 Poet! too trustful and too tender . . iii. 192
 Poets as strong as ever were iii. 201
 Poets had kept the Long Vacation . . iii. 191
 Poor Osmanli! poor Osmanli iv. 190
 Poor Somerset! 'twas safer work . . iii. 105
 Pope, tho' his letters are so civil . . iii. 187
 Poplar! I will not write upon thy
 rind iii. 404
 Porson was askt what he thought of
 hexameters written in English . . iii. 204
 Pout not, my little Rose, but take . . iii. 348
 Praiser of Milton! worthy of his
 praise iii. 175
 Preacher of discontent! Then large
 indeed iv. 20

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

Preachers of peace, with paunches
pursy iv. 213
Prelates and Judges! Privy-Coun-
cillors iii. 99
Pretty Anne Boleyn made a joke . . iv. 110
Pretty Maiden! pretty maiden . . . iii. 262
Proud may be all who fairly claim . . iii. 421
Proud word you never spoke, but
you will speak iii. 393
Prude! shall I whisper what you are
iv. 212
Pure love? there is no other; nor
shall be iv. 179
Pursuits! alas, I now have none . . iii. 390
Pyrrha! your smiles are gleams of
sun iv. 171

Queen of the double sea, beloved of
him iv. 122

Rancour is often the most bitter . . iv. 209
Rare, since the sons of Leda, rare a
twain iii. 415
Rather give me the lasting rose of
Sharon iv. 136
Rather than flighty Fame give me . . iv. 109
Rave over other lands and other
seas iii. 60
Regain, ye despots, if ye can, your
thrones iii. 128
Rejoice all ye iii. 122
Rejoice, ye nations! one is dead . . iii. 111
Remain, ah not in youth alone . . . iii. 391
Remember you the guilty night . . . iii. 369
Remind me not, thou grace of serious
mien iv. 79
Repentance hastens if forbearance
halts iv. 207
Reprehend, if thou wilt, the vain
phantasm, O Reason iv. 193
Rest of my heart! no verse can tell . . iii. 305
Retire, and timely, from the world,
if ever iv. 77
Retired this hour from wondering
crowds iii. 388
Reviler! you should have been
taught iv. 106
Rhaicos was born amid the hills
wherefrom ii. 283
Ricasoli, thou wantest power iii. 125
Right in my path what goddess
stands iii. 82
Rightly you say you do not know . . iii. 290
Rob me and maim me! Why, man,
take such pains iv. 196
Rocks on the shore wherefrom we
launch on life iv. 180
Rocks under Okeover park-paling . . iv. 135
Rose, one day walking with her beau . iii. 365
Rosina ran down Prior Park iii. 354

Saint, beyond all in glory who sur-
round iii. 45
Saint Peter could fish up iii. 102
Sandford! the friend of all the brave . iii. 328
Satire! I never call'd thee very fair . iv. 222
Say but you do not hate me, as you
flee iv. 131
Say, Byron, why is thy attar iii. 202

Say, little bird! whose tender breast . iv. 272
Say thou who liest here beneath . . iv. 41
Say, who so dauntless ever trod the
field iv. 5
Say ye, that years roll on and ne'er
return iii. 380
Schlegel; where first I met thee was
at Bonn iii. 219
Scinde conquer'd, England's power
restored iii. 300
See a heart of fragil shell iii. 366
See her, Count Julian; if thou lovest
God i. 161
See how this paper, pure no more . . iv. 207
'See the conquering hero comes' . . . iii. 104
Seeing Loreto's holy house descend . . iii. 82
Seeks him who loves not, him who
loves, avoids iii. 257
Send me such poems as a treat . . . iv. 205
Sevastopol is won! Deplore all . . . iii. 90
Sharp crocus wakes the froward year . iii. 418
She bids me send this verse to you . . iii. 401
She I love (alas in vain) iii. 383
She leads in solitude her youthful
hours iii. 367
She sighed, and said, 'No: nothing
could dissever iii. 259
She was so beautiful, had God but
died iv. 136
She who inspires this verse shall be . . iii. 366
Shelley and Keats, on earth un-
known iii. 203
Shelley! whose song so sweet was
sweetest here iii. 179
Sighs must be grown less plentiful . . iv. 194
Silent and modest Brook! who dip-
pest here iv. 25
Silent, you say, I'm grown of late . . iii. 393
Silenus, when he led the Satyrs home . ii. 351
Silly one! do you think it strange . . iv. 204
Since in the terrace-bower we sate . . . iii. 283
Since you, my true love, went abroad . iii. 392
Sing thou the anger of Achilles,
Muse iii. 260
Sing we the last of that man's days
who tore i. 119
Sire! sire! cast off the worn-out garb . iii. 120
Siren of high Siena! thine iii. 109
Sit on the sofa, gallant Erskine . . . iii. 358
Sit quiet at your hearthstones while
ye may iii. 75
Sitting up late, incautious Love
takes cold iv. 204
Sixty the years since Fidler bore . . . iii. 231
Slain was Agnes on the day iii. 361
Slave-merchants, scalpers, cannibals,
agree iv. 218
Sleep, my sweet girl! and all the
sleep iv. 97
Sleep, tho' to Age so needful, shuns
my eyes iii. 52
Sleep! who contractest the waste
realms of night iv. 115
Smiles soon abate; the boisterous
throes iii. 274
Smithfield! thy festival prepare . . . iii. 77
Snap at me, Malice! snap; thy teeth
are rotten iv. 209

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

Snappish and captious, ever prowling iii. 153
 So, after all, I mist the mark iii. 193
 So fierce and vengeful who was ever known iv. 303
 So, Kenyon! thou lover of frolic and laughter iii. 284
 So late removed from him she swore iii. 378
 So, my brave fellows, you resolve to leave iii. 28
 So Philomel beneath some poplar's shade iii. 252
 So pure my love is, I could light iv. 174
 So sad a mourner never bent iv. 108
 So! the winds and the waters must waft thee again iii. 32
 So then at last the emperor Franz iii. 34
 So then! I feel not deeply: if I did iii. 225
 So, when Medea on her native strand Soldier and Saint! go forth. A groan of pain iii. 310
 Sole one of all thy race iii. 73
 Some angel aided in thy flight iii. 139
 Some are fanciers in religions iv. 97
 Some dress in marten, some in vair iv. 203
 Some farmers bought a dog, to keep Some if they're forced to tell the truth iv. 215
 Some, when they would appear to mourn iv. 107
 Something (ah! tell me what) there is iii. 395
 Sometimes a Jesuit's words are true Sometimes, as boys will do, I play'd at love iii. 403
 Sometimes the brave have bent the head iii. 99
 Sometimes the tempest, with departing wing iii. 367
 Somewhere in youth I think I heard Son Cotton! these light idle brooks iv. 134
 'Song of the Shirt'. Strange! very strange iii. 206
 Sonnet is easy in the Tuscan tongue iii. 221
 Soon as Ianthe's lip I prest iii. 370
 Soon as the stranger turns his step away ii. 399
 Soon does the lily of the valley die iv. 45
 Soon, O Ianthe! life is o'er iii. 384
 Soon to awaken, may my Rose iii. 346
 Sophia, pity Gunlaug's fate i. 91
 Sophy! before the fond adieu iii. 340
 Sophy looks grave nor says one word Sophy whose hand is now about to part iii. 355
 Sounder, sweeter, be your sleep iii. 321
 Southey and I have run in the same traces iii. 314
 Sparrow! Lesbia's lively guest iv. 280
 Speak it I must. Ill are the auguries ii. 165
 Speak not too ill of me, Athenian friends iv. 162
 Spirit who risest to eternal day iii. 418
 Spring smiles in Nature's face with fresh delight iv. 215
 Springing from crystal step to crystal step iv. 127
 Squibs, crackers, serpents, rockets, Bengal lights iii. 203

Stand afar off, irreverent and profane ii. 358
 Stand close around, ye Stygian set iv. 72
 Standing with courtiers, princes, Tzars iv. 99
 Stanley! I never saw thy face iii. 170
 Stately step, commanding eye iii. 318
 Stay! spare him! save the last iv. 122
 Stay with me, Time! Stay here and rest iii. 311
 Stedfast, energetic, iron, was Nelson's will iii. 74
 Stiffly I rise from this arm-chair iii. 337
 Still can thy heart, O Eloise! regret iv. 263
 Stop, stop, friend Cogan! would you throw iv. 198
 Storm Morgarten's larch-plumed crest iv. 128
 Story! could thy good father come iii. 333
 Story! whose sire maintained the cause iii. 333
 Strachey! now may'st thou praise thy God iii. 315
 Stranger! Athenian hands adorn iv. 169
 Stranger, these little flowers are sweet iv. 13
 Stranger! who art thou? why approachest thou ii. 229
 Strangers in vain enquire, for none can show iii. 216
 Strike with Thor's hammer, strike agen iii. 180
 Struck with an ear-ache by all stronger lays iv. 136
 Struggling, and faint, and fainter, didst thou wane iv. 187
 Such rapid jerks, such rude grimaces iv. 192
 Such the protuberance that abuts iv. 212
 Suffenus, whom so well you know iii. 255
 Summer has doft his latest green iv. 193
 Summer is come, and must I never see iii. 354
 Sure from thee, most Holy Father ii. 63
 Sure, 'tis time to have resign'd iii. 319
 Surely shall some one come, alert and kind iii. 261
 Suspicious fall On grey Glengall iv. 69
 Swallow! swallow! though so jetty iv. 138
 Swan! gently gliding on the silvery lake iv. 208
 Sweet are the siren songs on eastern shores iii. 150
 Sweet as it is to hear a voice ii. 409
 Sweet Clementina, turn those eyes ii. 286
 Sweet girls! upon whose breast that God descends iv. 168
 Sweet is the Morn where'er it shines iv. 36
 Sweet odors and bright colors swiftly pass iii. 187
 Sweet was the maid who hail'd my early lav iii. 263
 Sweet was the song that Youth sang once iii. 292
 Sweeter beneath this olive will you sing iii. 257
 Swiftly we sail along thy stream iv. 11
 'Take away that bauble!' cried iii. 93

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

Take refuge here amid our Delphian
shades . . . ii. 222
Take the last flowers your natal
day . . . iii. 341
Taking my walk the other day . . . iv. 95
Tanagra! think not I forget . . . iv. 152
Taranto now has lost her guide . . . iii. 122
Tears, and tears only, are these eyes
that late . . . iii. 394
Tears! are they tears indeed . . . iii. 400
Tears driven back upon the fountain-
head . . . iv. 74
Tell me, Eriopis, why . . . iv. 175
Tell me not things past all belief . . . iii. 393
Tell me not what too well I know . . . iii. 175
Tell me, perverse young year . . . iii. 342
Tell me, proud though lovely maiden
'Tell me what means that sigh,'
Ione said . . . iii. 335
Tell me; which merits most the
hangman's hold . . . iii. 83
Ten days, ten only, intervene . . . iii. 361
Ten thousand flakes about my win-
dows blow . . . iv. 194
Tenderest of tender hearts, of spirits
pure . . . iii. 176
Terminus! whether stock or stone . . . iv. 89
Ternissa! you are fled . . . ii. 356
Tethys then really, most gallant
Cæsar . . . iv. 179
Thank heaven, Neæra, once again . . . iii. 263
That cockt-up nose there—shining
like the knob . . . iv. 293
That critic must indeed be bold . . . iii. 200
That lovely name adorns my song . . . iii. 226,
385
That mortal has imperfect trust . . . iv. 208
The ancient faith brings recreant
Gauls . . . iii. 81
The basket upon which thy fingers
bend . . . iii. 341
The Bible is the Earth: and we begin
The blackest of grapes, with a foot-
path hard by . . . iv. 194
The blustering drum . . . i. 330,
iv. 146
The bough beneath me shakes and
swings . . . iii. 389
The breath five hundred haggards
breathe . . . iv. 204
The brightest mind, when sorrow
sweeps across . . . iv. 18
The burden of an ancient rhyme . . . iv. 65
The camel at the city gate . . . iii. 192
The cattle in the common field . . . iii. 240
The 'Centaur is not fabulous', said
Young . . . iii. 213
The clouds, o'erladen, throw their
burdens down . . . iv. 186
The colours of thy waves are not the
same . . . iv. 121
The covert walk, the mossy apple-
trees . . . iv. 16
The crysolites and rubies Bacchus
brings . . . iv. 86
The daughters of the tempest-footed
steeds . . . iv. 151
The day is *pluvius*, they will rue it . . . iv. 211

The day of brightest dawn (day
soonest flown!) . . . iv. 200
The day returns again . . . iii. 397
The day returns, my natal day . . . iii. 282
The days of our youth are not over
while sadness . . . iii. 307
The dead are soon forgotten, and not
all . . . iii. 422
The Devil, when he made believe . . . iv. 83
The Devils in the herd of swine . . . iv. 209
The dreamy rhymers' measured
snore . . . iii. 153
The fault is not mine if I love you
too much . . . iii. 303
The fires of love are pure in just
degree . . . iv. 207
The first is very near a tree . . . iv. 215
The fur you gave me I'll take care . . . iv. 96
The girls of Calydon now celebrate . . . iii. 330
The Goddess of beauty, who loves
early hours . . . iv. 95
The Graces now are past their
dancing days . . . iii. 205
The grandest writer of late ages . . . iii. 201
The grateful heart for all things
blesses . . . iii. 322
The grave is open, soon to close . . . iii. 366
The happy who are called above . . . iii. 311
The hay is carried, and the Hours . . . iii. 184
The heart you cherish can not change
The heaviest curse that can on mor-
tal fall . . . iv. 211
The honey-moon is very strange . . . iv. 207
The horn-eyed, cold, constrictor Tzar . . . iii. 103
The house of mourning in a foren
land . . . iii. 89
The jewel that is absent from the
ring . . . iv. 98
The leaves are falling; so am I . . . iii. 397
The lonely bird, the bird of even-
song . . . iv. 180
The Loves who many years held all
my mind . . . iii. 394
The maid I love ne'er thought of me . . . iii. 394
The mermaid sat upon the rocks . . . iv. 140
The Mexicans will flay the Spaniards . . . iii. 126
The mother of the Muses, we are
taught . . . iii. 403
The mountain ash before my pane . . . iii. 351
The mountains bow'd and trembled
as he came . . . iii. 88
The Muses at the side may move . . . iv. 108
The narrow mind is the discontented
one . . . iii. 262
The pathway to the gate of Death . . . iv. 104
The pigmy despot Mutinas lies here . . . iv. 162
The pillow is too soft; my head sinks
in . . . ii. 161
The piper's music fills the street . . . iii. 215
The place where soon I think to lie . . . iv. 18
The poet sleeps: at every wheeze . . . iii. 191
The pride of Persia once was I . . . iv. 189
The purest breast that breathes
Ausonian air . . . iii. 50
The Rector of Saint Peter's, I know
where . . . iv. 196
The reeds were green the other day . . . iv. 160
The reign of justice is return'd again . . . iii. 148

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

The Revelations want a guide . . . iii. 210
 The richest flowers have not most
 honey-cells . . . iv. 139
 The rule of justice hath return'd
 again . . . iii. 148
 The scentless laurel a broad leaf
 displays . . . iv. 210
 The scrapes of youth and maladies
 of age . . . iv. 205
 The Scriptures teach us that our
 Lord . . . iii. 213
 The scythe of time, alas! alas . . . iv. 208
 The sea has depths no plummet-line
 iv. 210
 The shadows deepen round me; take
 iii. 355
 The shell assuaged his sorrows: thee
 he sang . . . iii. 251
 The slender birds enjoy their cages . . . iv. 212
 The snows have fallen since my eyes
 were closed . . . iv. 37
 The soft I own to; then of fun . . . iv. 205
 The sorrowing heart will seek no
 pleasant place . . . iv. 106
 The southern blast was so bitter cold
 iv. 133
 The strange, mysterious, solitary
 Nile . . . iv. 181
 The swaggering drum and trumpet
 hoarse with rage . . . i. 330,
 iv. 146
 The swain and nymph went out
 together . . . iv. 203
 The swimmers in the stream of
 politics . . . iii. 137
 The tears that on two faces meet . . . iv. 208
 The tears that rise . . . iv. 201
 The thorns that press most deep are
 prest . . . iv. 171
 The tiger-borne and mortal-mothered
 God . . . iv. 162
 The tongue of England, that which
 myriads . . . iii. 160
 The torch of Love dispels the gloom
 iii. 383
 The vessel which lies here at last . . . iii. 254
 The village of the laurel grove . . . ii. 126
 The violets of thine eyes are faded . . . iii. 406
 The whimsies of wantons and stories
 of dread . . . iv. 144
 The Wine is murmuring in the gloom
 iii. 305
 The winged head of Genius snakes
 surround . . . iv. 117
 The wisest of the wise . . . iii. 305
 The wisest of us all when woe . . . iv. 79
 The woods and stormy waves were
 now at rest . . . iii. 257
 The year lies waste; November's
 rain . . . iv. 41
 The Year's twelve daughters had in
 turn gone by . . . ii. 343
 Thee, meek Episcopacy! shall kings
 unfrock . . . iv. 280
 Then by my troth is it pure and
 bright . . . iv. 139
 There are a hundred now alive . . . iii. 211
 There are, alas, some depths of woe . . . iv. 140
 There are certain blue eyes . . . iv. 198
 There are few on whom Fortune in
 one form or other . . . iii. 308
 There are few wits who never speak
 ill . . . iii. 218

There are some tears that only brave
 men shed . . . iii. 85
 There are some tears we would not
 wish to dry . . . iii. 386
 There are some wishes that may start
 iii. 286
 There are some words in every
 tongue . . . iv. 91
 There are sweet flowers that only
 blow by night . . . iv. 208
 There are two miseries in human
 life . . . iv. 139
 There are two Niles, the white and
 blue . . . iii. 121
 There are two rival foes for every
 breast . . . iv. 211
 There are two rivals for the heart
 of Man . . . iv. 110
 There are who say we are but dust . . . iv. 211
 There are who teach us that the
 depths of thought . . . iii. 151
 There are who, when they read a
 book . . . iii. 212
 There are whose hand can throw the
 shafts of song . . . iii. 55
 There falls with every wedding chime
 iv. 196
 There is a flame that flickers over us
 iii. 320
 There is a flower I wish to wear . . . iv. 38
 There is a light luxuriant arbores-
 cence . . . iv. 214
 There is a mountain and a wood
 between us . . . iii. 304
 There is a pleasure the support of
 grief . . . iii. 348
 There is a power, itself immovable . . . iv. 206
 There is a restless mortal who . . . iii. 202
 There is a time when the romance of
 life . . . iii. 306
 There is a tribute all must pay . . . iv. 107
 There is, alas! a chill, a gloom . . . iv. 17
 There is delight in singing, though
 none hear . . . iii. 149
 There is in kisses a delight . . . iv. 176
 There is some truth in half the odd . . . iv. 192
 There lived a diver once whose boast
 iv. 84
 There may be many reasons why . . . iii. 41
 There may be scornfulness, there
 may be wrong . . . iv. 206
 There's no hypocrisy in being civil . . . iv. 205
 There was a clergyman who used to
 say . . . iv. 112
 There was a damsel ill in Limerick . . . iii. 19
 There was a lovely tree, I knew . . . iv. 29
 There was a spinner in the days of
 old . . . ii. 290
 There was a time when Flowers could
 speak more plain . . . ii. 353
 There was one powerful man, and
 only one . . . iii. 119
 These are the sights I love to see . . . iii. 385
 These, madam, may perhaps be jokes . . . iv. 300
 These rhymes appear to me but very
 so-so . . . iv. 214
 They saw me win the glorious bough . . . iii. 259
 They say that every idle word . . . iii. 128
 They smile on us by Time cut down . . . iv. 211
 They tell us, the persuasive Greek . . . iii. 119
 They whom blind love hath led to
 take a wife . . . iii. 124

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

This is my faith, I do believe.	iv. 87	Time! seated on thy hoary rock	iii. 314
This is my hour	iii. 85	'Tis better at the stake than in the stall	iv. 131
Tho', Helicon! I seldom dream	iv. 276	'Tis not Lucilla that you see	iii. 304
Tho' I seldom have writ since my Muse was beset	iv. 290	'Tis pleasant to behold	iii. 354
Tho' Southey's poetry to thee should seem	iv. 225	'Tis well our courtly patriots have	iv. 277
Tho' the good luck I've often had	iii. 322	To bring is better than to cause	iii. 189
Thomson, there born where mist and snow	iii. 207	To gaze on you when life's last gleams decline	iv. 79
Thorwaldsen! thou art going forth	iii. 125	To her old friend does Rose devote	iii. 348
Those who have laid the harp aside	iii. 143	To hide her ordure, claws the cat	iv. 198
Thou art a wall	iv. 144	To his young Rose an old man said	iii. 347
Thou, Beatrice, hast found an earlier rest	iii. 197	To love and to be loved the wise would give	iv. 204
Thou Cyclamen of crumpled horn	iv. 38	To love one, and to be beloved by one	iv. 133
Thou dreariest droll of puffy short-breath'd writers	iii. 176	To my ninth decad I have tottered on	iii. 402
Thou goest then, and leavest none behind	ii. 246	To our first loves we oft return	iii. 344
Thou hast been ever active, Peter	iv. 109	To Rose and to Sophy	iii. 342
Thou hast been floating on the o'er-swollen stream	ii. 199	To see the cities and to know the men	iii. 194
Thou hast been very tender to the Moon	iv. 75	To the tender and pensive I make my Appeal	iv. 37
Thou hast inquired of me, and thou hast heard	ii. 280	To thee I call	iv. 200
Thou hast, Napoleon, seiz'd on power: one-half	iii. 86	To thee, Maria, now within thy tomb	iii. 409
Thou hast not lost all glory, Rome	iii. 203	To turn my volume o'er nor find	iii. 239
Thou hast not rais'd, lanthe, such desire	iii. 383	To violate the sanctitude of song	iii. 80
Thou in this wide cold church art laid	iii. 277	To write as your sweet mother does	iii. 340
Thou liest within the church's door	iii. 327	Tomorrow, brightest-eyed of Avon's train	iv. 1
Thou murderous man! a time there comes, we trust	iii. 73	Tomorrow if the day is fine	iii. 334
Thou needst not pitch upon my hat	iv. 86	Too happy poet! true it is indeed	iii. 228
Thou pityest; and why hidest thou thy pity	iii. 395	Too long, my friend! hath Satire's camp confin'd	iv. 255
Thou since she sleeps with her mama	iv. 68	Too mindful of the fault in Eve	iii. 306
Thou whom the wandering comets guide	iii. 31	Tories don't like me, Whigs detest	iv. 201
Though other friends have died in other days	iii. 399	Tost in what corner hast thou lain	iii. 343
Thought fights with thought: out springs a spark of truth	iv. 196	Toward Maiano let me look again	iii. 196
Thoughts when they're weakest take the longest flights	iv. 214	Traveler! thou from afar that explorest the caverns of Delphi	iii. 180
Threaten the wretch who rashly comes	iv. 199	Treasures of Greek has . . ? In vain I seek 'em	iv. 199
Three-score and ten the years since Rugby saw	iii. 325	Triumphant Demons stand, and Angels start	iv. 200
Thus do you sit and break the flowers	iv. 117	Troublesome child! do let that youth alone	iii. 323
Thus sank the wisest of the godly brave	ii. 163	True, ah too true! the generous breast	iii. 397
Thy blood, O pious maiden! shall remain	ii. 406	Tryphœna says that you must come	iii. 196
Thy daughters often visit me	iv. 100	Turn on the anvil twice or thrice	iii. 220
Thy greatest man from earth had past	iii. 72	Turn, pretty blue eyes! wheresoever ye shine	iii. 288
Thy lying heart, and not thy vanquish'd arms	iii. 96	Twain are the boys of Venus: one surveys	ii. 383
Thy skin is like an unwash't carrot's	iv. 302	Twain are the sons of Venus: one beholds	ii. 315
Time has not made these eyes so dim	iii. 221	'Twas at the royal feast for Kars	iii. 104
Time past I thought it worth my while	iv. 194	'Twas evening calm, when village maids	iv. 270
		'Twas far beyond the mid-night hour	iii. 203
		'Twas in the year of ninety-five	iv. 61
		'Twas market-day: the farmers met	iv. 277
		'Twas when, awaken'd by their just alarms	iv. 284
		Twenty years hence my eyes may grow	iii. 391

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

Two cackling mothers hatcht two
separate broods . . . i. 248
Two Goddesses, not always friends. . . iv. 90
Two nations may contend which
stands the highest . . . iii. 124
Two rival lawyers, Gabb and Gabell
'Twould tire the Muse, and awkward
were the sight . . . iv. 283
Two youths were standing some-
where near the Louvre . . . iv. 104
Tyrrel, spur onward! we must not
await . . . i. 264
Ulysses-like had Myrrha known . . . iv. 66
Uncle! and thou too with these
murderers . . . ii. 202
Under a tuft of eglantine, at noon . . . iv. 179
Under his pulpit lies poor Sydney . . . iii. 206
Under the grate the ashes lie . . . iv. 203
Under the hollies of thy breezy
glade. . . iv. 3
Under the lilacs we shall meet no
more . . . iii. 317
Under the lindens lately sat . . . iv. 94
Unhappy he whom Love beguiles . . . iv. 210
Unholy fire sprang up in fields and
woods . . . iv. 180
Unjust are they who argue me unjust . . . iii. 154
Unkindness can be but where kind-
ness was . . . iv. 197
Unless my senses are more dull . . . iv. 194
Unnatural mother . . . iv. 300
Unworthy are these poems of the
lights . . . iii. 284
Upon his death-bed lay a pagan
priest . . . iii. 21
Upon the bark of this old tree . . . iv. 207
Upon the Pindan turf our horse . . . iv. 211
Valor not always is propell'd by
War . . . iii. 57
Various the roads of life; in one . . . iv. 193
Varrus would take me t'other day . . . iii. 250
Venour, my brave boy-guardian,
who at school . . . iii. 422
Venus! Cupid! Beaux! deplore . . . iv. 280
Verona! thy tall gardens stand erect . . . iv. 19
Versailles! Versailles! thou shalt not
keep . . . iii. 399
Very true, the linnets sing . . . iv. 16
Virtue and Vice look much the same . . . iv. 202
War is it, O grave heads! that ye . . . iv. 161
We all wish many things undone . . . iv. 109
We are but pebbles in a gravel walk . . . iv. 156
We are what suns and winds and
waters make us . . . iv. 123
We drive the hoop along the green
of life . . . iii. 191
We fear that Christ must come once
more . . . iv. 100
We have old women and to spare . . . iii. 209
We have outlived low Creeds; the
high remains . . . iv. 206
We have survived three months of
rain . . . iii. 348
We hear no more an Attic song . . . iii. 209
We know a poet rich in thought,
profuse . . . iii. 182

We lose a life in every friend we
lose . . . iv. 159
We may repair and fix again . . . iv. 211
We mind not how the sun in the mid-
sky . . . iv. 175
We once were happier; true; but
were . . . iii. 402
We sat down and wept by the waters . . . iii. 258
We send a thief a thief to catch . . . iv. 213
We sing the song we could not sing . . . ii. 279
We turn to Delphi; we consult the
God . . . i. 80
We will not argue, if you say . . . iii. 390
Weak minds return men hatred for
contempt . . . iv. 198
Wearers of rings and chains . . . iii. 227
Weep Venus, and ye . . . iii. 141
Weepest thou? Weep thou mayst;
but not for long . . . ii. 233
Welcome, old friend! These many
years . . . iv. 85
Welcome to England, thou whom
peace . . . iii. 295
Welcome! who last hast climb'd the
cloven hill . . . iii. 159
Well I remember how you smiled . . . iii. 227
Well, on Sunday I parted . . . iii. 363
Wert thou but blind, O Fortune,
then perhaps . . . iv. 73
What art thou doing with those
shears . . . iv. 178
What bitter flowers surround the
fount of Pleasure . . . iv. 201
What brought thee back, lad?
Father! the same feat . . . iii. 17
What care I what tears there be . . . iii. 259
What garden but glows . . . iv. 197
What has prince — done that he . . . iii. 105
'What is my faith?' I do believe . . . iv. 87
What is the matter with your spouse . . . iv. 67
What language, let me think, is
meet . . . iii. 311
What, my boy, is the rhyme to whig . . . iv. 213
What my Last Fruits are when you
see . . . iii. 237
What, of house and home bereft . . . iv. 81
What right have I to hold back Love
so late . . . iv. 201
What say you now, Giovanna! shall
we go . . . i. 280
What says the dove on yonder tree . . . ii. 145
What see I through the mist of years?
a friend . . . iii. 329
What! show Laertes meanly fed . . . iii. 237
What slender youth perfused with
fresh macassar . . . iii. 66
What tho' Religion laugh thy prose
to scorn . . . iv. 280
What thousands, Law, thy handi-
work deplore . . . iv. 201
What three letters make the word . . . iv. 215
What was that the abbot said . . . iv. 185
What wouldst thou say . . . iv. 199
What you'd fain know, you will find
Whatever England's coasts display . . . iv. 14
When a loose tooth and a loose
friend are lost . . . iv. 211
When a man truly loves he is at best . . . iv. 198

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

When closes overhead the warmer
ray iii. 309

When eating and drinking and spit-
ting and smoking iii. 85

When from above the busy crowd I
see iv. 210

When go I must, as well she knew . . iv. 181

When happy friends again are met . . iii. 359

When Helen first saw wrinkles in her
face iii. 380

When Honor once hath shut the door . iv. 202

When I gaze upon the sky iv. 204

When I throw off this mortal coil . . iv. 213

When Jove had given o'er the frogs
to reign iv. 294

When old Silenus call'd the Satyrs
home i. 1

When our eyes melt not with an-
other's woes iv. 205

When sea-born Venus guided o'er . . iii. 288

When she whose glory casts in shade . . iii. 78

When the buds began to burst iii. 350

When the mad wolf hath bit the
scatter'd sheep iv. 199

When the mimosas shall have made
When we have panted past life's
middle space iv. 193

When wine and gin are gone and
spent iv. 136

Where all must love, but one can win
the prize iii. 360

Where am I? O ye blessed ones above . ii. 373

Where are the blooms of many dyes . iv. 172

Where are the brave? With God: for
Earth gives up iii. 88

Where are the royal beagles so high-
fed iii. 76

Where are the sounds that swam
along iv. 27

Where art thou gone, light-ankled
youth iv. 85

Where, Cross of Savoy! shall be found . iv. 102

Where forms the lotus, with its level
leaves iv. 118

Where is, ah where! the citron bloom . iii. 414

Where is my heart, perfidious boy . . iii. 371

Where is the swan of breast so white . iv. 154

Where Malvern's verdant ridges
gleam iii. 278

'Where now is Honour fled?' the
Earth exclaims iii. 136

Where three huge dogs are ramping
yonder iv. 15

Where turns the traveler from
Sparta's gate ii. 335

Where upon earth shall now be
found iii. 332

Where were ye, O ye Nymphs! when
Daphnis died iii. 256

Whether a poet yet is left iii. 210

Whether a span above ground or
below iv. 201

Whether the Furies lash the criminal . iv. 197

While a Warwickshire lad iv. 146

While the winds whistle round my
cheerless room iii. 371

While the young blossom starts to
light iv. 114

While thou wert by iv. 197

While we are frolicking with Flaccus . iv. 203

While you are chirping as the lark . . iii. 358,
359

While you, my love, are by iii. 385

Whisker'd Furies! boy-stuff blouses . iii. 39

Who are those men that pass us?
men well-girt iii. 41

Who art thou? and what art thou?
What I am ii. 154

Who breathes to thee the holiest
prayer iv. 167

Who in this later day shall there
arise iii. 122

Who never borrow and who never
lend iv. 196

Who, O thou sapient saintly bird . . iv. 142

Who of the two brave steeds hath
won the prize iii. 249

Who sells a good nag iv. 131

Who smites the wounded on his bed . iii. 276

Who will away to Athens with me?
who ii. 292

Who would believe it e'er could be . . iii. 275

Who would desire to spend the
following day iv. 179

Who would not throw up life to be
exempt iii. 133

Whose is the soft and pulpy hand
that lies ii. 255

Whosoever horse and cab hath iii. 139

Why are there mists and clouds to-
day iii. 357

Why back to verse? I love to play . . iv. 204

Who do I praise a peach iii. 227

'Why do I smile?' To hear you say . . iii. 306

Why do our joys depart iii. 307

Why do the Graces now desert the
Muse iv. 198

Why does the sun iii. 366

Why have the Graces chosen me . . . iv. 193

Why, hurrying by us, dost thou cease . iii. 97

Why is, and whence, the Poin flames?
and why iii. 111

Why, O true poet of thy country!
why iii. 152

Why run away, poor lizard? why . . . iv. 44

Why should not A[libert] meet the
Tzar iii. 95

Why should sorrow darken over . . . iii. 317

Why should the scribblers discom-
pose iv. 209

Why should ye sourly criticize iii. 207

Why tar and sulphur hearts of oak . . iv. 130

Why war against free brethren? God
forbid iv. 212

Why! who now in the world is this . . iii. 399

Why, why repine, my pensive friend . iii. 289

Why wouldst thou hang thyself, O
Kett iii. 213

Widcombe! few seek in thee their
resting place iv. 47

Will mortals never know each other's
station iii. 150

Will nothing but from Greece or
Rome iii. 209

Will you come to the bower I have
shaded for you iv. 66

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

Will you not come, my little girl . . .	iii. 372
William! great men have sat upon the throne . . .	iii. 129
Wimbledon has its charms for me . . .	iii. 316
Winter has changed his mind and fixt to come . . .	iv. 31
Wise was Democritos, nor less the sage . . .	iii. 207
Wishes are by-paths to unhappiness . . .	iv. 206
With bards of old a story passes . . .	iv. 278
With drooping wing the spell-bound spirit moves . . .	iv. 178
With drooping woe, and chilly anguish . . .	iv. 269
With fitful step unsteadily the soul . . .	iv. 207
With frigid art our numbers flow . . .	iv. 16
With frowning brow o'er pontif- kings elate . . .	iii. 197
With me, Fabullus, you shall dine . . .	iii. 254
With much ado you fail to tell . . .	iv. 207
With pride I wear a silken chain . . .	iii. 338
With rosy hand a little girl preest down . . .	iv. 80
With song and dance the maids of Calydon . . .	ii. 395
Wonder not, stranger, coming from the dome . . .	iii. 88
Wonder we that the highest star above . . .	iv. 94
Wonders, 'tis true, I leave behind . . .	iv. 37
Wordsworth has well deserved of late . . .	iv. 68
Wordsworth, well pleas'd with him- self, cared little for modern or ancient . . .	iii. 167
Work on marble shall not be . . .	iv. 83
Wormwood and rue be on his tongue . . .	iv. 164
Worshipful lady! honoured Madam . . .	iv. 148
Worth is rewarded, even here . . .	iii. 108
Would you hear fables from the east . . .	iii. 196
Wrongs I have suffer'd, great and many . . .	iii. 199
Ye brave old fig-trees! worthy pair . . .	iv. 31
Ye gentle souls, ye tenderer of the fair . . .	iii. 248
Ye lie, friend Pindar, and friend Thales . . .	iv. 278
Ye little household gods that make . . .	iii. 410
Ye native gems of beauty! golden hairs . . .	iii. 282
Ye poor Italians who are plunged in Hell . . .	iv. 42
Ye springs of Malvern, fresh and bright . . .	iv. 34
Ye throw your crumbs of bread into the stream . . .	iii. 182
Ye walls! sole witnesses of happy sighs . . .	iii. 389
Ye waves! ye revellers and dancers of the lake . . .	iii. 255
Ye who adore God's Vicar while he saith . . .	iv. 196

Ye who are belted and alert to go . . .	iii. 187
Ye who have lungs to mount the Muses' hill . . .	iii. 187
Ye who have toil'd uphill to reach the haunt . . .	iv. 102
Ye whom your earthly gods con- demn to heaven . . .	iv. 140
Years, many parti-color'd years . . .	iii. 295
Yes, I will come to Oxford now . . .	iv. 28
Yes; I write verses now and then . . .	iii. 396
Yes, in this chancel once we sat alone . . .	iii. 268
Yes! my Lesbia! let us prove . . .	iv. 280
Yes, we shall meet (I knew we should) again . . .	iii. 389
Yesterday, at the sessions held in Buckingham . . .	iv. 63
You ask how I, who could converse . . .	iii. 237
You ask me what I see in Dickens . . .	iii. 206
You ask me why I'm 'never seen' . . .	iv. 206
You ask me will I come to Stowe . . .	iii. 315
You ask what he's doing . . .	iv. 27
You build your nest, Aspasia, like the swallow . . .	iv. 172
You hate amid the pomp of prayer . . .	iv. 78
You in good blinkers can see nothing shocking . . .	iv. 205
You little pert and twittering pet . . .	iv. 186
You lose your liberty; no cross . . .	iii. 331
You love me; but if I confess . . .	iii. 289
You may or you may not believe . . .	iii. 38
'You must give back', her mother said . . .	iii. 15
You pant like one in love, my Ramorino . . .	iii. 418
You say my brow is stern and yet my smile . . .	iii. 399
You see the worst of love, but not the best . . .	iii. 387
You smiled, you spoke, and I be- lieved . . .	ii. 393
You tell me I must come again . . .	iii. 388
You think all liquor must be weak if clear . . .	iii. 210
You think Injustice is a curse . . .	iv. 202
You want a powerful lens to see . . .	iii. 191
You, who can trace with golden pen . . .	iii. 331
Youngster of Coburg! thou hast found a throne . . .	iii. 100
Youngsters! who write false names, and slink behind . . .	iv. 169
Your last request no fond false hope deceives . . .	iii. 347
Your lips, old beldames, will get dry . . .	iv. 107
Your pleasures spring like daisies in the grass . . .	iii. 384
Youth but by help of memory can be sage . . .	iv. 193
Youth, credulous of happiness, throw down . . .	iv. 114
Youth is the virgin nurse of tender Hope . . .	iv. 76
Youth of Helicon! whose race . . .	iv. 281

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